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with
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Clive Sinclair

Scriptophobia

Dear Mr Silkstone,
I know that you used to live in London until very recently, and I wonder whether you would be interested in contributing to "London Tales", a series of short stories I am collecting for Hamish Hamilton about the metropolis? The linking thread in the collection is that each story will be set against the background of the particular part of London in which the author lives, or has lived . . . This is all rather a shot in the dark—I don't know exactly where you used to live, even—but I hope you will give it some thought.
Yours sincerely, Thomas O'Day

Dear Mr O'Day,
At last, the moment of truth. Yes, I have something—suburban rather than metropolitan, if that's okay—but I'll have to show it to a couple of people before I send it to you. I've been sitting on the thing for years.
Yours sincerely, Jake Silkstone

THE COUPLE in question being my parents. My father telephoned about an hour after the postman delivered their copy of "Rabbi Nathan's Folly." "Jakie", he said, "what do you want from us? How can we approve of such a thing? Your mother is very upset—with her blood pressure." So I upped from my comfortable desk in my secluded hideaway and returned to north-west London—to make matters worse. My mother hadn't bothered to put on any make-up, a sign that she was already past caring what the neighbours thought; my father was slumped in an armchair, asleep or worse. The offending manuscript was on the table, beside an empty bottle of valium, like a suicide note. "Are you satisfied?" asked my mother. "The last thing I wanted to do was embarrass you", I said, "but it's hardly my fault that the letter 'I' is a phallic symbol." "It's not how you dot your 'i's' that worries us", said my father, "but the way you cross your 't's'." "Oh", I said, "the anti-Semites. You think I am giving them encouragement." "What do you think?" said my mother. "Why don't you write something nice about the Jews for a change?" "There are plenty of others to do that", I said. "Besides, you are confusing fact with fiction. I write stories." "So tell a story", said my father, "and don't make a laughing stock of Rabbi Nathan. You can't harm him any more, God rest his soul, but his wife is still alive. Surely your conscience won't let you hurt her?" "Our son is well named", said my mother, "his words are like silk, but his heart is a stone. He'll publish it."

She was right. She always is. When I was a kid and went out sans coat she would say, "You'll catch a cold, mark my words", and I did—inevitably—even though it was an established scientific fact that colds were not caused by draughts. No wonder I jump every time there's a knock at the door. I expect cherubim without, flaming swords aloft, poised to smite my right hand.

So why did I do it? Because writing is a form of exhibitionism. I find difficulty in fulfilling even the simplest function in public—to this day I cannot pee in the presence of strangers—but my actions are meaningless if they are unobserved. I compromise: I write in private, then I publish. Perhaps, after all, I'm not saying, "Look at me", but rather, "Look for me." And where will you find me? In Hendon, of course. I am the horror-struck boy who sits in the Odeon's dreamy darkness watching rogue elephants pound men and women into blood-red wine.

At that time my bedroom overlooked Sunnyhill Park. Thereafter, as I dozed off in the summer twilight, I was in dread that the ancient oaks, now in silhouette, would gradually be transformed into Asian monsters. Quotidian knowledge that the only elephants in the vicinity were the docile creatures in the Zoo availed not against the nocturnal conviction that if I stared at the trees long enough change was inevitable. I shut my eyes and blocked my ears, so as not to witness the rabid tuskers as they trampled down the fence that separated our garden from the park, but sensory deprivation only increased my phobia. Not daring to open my eyes, lest they confirmed my worst fears, I kept them closed and fell asleep, whereupon the victorious beasts trumpeted their triumph with raised trunks and . . . hey presto, a phallic symbol.

IT WAS NO COINCIDENCE that I had my first pubescent fantasy during this period of jungle fever. Scene: The Bathroom. A child stands before a full-length mirror. He is naked, save for his mother's brassière, which he has extracted from the laundry

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basket. Enter Miss Quip, the elocution teacher. "Disgusting boy!" she cries. "I shall call the Principal." Clasping his arms firmly behind his back she locutes fortissimo, "Headmistress, come quickly!" The latter obliges. "Look at his thing", advises her colleague. "Jacob", demands the Headmistress, "make it small again." But the more he tries the harder it gets. "Such big things don't belong on little boys", says Miss Quip, now an expert in anatomy. "I'm warning you, Jacob", says the Headmistress. To no avail. So she begins to slap him, or rather it. Afterwards I bury the brassière among the dirty linen; although it is unsullied I am terrified that my sin has mysteriously communicated itself to the material in a way that will be immediately apparent to my mother. Who knew then that such behaviour wasn't the manifestation of some dreadful malady punishable by death? In those days Hendon seemed far removed from metropolitan sophistication; trees lined the Watford Way, along which a horse pulled Harry the Milkman's cart, and cows grazed at Church Farm. We had an Old English sheep dog and a young German au pair.

Her name was Helga. Whenever we had visitors my mother disguised her nationality by ostentatiously praising the cleanliness of the Swiss. I was twelve, old enough to know why. Above all my mother didn't want word to reach the Rabbi that one of his congregants was living under the same roof as a daughter of Germany. Every other week he would depart from his prepared sermon and, leaning dangerously far over his lectern, denounce those members of the synagogue who had just acquired Mercedes cars. God knows how, but he always knew their names. Poor Messrs Bloom, Meyer and Cowan—those over-conspicuous consumers—blushed with shame or anger, while the righteous tut-tutted. "But even worse than them"—Rabbi Nathan's large head oscillated, causing his spade-like beard to quiver—"is the fond foolish father, blessed with wealth, who cannot wait for his son's seventeenth birthday so that he can present him with a brand new Volkswagen. Has he forgotten so quickly the name of their instigator? In time we may forgive—though not in our lifetime—but we must never forget. Never!" Certainly my parents had not forgotten how Rabbi Nathan had once exposed a barmitzvah boy as a parvenu, a fair-weather Jew, for failing to attend services with sufficient regularity. So every Saturday morning, religiously, the Silkstones set off for *shul*—leaving Helga at home to prepare the Shabbas meal—to ensure that public shame was not on the menu.

What meals awaited us upon our return! Helga would emerge from the kitchen clasping a tureen of pungent soup, liquid gold which she ladled into our porcelain bowls, the aroma of the broth mingling poignantly with her perfumes, natural and man-made. She ate with us, though she didn't remove her apron, which stopped abruptly at her breasts, as if they weren't prominent enough already. My parents were not blind to such things, of course, but what could they say? Helga's bosom, because unmentionable, became an object of fascination, my promised land; her taut jumper taunted me like an obscure riddle—I could look without really seeing the fullness thereof. No less tender were her slices of veal in a sauce of artificial cream. Suspicious of the white meat my mother said, "You're sure this is veal?" "It's from Leslie Mann", replied Helga, "one hundred percent kosher." Her chicken was a miracle; roasted in honey and stuffed with chestnuts it had us clucking with pleasure. Her steaks were not for the unsanguinary, until she explained that the juices were a mixture of burgundy and ketchup. Her new potatoes resembled polished pebbles, yet tasted like butter. My mother had surrendered her oven uneasily, but even she had to admit that we were eating better than ever before. "Where did you learn to cook so beautifully?" she asked. "At home", replied Helga, "Mamma was a caterer." The aforementioned relative sent a chill through us all, being a reminder that Helga was not an isolated phenomenon, but the offspring of a woman whose recent activities we dared not question. Accidentally reflecting the atmosphere, Helga produced a cake out of the refrigerator still dusted with frost from the deep freeze. The chocolate icing dissolved in our mouths, likewise our moods. I rose from the table. "Haven't you forgotten something?" said my mother. "Thank you, Helga", I said. Helga smiled sympathetically; perhaps she recalled also being told what to say all the time. If it wasn't my parents it was Miss Quip, if it wasn't either it was probably Mr Mendel.

MR MENDEL, THE SHAMMUS, had been designated to teach me the dozen or so verses of the Torah I was destined to sing at my barmitzvah. He wore a pinstripe waistcoat, from a pre-war suit purchased in Warsaw, and took snuff. The box from which he pinched his piquant powder was decorated with an artist's impression of Solomon's temple. Needless to say, my own idea of the extant city of Jerusalem was as unlikely as that artist's; I imagined it suspended midway between heaven and earth beneath a golden dome, so that when viewed from the city the sky was always shining. But just as I knew that my teachers were not actually compatible with my fantasies, so I realised that the divided city of 1960 was nothing like my vision. Even so, I sensed that I had, in my wild flights, divined something of the essence of person or place; without understanding the process. I was, however clumsily, endeavouring to comprehend the incomprehensible which also sums up my progress in Mr Mendel's lessons. I had, to be sure, studied the *aleph-bet* at *cheder*—with all the enthusiasm of a Philistine. "Why do I need to learn Hebrew?" I asked my *melamed*. "Because you are a Jew", she replied. "But all the Jews I know talk English", I protested. "God doesn't", she replied. "He only listens to Hebrew." "But I never speak to God", I said, "I don't believe in Him." Instead of trying to convert me with

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ontological, cosmological or teleological arguments, the defender of our benevolent deity slapped me around the face. "I'll teach you to say such things", she screamed. True to her word, though ignoring that on the door, she dragged me into the Ladies' lavatory, where she violently washed out my mouth with soap and water. It occurs to me now, as I watch the flickering phantom of that enraged bovine force her ingenuous pupil to masticate soap, that here is the original of that other violation, the masturbation in the bathroom. Why else was the eloquent Miss Quip involved, another disciple of the immaculate palate?

It was also Mr Mendel's duty to instruct me in the wearing of *tefilin*. "We put them on every morning because of what is written in the Pentateuch", he explained. " 'And it shall be for a sign unto thee upon thy hand, and for a memorial between thine eyes, that the law of the Lord may be in thy mouth.' " He removed two black boxes from a velvet bag and demonstrated how to attach them to the body by means of leather thongs. "We place one upon our left arm to influence the heart", said Mr Mendel. "The other on our forehead, the seat of the mind." I smiled when I glimpsed my reflection in his hall mirror, for instead of a Jewish juvenile I saw a budding rhinoceros. The small erection on my temple faithfully represented what was going on within. Puberty had ensured that the triangle of connections between heart, mind and tongue was no longer spontaneous, but subject to a series of checks; fortunately my censored thoughts, as we have seen, were able to find a new outlet. Mr Mendel, in his way an erudite man, was undoubtedly capable of putting words in my mouth, but my mind was a private and a dirty place.

Poor Mr Mendel! He certainly earned his fee. If my interest was slight, my voice was non-existent. Every Monday and Wednesday evening, seated at the bow-legged table in his dining room, we rehearsed my portion of the Torah. "*V'zeh hadavar asher ta'aseh lohem l'kadesh*", he sang like the star of *La Traviata*. "*V'zeh hadavar asher* . . . " I repeated, a travesty. Mr Mendel picked out each word with a silver pointer. This ended in a clenched fist, a single finger being outstretched. The direct relationship between digit and word emphasised the divine origin of the text; inspiration transformed into language without the intervention of a pen. Similarly, Mr Mendel was less concerned with the raiments of his body than with the condition of his soul, which was essentially that of a *shtetl* Jew. Nothing could shake his certainty, not even history. He had no interest in why something happened; he knew that the rise of National Socialism and the subsequent displacement of his person was due to neither economic nor sociological causes but the wickedness of man. He never referred to the Germans, the English he still called "they." Yet Mr Mendel read the *Daily Express* and lived in a Victorian terrace halfway down Greyhound Hill. "Jacob, you are a Jewish boy", he said, "soon, please God, you will become a Jewish man. Then you must leave Hendon. Go, dwell among your people in Eretz Yisroel." Believe me, I've tried. Only now do I fully appreciate how lost Mr Mendel felt among the English-speaking goyim—even though the Rabbi's house was just around the corner.

TAKING ADVANTAGE of this proximity Rabbi Nathan frequently interrupted my lessons—not that I objected—in order to discuss the redecoration of the synagogue with Mr Mendel. I was supposed to practise by myself during these diversions but I found eavesdropping preferable, even though I didn't really grasp the significance of the debate. "Where I come from", said Mr Mendel, "the *bima* was the heart of the *shul*, part of the pillar that supported the roof. Only in the West is it at the far end, almost a stage already. You are in danger of becoming remote, my friend, an orator or—God forbid—an actor." "You are very astute, Mr Mendel", said Rabbi Nathan, "you have a nose for temptation." "Too many Rabbis have silver tongues", said Mr Mendel. "They give their words a shine, then sell them like the diamond merchants of Amsterdam. Take my advice, move the *bima* and speak from the heart." Rabbi Nathan smiled. "Mr Mendel", he said, "I am almost persuaded." The *bima*, I deduced, was the marble-fronted platform, the steps of which I would have to ascend in the not too distant future, provided that Mr Mendel succeeded, against all the odds, in preparing me sufficiently.

Each Saturday morning I went through the motions in my mind, gradually instilling in myself the confidence of the hypnotised. But now Mr Mendel, of all people, seemed to want to take the ground from beneath my feet, and I felt a kind of vertigo as my previous certainty vanished. I must have groaned or something, for I suddenly attracted the attention of Rabbi Nathan. "Just look at your pupil, Mr Mendel", he said, "he's as white as a sheet." "What's the matter, Jacob?" asked Mr Mendel. "Here", he said, offering me his fancy box, "take a pinch of snuff. It'll clear your head." Before I had a chance to respond there was a kerfuffle in the hallway, after which Mrs Mendel led in a second visitor. It was Helga. "Oh my God", said Mrs Mendel, "the boy has had a premonition. Here is his au pair with bad news." Helga's cheeks were flushed from running the mile from our house. She must have left in a hurry because she was still wearing her apron. Although I was practically breathless with suspense I couldn't help remarking the sensational difference between Mrs Mendel and Helga. Helga radiated femininity, while Mrs Mendel hid whatever she had beneath a *sheitel*, a doleful countenance and a dumpy body. Rabbi Nathan was no less observant. "For goodness sake", he said, "tell us what has happened." "The boy's dog", said Mrs Mendel, "it's been run over!" I slumped forward, unconcerned about my sobbing, but desperate to conceal an absurdly prominent erection. "Come", said Rabbi Nathan, "I'll drive you home."

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My mother, slightly unhinged by the accident, thought that Rabbi Nathan had come to make the funeral arrangements. "The vet took the body away", she said. "We didn't want to upset Jacob any more than necessary. I never realised you would be involved. Are there special prayers for a dog?" "Calm yourself, my dear", said the Rabbi, "I am here unofficially. I was with Mr Mendel when your girl broke the news. I thought it best to bring your son home in my car." "Oh", said my mother, "I am most grateful. Has Jacob thanked you?" "Of course", he said. "What happened?" I asked. My mother began to cry. "Stupid dog! Stupid bloody dog! The postman knocked. So I opened the door. What else should I do? Before I knew what was happening he was in the road. Bang! That was that. He didn't suffer, thank God. Go on, say it's all my fault!" Rabbi Nathan, having spotted the fatal package, addressed my mother. "You mustn't blame yourself, Mrs Silkstone", he said. "I wasn't", she replied, "but he will."

"Perhaps it would be better to talk about something else", said the Rabbi, "to take your minds off the tragedy. I believe you are looking forward to a happier event, your son's barmitzvah." My mother nodded. "As you know", he continued, "it is customary for me to conclude my sermon on the blessed day with a homily directed at the boy and his family. I like to make them as personal as possible. What can you tell me about Joseph here?" "Jacob is a good boy", said my mother, "he's very bright." "Good", said the Rabbi, " does he have any hobbies?" "He likes to paint", replied my mother. "A couple of years ago he had a picture in the Childrens' Royal Academy. You must have seen his photograph in the *Hendon and Finchley Times*." "Not that I recall", said Rabbi Nathan, "but I should like to see some of your son's work." "Jacob", said my mother, "fetch your paintings to show the Rabbi." While I was sorting through the portfolios in my bedroom I heard a familiar order issued downstairs, "Helga! Some tea for the Rabbi. And don't forget that delicious Toblerone your mother sent from home."

RABBI NATHAN, it turned out, had a weakness for chocolate. He moistened his lips with the tip of his red tongue as Helga delicately separated the bar into its constituent triangles and dropped them on to an ornate plate where they looked like broken Stars of David. The Rabbi devoured piece after piece as he flicked through my watercolours, leaving chocolate finger-prints on those he liked best. "These are excellent", he said, "God has granted you an exceptional talent. Use it, but never abuse it, and always give thanks where they are due." Then, as if struck by a sudden inspiration, he said: "We will soon be moving the *bima* to the centre of the synagogue. If I commission you to paint the *shul* now, before work begins, so we'll have a permanent record of how it looked, will you be able to do it?" "Of course he will", said my mother. Thus Rabbi Nathan became a regular visitor to our house, as he kept an eye on the progress of his picture, though sometimes I suspected he was more interested in Helga's confectionery. My parents were delighted but also terrified that he would discover her true nationality. But that was the least of Helga's secrets.

I still have the letter Rabbi Nathan wrote when the painting was eventually finished. Just looking at it makes me feel queasy, but here it is.

Dear Jacob,
Congratulations on your picture of the synagogue which your father brought to me the other day. I think it is a wonderful effort into which you must have put considerable time and concentration. I am having it framed and giving it a prominent position in my home. Continue the good work, Jacob.

With kind regards,
Rabbi Nathan

Incidentally, the portrait was a very clumsy representation of reality, the neutral tones of the synagogue's interior being overwhelmed by my thick charcoal lines, but anyway it was decided to have a dinner in honour of its completion. Helga, being such a whizz in the kitchen, was asked to cook it. "Perhaps you could do that wonderful veal dish", suggested my mother. "With pleasure", said Helga. "Mr Silkstone will give you as much money as you require", said my mother, "just let him know when you're off to the shops." By chance I left school early that day and caught sight of Helga at the other end of Vivian Avenue. Rather than waving I decided to spy on her, fool that I was, so hid in a newsagent's till she went by. I followed like a lascivious lap-dog, past Leslie Mann and Martins the Delicatessen and across the road to where the older grocers traded. Amongst them was the only non-kosher butcher left in Hendon Central. Helga entered. I was invisible, would that I had vanished and been none the wiser. Instead I stood and watched the treacherous mime, obviously performed many times before, between Helga and the butcher's boy. She pointed, he reached, she nodded, he sliced, she sniffed, he wrapped, and she departed with four pounds of pork.

What to do? If I told my parents that they had been eating pork for over a year they would have developed cancer of the stomach on the spot. Moreover, Helga would be kicked out for sure, impossible to contemplate in my state of erotomania. I wanted to leave well alone, but could I really connive in serving pork to a Rabbi? What a decision! Normally, when my parents went out, I spent most of the evening wandering around the house in my underpants. Too shy to articulate my feelings for Helga, I hoped that the dumb show in my underwear might convey the message, though I never quite dared cross the border into full exposure. That night I was too confused to bother, and carelessly neglected to lock the bathroom door. When Helga stepped in I was stark naked, with an erection that reached my *pupik*. She

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thought it was a trap. "What do you want of me?" she demanded. "Nothing", I replied. "Always you are walking up and down in your knickers", she said. "Well, you are young. I ignore it. But now you go too far. I must speak with your parents." "If you do", I said, "I'll tell them about the veal." "What do you mean?" said Helga. "I know it's really pork", I said. "That's a lie", she said. "I've seen you buy it", I replied. Helga took a step toward me. "I'll do whatever you ask", she said. Could I really say it? "Let me see your breasts." Helga hesitated for a few moments then raised her arms and pulled the red sweater over her head. The static electricity that left wisps of her hair floating at right angles to her bare shoulders communicated itself to my ecstatic body. I began to shiver. Helga looked at me. "Shall I take off my brassière?" she asked. I nodded, unnecessarily, for there wasn't one part of my person not in motion. Helga fiddled behind her back, wriggled a bit, and there they were. Although not entirely unfamiliar with female anatomy it still came as a bit of a surprise that her breasts were made of the same substance as the rest of her. I tried to photograph them with my eyes, so that I would always possess an image of their inexpressible freshness. And I must have succeeded, for I can see them still, to the same effect. At last Helga acknowledged my tribute. "It seems that my *kleyne menshele* is not so *kleyne* after all", she said. "Shall I touch?" "No", I said, "just watch."

RABBI NATHAN AND HIS WIFE arrived at about eight the following evening. We usually dined in the breakfast room, but tonight was hardly an orthodox occasion. In keeping with the importance of the event my mother had polished up our best crockery, our silver cutlery and our Bohemian glasses, also she had pressed a fine cloth made of Venetian lace. All these she placed upon the Sun King-style table in the dining-room. Rabbi Nathan, shown every courtesy, was seated at the head, from where he recited the appropriate blessing over each dish as it appeared from the kitchen. "This soup is exquisite", said the Rabbi, addressing Helga, not God. "Yes", said my mother, "it's traditional Swiss recipe." "As you know, the new *bima* was inaugurated last week", said the Rabbi, mopping up his soup bowl with a chunk of pumpernickel, "and already I have forgotten what the old one looked like. It is indeed fortunate, Jacob, that I have your fine painting to remind me." "It looks beautiful in our lounge", added his wife, "everyone admires it." I blushed. Misinterpreting my embarrassment they all chuckled. The real cause was the appearance of Helga bearing the main course. "Don't worry", joked my father, "the cream isn't real." She placed the steaming platter in front of the Rabbi who said a blessing which must have fallen upon deaf ears. As he lifted the first forkful to his mouth I felt helpless, as if in a nightmare, forced to witness—but unable to prevent—a loved one going to their doom. "What's the matter with you, Jacob", said my mother, between mouthfuls, "why aren't you eating your veal?"

To whom should I confess? Mr Mendel? As if to atone for my transgression I became a compliant pupil, much to his astonishment. "Mrs Mendel", he said, when his wife brought him tea and cookies, "it looks like Jacob has decided to become a *mensh* after all. Caruso he'll never be, but he'll do on the day." My performance in the synagogue, however, was only the first part of the ordeal; next would come the party at the Café Royal. One day my father, no stranger to the East End, took me down to his crony in Brick Lane who was printing the invitations. The shop hadn't been redecorated since it opened in the reign of Queen Victoria. The owner, standing over the presses in the back room, caught sight of my father and rushed out to greet him. "Dave, Dave", he said, "you are such a stranger. What a pity the old lady is away today, it'll break her heart that she missed you." He wiped his inky fingers on his filthy apron and pinched my cheek. "So this is the famous young man, at last", he said. "Tell me, Jacob, are you bringing your parents *naches*?" "What's *naches*?" I asked. "*Gevalt*!" he cried. "The boy doesn't know Yiddish." My father smiled. "It's enough trouble to teach him Hebrew", he said. "Anyway, Yiddish belongs to the old country." "Pooh", said the printer, "he lives in Hendon a few years and already Yiddish isn't good enough for him." He looked at me. "Well, boychick, what do you want to be when you grow up? An accountant?" "No", I replied, "a writer." "*Mazel tov*", he cried, "if I'm still alive, please God, I'll be your printer. We'll show up those no good Hendoniks for what they are—imitation Jews." "That's enough", said my father. "He used to be a communist," he added, by way of explanation. As we drove back along Whitechapel High Street my father said; "If you're such a big shot with a pen how come I've got to write your speech for you?"

He had a point. When I stood up at the Top Table of the Louis Suite in the Café Royal on 26 February 1961 to respond to my Uncle's toast, the words I uttered were not my own. What did I have to say to my relatives, all of whom now sat facing me in their finery? "My Dear Parents, Grandmother, Reverend Sir, Relatives and Friends", I began, "one expects my Uncle to conjure up words and phrases as he is a member of the Magic Circle, but it is more difficult for me to reply. However, I should like to take the opportunity of thanking you all most sincerely for coming along today and contributing towards making this such a memorable occasion. To my Mum and Dad I would like to express my heartfelt thanks for providing me with everything a boy can desire, most of all a love and understanding that has always been such a help to me, especially in my younger days. To my dear Mum, please forgive me if I do not always finish my meals, but tonight I certainly shall. To my Dad, who is such a friend to me, I will do my best to fulfil all your hopes. My grateful thanks, also, to my Nanny and to all my Uncles and Aunts who make up my

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wonderful family. I cannot conclude without expressing my thanks to my Hebrew teacher, Mr Mendel, whose patience was rewarded yesterday, and to Rabbi Nathan, whose profound remarks will always be an inspiration to me. Thank you all." There were cries of "Hear! hear!" as I fell back into my padded chair. I smiled at Helga, sitting at a distant table among my teenage cousins, and silently thanked her as well—for showing me her tits.

Actually they weren't exactly under wraps at the moment. Sexy Helga was as desirable as a convertible VW to all the younger Silkstones, who competed for her favours while the Rudy Rome Orchestra performed a Chubby Checker medley. Their elders, on the other hand, shuddered with disapproval at her décolletage. I dutifully danced with my mother, both of us in specially tailored outifts, she having revived the sequin industry for the occasion. My own suit had taken the best cutter in Edgware weeks to sew, but still looked ungainly upon me. "Are you enjoying yourself?" asked my mother. "You're joking", I replied. Meanwhile Helga had graduated to demonstrating the tango with one of my bolder uncles. As I watched it occurred to me that her undulations were secretly transmitting the meaning of life; that everything was a delusion or a drudge except the animal pleasure of copulation. Without realising it my parents had invited a lorelei to my barmitzvah. What else could she do but wreck it? My most disreputable relative, a receiver of stolen goods, having indulged beyond his capacity, waltzed over to where she was sitting and planted a tulip in her cleavage and a kiss upon her cheek.

TOWARDS THE END of the affair, when the Rudy Rome Orchestra was already playing lachrymose melodies, Helga suddenly broke away from her over-romantic partner and ran towards the Ladies' Powder Room. Heady with wine and the whirl of the dance I gave chase, hoping to end the evening with a passionate embrace. Having no secrets from her, I thought she had none from me. But the presence of Rabbi Nathan stopped me in my tracks. He was standing in front of the pink sinks and the neon lights with his trousers around his ankles, tastelessly trying to force his errant member into Helga's mouth. He was clearly no expert in the manoeuvre for, seeing me, Helga slipped out of his clutches without difficulty, leaving the Rabbi and his disciple to explain themselves as best they could. Thus it was that Helga, even more dishevelled than hitherto, dislodged my father and flung herself sobbing into my mother's arms. She was quickly escorted to a discreet corner, where she privately revealed the cause of her extraordinary behaviour. "It's a libel", said my mother, "this girl is nothing but a harlot and an anti-Semite. May God forgive me for employing a German." "Are you sure it was Rabbi Nathan?" asked my father. Helga nodded. "Liar!" screamed my mother. There was, it must be said, a certain poetic justice in the Rabbi's attempted fellatio, after all Helga had tricked him into eating pork; even so, I couldn't let him get away with it (besides, Helga, with nothing to lose, might betray me). "She's telling the truth", I said, "I saw what happened." Then there was nothing for it but to fetch Rabbi Nathan. "My life is in your hands", he said.

No one slept in the Silkstone household that night. "Perhaps he was trying to take revenge upon Germany", said my father. "He thought she was Swiss", I replied. Finally my mother broke the stalemate. "Helga", she said, "what do you want us to do?" "Whatever you think best", she replied. "I am not a vindictive person. And, in a way, I am grateful to Rabbi Nathan. Because of him I no longer feel guilty for what my people did to the Jews." "In that case we will hush it up", said my mother, "not another word about Rabbi Nathan's folly. You understand? Not a word!"

AT A PARTY to celebrate the publication of *London Tales* a pretty girl asks me to sign one of my earlier books. "With pleasure", I say. I take a pen from my jacket and begin to write. Half-way through "Silkstone" my hand starts to shake uncontrollably and won't stop until I've dropped the pen. Palpitations. I feel so dizzy I have to sit down. "Are you all right?" asks the girl. "Don't worry", I reply, "it's not unexpected." My punishment. The same thing happens every time I pick up a pen. Impotence! My doctor recommends an excellent analyst, conveniently located in one of Hampstead's leafier streets. I explain my predicament. "I am cursed", I conclude. "Nonsense", he says, "you are exhibiting all the symptoms of a particular anxiety condition known as scriptophobia. Quite simply you are terrified of making a mistake in public and being assessed by others. Possible cures include exposure technique and cognitive restructuring, but I'd recommend reliving your childhood. Where were you born?" "Hendon." "Ah", he says, "where the hedonists come from." Oh, I go back to Hendon all right. Incognito, wearing nothing but a raincoat and sandals, I enter Sunnyhill Park to scandalise a new generation of philippina-eyed house-girls with the sight of the real me.

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American Foreign Policy in a Cold Climate

JEANE KIRKPATRICK, *in a long conversation with* GEORGE URBAN, *discusses the issues of Peace, Disarmament, a "new Cold War", revolts in the Soviet Empire, and a "real" Détente.*

1. Neither War nor Peace

URBAN: MUCH CONTEMPORARY ARGUMENT *centres on some definition of the character of our relationship with the Soviet Union: whether we are "at war" or "peace" with the Russians; whether a bridge could be built between the Eastern and Western interpretations of détente; and whether, more generally, democratic societies were in a position to counter the subversive elements of Soviet world policy with effective, if not always symmetrical policies of their own.*

One returns to the problem of "war and peace", because on it hinges the entire range of our public and private attitudes to Soviet behaviour. Is it valid to argue that Soviet peace policy incorporates a war policy, whereas the West's does not?

The Soviet concept of détente envisages the collapse of the "bourgeois-capitalist system"—ours does not envisage the destruction of Soviet Communism. Moscow's claim to worldwide acceptance is the passport of Marxism-Leninism—we have no such claim and no such passport.

In the Soviet view, "struggle" is a normal phase in the relations between Communist and Capitalist states. In peace, as in war, the struggle is conducted with all means at the disposal of the State and the Party—economic, diplomatic, educational, propaganda, subversive, and military. We in the West do not, on the whole, share this sophisticated conception of the Peace-War continuum. We have been trained by history and culture to think of war and peace as discrete and contradictory phenomena. The fusion of the two baffles us. Our institutions are poorly equipped to deal with it.

JEANE KIRKPATRICK *is the United States Representative at the United Nations. Before her appointment she was Professor of Political Science at Georgetown University and Resident Scholar at the American Enterprise Institute in Washington D.C. The first woman to be appointed a member of the Cabinet in the Reagan Administration, she is a registered Democrat and served as Vice-Chairman of the "Coalition for a Democratic Majority", which she helped to found. Her publications include "Directorships and Double Standards" (1982), "The New Presidential Elite" (1976), "Political Woman" (1972) and "Leader and Vanguard in Mass Society: A Study of Peronist Argentina" (1971).*

GEORGE URBAN'S *recent contributions to* ENCOUNTER *include conversations with Eugene V. Rostow (April 1983), Daniel Bell (February 1983), W. Averell Harriman (November 1981), Zbigniew Brzezinski (May 1981), Leszek Kolakowski (January 1981), and Milovan Djilas (December 1979).*

Seeing, as you do, the global contest between the East and the West from the post you occupy at the UN, would you say that Alexander Solzhenitsyn and other observers of contemporary history are broadly right in suggesting that the state of affairs that now exists between the USSR and the West is one of "war"—the "Third World War" as ex-President Nixon claims—which we are in the process of losing by default? And doesn't the destruction of KAL 007 by Soviet rockets rather confirm that view?

KIRKPATRICK: Your question turns on definitions. If we take "world peace" to mean, and to require, mutual respect for self-government, national independence, territorial integrity, self-determination and human rights—we are certainly not "at peace" with the Soviet Union, because the Russians are engaged, and have been engaged for a very long time, in a conscious policy of international expansion. This can take political or economic forms—both usually preceded and accompanied by ideological aggression.

I must stress the word *aggression*, because there is a tendency to append to the phenomenon I am describing the euphemism of "competition." This is most misleading. I very much doubt whether "competition", when it is conducted by foul means as well as fair ones, covert methods as well as overt ones, lies as well as truth, *is* competition in the sort of sense in which John Stuart Mill understood it to be in a liberal parliamentary society. "Ideological aggression" is, therefore, the correct label.

In one degree or another, any non-Communist country may become the target of Soviet ideological aggression—and so, as a matter of fact, are the peoples of the Communist countries themselves. Many countries are such targets.

I do not, of course, mean to say that political and ideological aggression are the *only* sort of expansionism with which the world's non-Communist countries have to grapple. From time to time, as we know from the record, the Soviets also engage in straightforward armed aggression (Afghanistan) or attempt to destabilise governments (in Central America and parts of Africa). In sum, what exists between the Soviet Union and the West is not peace as it is normally understood in our societies. The Soviet definition of *détente* makes this quite clear.

The destruction of KAL 007 by Soviet rockets provides further evidence that violence and lies are regular instruments of Soviet policy and obliterates the conventional boundaries between peace and war. Soviet officials regularly behave as though truth were only a function of force and will—as if the

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truth were only what they said it was—and as if violence were an instrument of first resort in foreign affairs. These Soviet actions and claims illuminate the Soviet conception of appropriate relations among nations in peace-time.

We, on the other hand, believe that truth is as vital to cooperation and peace among nations as among people. It is depressing to consider a world in which a major nation equipped with the most powerful modern weapons believes it has a sovereign right to fire on a commercial airliner lost over its territory.

We are dealing here, not with the decisions of individuals, but with decisions and priorities characteristic of the Soviet system. Not only did Soviet officials order the destruction of a civilian airliner and lie about it, they have also refused offers of international participation in search-and-rescue efforts in spite of internationally agreed-upon standards and practices. We are reminded once again that the Soviet Union is a state based on the twin principles of callousness and mendacity, dedicated to the role of force, and governed by the idea of the dictatorship of the proletariat which in 1920 Lenin defined in these words:

> "The scientific concept of 'dictatorship' means nothing more than unrestricted power, absolutely unimpeded by law or regulations and resting directly on force."
>
> *Collected Works* (5th Russian edition), Vol. 41, p. 383.

It is this principle of force—this mentality of force—that lies at the root of the Korean Airline tragedy. This is the reality we all must ponder as we consider the threats to peace and human rights that face all of us today.

—It seems to me that the Soviet leaders indulge in these unpeace-like activities in the hope that they may achieve by intimidation, propaganda, subversion, threats and a good measure of sheer bluster many of the results of war without the risks and sacrifices of war. Peace for them is, in the favourite Marxian quote à la *Clausewitz, the continuation of war by other means. Now, if world-Communism is your long-range ideological objective, and a shooting war too risky an instrument to pursue it with in the nuclear age, the word* **peace** *assumes a very plausible ring in the corridors of Soviet power once this particular variety of "peace" can be shown to have helped you to attain your war objectives—for it stands for "victory."*

But for us, who are at the receiving end of this carefully packaged notion of "peace", peace spells nothing so much as the naked idea of war. "Ask your neighbour if you shall live in peace", says an old English proverb. A frank Soviet answer to that simple test would have to be, "Yes, of course, but on our terms."

The question I'd like you to help me to clarify is whether this effective "No" to peace must lead one to conclude that the proper appellation of the state that exists between ourselves and the Soviet Union is "war"?

KIRKPATRICK: I am reluctant to use the word *war* to denote the disturbing phenomenon you describe. What if a *shooting* war were to occur? What is the name one would assign to that? And a shooting war in our time *is* a possibility we have to reckon with, because the Russians sometimes practise it (as in Afghanistan), and distinctly do not rule it out. If we are not clear about that, we will not be clear about the importance of maintaining Western military strength either. Nor will we be clear about the necessity of maintaining a balance of potential terror in Europe to offset the SS-18s, SS-19s and SS-20s which Moscow is now targeting on Western Europe. I believe very deeply that a strong American-European military posture reduces the probability of the Russians resorting to a shooting war, nuclear or otherwise. It does not rule it out—it *could* happen—but it reduces the probability. This being the case, I don't think we should say that a condition of non-fighting combat of the kind you have depicted qualifies for the word *war*.

—Former President Nixon has called it "the real war" which, he says, has been with us since 1945. Would you agree with "real war"?

KIRKPATRICK: No, I would not; I'm rather a purist about language. We'd better reserve the word "war" for the real thing. Of course, Nixon is right in suggesting that we are in permanent conflict with the USSR in which the stakes are as high as in war, for what is at stake is the survival of free societies, free peoples, and freely chosen governments. The state of affairs he and Solzhenitsyn, among others, describe does exist. But I don't think it would be prudent to call the process "war."

—Would you agree, though, that in this protracted conflict the Russians have been "calling the shots" and the West has been "on the retreat", mostly without so much as putting up a fight? And if that is so, doesn't enlightened self-interest more or less force us to call the existing contest "war", seeing that Western public opinion is unlikely to be stirred into action in any other way? Can we expect our political public to take a course in Soviet semantics? With a handful of exceptions, even our politicians don't do that, though some of them realise that they could do so with profit.

KIRKPATRICK: I agree that we have been suffering reverses. I also agree that there is, in the understanding of some Western leaders, room for improvement. We can say there is a conflict, but "war" is the state that exists when bombs drop, cities burn, and whole populations are pressed into military service. We have not had that. Words must fit the occasion. Western public opinion is mature enough to understand what the Soviets are about if given the chance. It would be an insult to this maturity —quite apart from being impermissible in a democracy—to try to alarm and radicalise public opinion by a misnomer. Too often the reverse happens. Leaders guard the public against unpleasant truths concerning Soviet behaviour.

—What you are saying is that we have not had a war but lost out in a protracted non-military conflict. Have we, then, lost the peace?

KIRKPATRICK: I am saying that the Soviets have been extraordinarily skilful in pursuing, by means short of war, objects that are more traditionally pursued by war. Their methods include, as we have said, subversion and (by way of an innovation in the pursuit of revolutionary wars) the use of terrorism to soften up the societies they want to take over.

—"Struggles of national liberation", in the Soviet vocabulary, are a perfectly legitimate weapon in furthering the "international class struggle."

KIRKPATRICK: As I understand Soviet ideology, *everything* is perfectly legitimate when it comes to furthering that "struggle", whether it is by terrorism, intimidation, war by proxy, or ideological onslaught using deception, disinformation, forgery —whatever. They are all being employed. Whatever this is, it is not peace as we like to think of it.

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PRESIDENT REAGAN observed in a recent speech that the goal of US foreign policy is to "establish peace", and told Henry Brandon of the "Sunday Times" that "peace is achievable." The wording of these statements is important because they clearly imply that what we have today is not peace. When I asked Eugene Rostow (Director, as he then was, of the US Arms Control and Disarmament Agency[1]) about the significance of the President's choice of words, he said:

> **"It reflects the realisation that from 1945, when the UN Charter was established . . . the Soviet Union has considered itself exempt from the rules that bind all other states."**

Putting all these pieces together, the identikit image of the Soviet Union that shapes up in many minds is that of an outlaw who, while cautiously avoiding a challenge to us in open combat, has nevertheless denied us peace and is daily telling us that it has higher sanction for undermining our resolve and subverting our social order. Isn't this what President Reagan must have had in mind when he said to a group of European officials in Bonn in June 1982: "They [the Soviets] may not be fighting with us, but they are at war with us." How do these various notions influence your ideas of war and peace?

KIRKPATRICK: We are, unfortunately, not fully at peace with the Soviet Union. We are engaged in a serious and potentially deadly competition that is not a shooting war. That is all. "Cold War" strikes me as a highly adequate description. I'm still comfortable with that. After all, as far as the Soviet Union was concerned, the "previous" Cold War had never ended. *We* declared it over. But the Russians never suspended their uninhibited ideological conflict with us. Our position was very much that of someone riding a bicycle who finds himself challenged by another rider. The first might say, "But I'm not racing you", while the second would brush this aside: "I've just won the race!" It takes two to run a race; only one to win. We have not been racing the USSR in the last ten years or so, either militarily or ideologically.

—When détente was first brought into Anglo-American usage to render a catching equivalent to the Russian "peaceful coexistence" and "relaxation of tensions", Golda Meir, the Israeli Prime Minister, was said to have expressed surprise: "Why use a fancy French word when there is a perfectly serviceable English one: Cold War?" That remark was more to the point than Mrs Meir perhaps realised. In the tortuous usage of Soviet ideological jargon, "peaceful coexistence" has a very special meaning. It does not pertain to relations between one Communist state and another. It is reserved for the "basically antagonistic conflict" between the socialist and capitalist systems, transferred from "the level of military clashes" to the political, economic, and ideological struggle. I find this a perfectly adequate confirmation that "peaceful coexistence" is, in fact, another term for "Cold War." Why and how has a sector of our media managed to attach a certain stigma to it? How, indeed, has it succeeded in corrupting a considerable part of our daily usage, misusing words like "peace", "decency", "concern", "compassion", etc., and rendering them virtually unusable for meaningful discourse? How have some of our Communists, in the words of Lenin, "conquered the language"?

KIRKPATRICK: The Soviets have won so many victories in the ideological combat that it has become very bad form to note that they have done so. We have been manipulated into feeling that it is warlike behaviour on *our* part to register the fact that they are waging a full-scale ideological combat against us. Also, in the US, where intellectual categories are the objects of fashion, it became terribly unfashionable to call the cold war "Cold War."

—But how is it that the communicators' categories are accepted?

KIRKPATRICK: Some of us, of course, don't accept them and we pay a heavy price for it. Indeed, one knows in advance that the price of violating the dominant orthodoxy in the symbolic environment is going to be very high. But, in the long run, the price of *accepting* the dominant orthodoxy, of not naming the unacceptable names, is much higher.

There are several factors involved here. One (and the most discouraging) is that, after the War, we had a perfectly good understanding of the character of the Soviet Union—but lost it. In the 1950s, after the brutal consolidation of Soviet power in Eastern Europe, there was a generally shared notion in all Western societies that the Soviet Union was an unfree society, that it was totalitarian, that it lacked internal legitimacy, that its rulers were a political élite which had come to power by violence and deprived their subjects of their basic liberties by force.

But then a remarkable thing happened. The Soviets, in coordination with the world's Communist parties, and aided by fellow-travellers and other ideological allies and admirers, waged an unceasing ideological campaign to confuse and disinform us about the nature of Soviet society—fully exploiting, of course, the opportunities offered by the freedoms of speech and opinion in our own society. Democratic society is extremely vulnerable to self-criticism.

Our internal critics were continually telling us that we were an imperfect society. We all knew it was so. And the Soviets and their supporters agreed only too willingly that we *were* an imperfect society. So what were we? There gradually developed a consensus that we were a *very imperfect* society. In the 1970s, Hollywood and American television outdid one another in exposing the iniquities of the American political system and the horrors US capitalists would inflict on mankind for profits. Day after day, they displayed cynicism, lawlessness, rioting, pornography, and drug-addiction as typical products of "our sick society."

Meanwhile other voices (or sometimes the same ones) emphasised the virtues and achievements of "Socialist" systems. And, so, step by step, the ideological obfuscation turned into confusion and then into the corruption of thought and language.

Let me again underline this phenomenon, for it cannot be emphasised too often. Truths about politics and society became a category of fashion in the US—something more akin to the values of the entertainment industry than to thought and scholarship. You change your ideology with the same unconcern as you change your hem-line or automobile. Anti-Communism became unfashionable; the concept of totalitarianism became unfashionable; defence of the domestic *status quo* became unfashionable.

Abandoning the defence of the *status quo* is particularly insidious—for what does the *status quo* mean in a democratic society? It is another word for the maintenance of free institutions. But this became unacceptable to large—indeed dominant—portions of our symbol-wielding classes. They came to regard the unembarrassed defence of our institutions

[1] See, in ENCOUNTER (April 1983), Eugene V. Rostow & George Urban, "Is 'Arms Control' an Unrealistic Fiction?"

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as hopelessly "conservative", quite beyond the pale of intellectual respectability.

I ascribe some of this volatility and susceptibility to "the lure of the new", to a certain lack of seriousness in much of American intellectual life and letters. As long as our culture and sensibilities were grounded in the rigorous values of religion or national history, the intellectual had a set of firm road-signs to guide him. But once these signs disappeared from our landscape, we were without a compass. Too many have no anchor and may flit from fashion to fashion, interpretation to interpretation, loyalty to loyalty.

One of the most potent of these possible loyalties is Soviet ideology, with its unshakeable certainties. A heavy dose of dogmatism obviously has a great lure for freethinkers with a guilty conscience and a need for certainty—especially those for whom the vacuum left by Christianity represents a personal void they feel they must fill.

—We have many recent practical examples to illustrate it. Douglas Hyde (a leading wartime British Communist, who broke with the Communist Party and became a Roman Catholic) observed:

> **"Communism, I believe, has had its origins in precisely that spiritual vacuum which exists all over what once was Christendom. . . . That is why Communism often claims the best—those who feel the miss. It is why it has spread in our day and no other. It is not the presence of poverty which is new. The new factor in the situation is the presence of millions of modern pagans. Communism is the child of unbelief. Bad social conditions are only the things on which it feeds. And that is why Communism has been able to take what is essentially a religious instinct and use it for evil ends."**

The "lure of dogmatism" recalls for me some incandescent passages in the works of Dezsó Szabó, an extremist Hungarian writer of some genius whose search for a quintessential (anti-German, anti-Slav, anti-Semitic) Hungarianism caused him to rub shoulders with both Left-wing Socialists and Right-wing nationalists. "Christianity is dead with all its consequences", he wrote in 1913:

> **"the human machine rattles on without content. We must give man a new dogma, a new will and a new passion. . . . Dogma, dogma is what humanity needs in its state of mosaic-like disintegration. . . . And even if that dogma were just a single sentence, and whether it came from socialism or any other direction, one thing alone matters to us: it must be pregnant with the future and capable of nourishing the whole of life."**

KIRKPATRICK: Yes, examples abound. The ones you have quoted show greater oscillations than those normally observed in the American intelligentsia, but in the US, too, it was the declining power of religion among intellectuals that prepared the way for the rise of secular substitutes. The weakening of that spiritual anchorage was a prerequisite to the rise of a politics of fashion whose shifting styles include both cynicism and dogmatism.

YOU HAVE SPOKEN OF *"the magnetism of newness" in America and said that some of this straining after novelty is to be explained by the spiritual vacuum left behind by Christianity. But is this, I wonder, the whole answer? Some sectors of the "intelligentsia" we are talking about do what they do on seemingly rational grounds, sincerely believing that man is more justly and humanely treated under Communism, that the Soviet-bloc leadership is more peace-loving than are our governments, that the Russians have been more successful in coming to grips with "the materialism, rapacity and meretriciousness of modern civilisation" than we have, and that, as a result of all this, human beings are "ultimately freer" in the Soviet type of system than they are in Western Europe or the USA.*

These ideas seem to resurface, in one form or another, with stubborn tenacity. One would have thought that after Secretary Khrushchev's speech at the Twentieth Party Congress, after the Berlin Wall, after Hungary and Czechoslovakia—and now Poland—it would be difficult to believe that the Soviet system offers a desirable alternative to Western society. Why, then, are so many among our intellectual classes so deceived? Why is it that they have, of all things, attached themselves, not to the "Swiss model" of an even-handed, decentralised, multilingual democracy, nor to the "Swedish type" of a humane welfare state—but to the forbidding Soviet and Chinese examples? And how has this numerically small band shaped itself into a powerful, self-confident, and self-replenishing class which sets the terms of public discussion and defines our Western vocabulary?

KIRKPATRICK: The Soviets have, as I say, succeeded in identifying themselves and their expansionism in the world with the idea of progress. One of their most useful instruments in doing so has been Marx's idea of unilinear historical development. The notion of progressive evolution in biology and history had, of course, been a powerful one in Western thinking long before Marx, and was common currency in the 19th century; but it was Marx who turned it into a formative socio-political influence. Rightly or wrongly (wrongly, as I happen to believe), Marxism has become identified as the principal carrier of those powerful conceptual tools—progress, evolution, the perfectibility of human nature—by which Western societies have, for the last three centuries, not only sought to understand history, but also to guide their action in the world.

That many of Marx's most important tenets turn out to be spurious when tested against the evidence is something I will not spend time on with you here; it has been demonstrated *ad nauseam*. Yet the myth persists.

Not only that, but our problem with this "progressive" image of Marxism has been exacerbated by the contemporary habit of perceiving the world in Left-Right terms. The identification of the Left with change, and change with progress, i.e. Marxism, means that to be critical of Marxism is to be described as a person who is hostile to change and progress. What is more, in France, England, and America, the appeal of words like "liberty" . . . "equality" . . . "glorious revolution" and the like are an integral component of our democratic heritage and have been cleverly incorporated into a doctored version of Marxism. The identification of Marxism with these democratic symbols is fraudulent but superficially plausible.

Let us, also, not forget the curious magnetism of science jargon. In the US, we tend to think that we have understood something better if we have translated commonsensical observations into scientific-sounding language. To be dazzled by this scientism is, of course, one of the sins of the social sciences. Marxism, with its claim that it is a "hard" science with laws and rules of evidence every bit as rigorous as those of the natural sciences, thus found many intellectual predilections in its favour. It seems to explain the past and predict the future. It promises to remove the flaw—"alienation"—from the human

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story and set man unerringly on the road to the good life. As you well understand, Marxism can do, and has done, none of these things. But the myth was powerful, not because it added to our knowledge of what was empirically testable about Marxism, but because it appeared to satisfy Utopian longings.

2. *Democracy & the Mass Media*

BEFORE GOING into a more precise analysis of how Utopia defines the role of the verbalising classes in Western society, let me ask you this. Do you feel that by embracing the Marxist framework these people have, to be quite candid about it, put themselves on the side of Moscow? In other words, are they betraying the West by intellectual affinity even if they are not in terms of the law?

KIRKPATRICK: If we were to use Marxist terms of reference, we might say that "objectively speaking" they are on the other side. But as we are not Marxists, I would be loath so to characterise them unless they so characterised themselves.

—But what if they did so characterise themselves or refused to do so but nevertheless served Soviet interests by a kind of ideological mimesis? There is no law in the Western democracies forbidding the preference of Soviet cultural values to Western values, or even Soviet interests to Dutch, American or German interests, so long as a narrow band of **security** *interests is not violated. The freedom of the citizen includes the freedom to do away with his freedom. When, in one way or another, that repudiation of freedom is practised by a substantial class of opinion-makers whom no one has elected but whose influence is almost all-pervasive, democracy has a problem, has it not?*

KIRKPATRICK: Each system has its characteristic vulnerabilities, characteristic risks and characteristic strengths. The strength of democracy is that, because people are participants in the decision-making processes, they are much more likely to regard the decisions taken as their own, to feel identified with those decisions and thus to be loyal under pressure. Democracy is very good at producing loyalty; dictatorship is very bad at it. The characteristic risk of democracy is granting all—including adversaries—access to the minds and sympathies of the citizen. This flows from the very essence of democracy: that of giving a hearing to people who think otherwise; and the danger, of course, is that the hearing of another side, especially when it coincides with the hearing of *the* other side, may undermine the policies of elected governments.

That is, I grant you, a formidable risk—but life is filled with formidable risks. I happen to believe that, in the life of society as in the life of the individual, nothing valuable can be attained and held without risk, and often great danger. Ultimately, both individuals and societies live dangerously. When one makes the kind of commitment that is involved in love and bearing children, one opens oneself up to all kinds of fresh vulnerabilities. When one makes a commitment to excellence—tries hard to achieve excellence in writing or painting—one leaves oneself vulnerable to failure. When one makes a commitment to freedom, one leaves oneself vulnerable to the risks of freedom. The risks of democracy are no greater than the risks entailed in the pursuit of any other significant human value. There are very great goods associated with the democratic way of life; it is hardly surprising that there should also be substantial dangers involved.

—Who would object to any of these sentiments if the calendar on the wall read 1912, or 1938, rather than 1983? In all earlier crises there was time, usually plenty of time, to mobilise armies and demobilise or reorient those image-making and opinion-moulding forces which threatened to disrupt the morale and cohesion of the nation. There will be no time to do any such thing in a future crisis.

Pushed to its logical conclusion, this line of argument would militate for the type of siege-mentality and mobilisation-society which holds the USSR in its grip. Clearly, we must steer clear of that. But have we no choice between leaving ourselves vulnerable and putting ourselves under martial law?

Even when conventional wars were fought with spears and sabres, unilateral disarmament, based on the doctrine that evil must not be repaid with evil, was a highly impractical proposition. Writing almost 500 years ago (in "Dulce bellum inexpertis"—"War is sweet to those who have not tried it"), Erasmus argued eloquently enough that a Christian society can engage in war only at great peril to its Christian character.

> **"To me it does not even seem recommendable that we should now be preparing war against the Turks. The Christian religion is in a bad way if its safety depends on this sort of defence. . . . Are you anxious to win the Turks for Christ? Let us not display our wealth, our armies, our strength. Let them see in us not only the name, but the unmistakable marks of a Christian: a blameless life, the wish to do good even to our enemies, a tolerance which will withstand all injuries, contempt of money, heedlessness of glory, life held lightly. . . . These are the best arms with which to defeat the Turks. Now, only too often, we use evil to combat evil."**

Yet, in real life, Christian society had to be, and was, defended by un-Christian means. There is a widespread view, which I don't necessarily share, that democratic society in our own time may have to defend itself by undemocratic means even if the challenge to it falls short of a shooting war. Would you agree?

KIRKPATRICK: Before I attempt to answer, let me say a little more about strengths and weaknesses. Look at the Soviet Union and its client states in Eastern Europe. The Soviet leaders have no way of knowing what proportion of their society, or which, if any, of their satellites, would support them in case of war. And the reason for this uncertainty is simple: they never dare permit the free expression of the fundamental preferences and loyalties of their citizens. They do not permit it by free elections, opinion polls, free emigration, the freedom of the media, or in any other manner. They have, therefore, no way of knowing whether the men and women under their rule would be loyal. That is *their* great risk—ultimately a much greater risk than ours.

The awful pitfall in coercing obedience is that the coercer cannot tell what the coerced will do if the coercion is removed. The current Polish dissent against Soviet rule and the Communist régime is only the most recent proof in a long line of evidence of the non-reliability of the nations of Eastern Europe. The Hungarian struggle for freedom in 1956, the Czechoslovak search for a new deal in 1968, and now Poland show very clearly that the desire for something other than a Communist régime of the Soviet type is not only alive but powerfully active throughout these East European societies. For all we—or they—know, it may also be stirring in the USSR.

Now, in a sudden, technologically catastrophic war, the speed of the disaster would be such that neither the loyalty of the citizens nor the bias of the media would count for anything.

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There would just be no time for either to come into play. If, however, one posits a protracted conflict, that's a different matter.

— Think of the Viet Nam conflict, for example. There the US lost a war; it didn't lose it on the battlefields, but in Manhattan and the District of Columbia, through the special pleading and one-sided presentations of American television journalists.[2] Could Hitler ever have been defeated if the Allied bombing of Hamburg, or Berlin, or the French coastal cities had been nightly reported to American television audiences with all the ghastly carnage such attacks inevitably entail? Yet it is by the freedom we accord to these unelected opinion-makers that we choose to be judged as liberal democracies. This has led some observers to conclude that the freedoms of the press, radio, and television might under certain conditions come into conflict with the spirit of representative democracy. Might they?

KIRKPATRICK: We know that, under the conditions of our mass media, reality is susceptible to manipulation by the symbol specialists. This is, for a public official, an extremely delicate question. Let me try to comment on it all the same.

Take the concrete example of reporting the Israeli war in the Lebanon. Western television emphasised very heavily one aspect of the events: the destruction of Lebanese cities and the suffering of Lebanese civilians as the results of the Israeli use of violence. This raised questions concerning Israeli brutality. Little attention was paid to such surrounding facts as that the PLO had installed itself in Beirut for decades as a foreign occupying force; that they maintained themselves there, a state within a state, by violence; that they brutally oppressed the indigenous Lebanese; that they repeatedly attacked Israel from PLO bases in Lebanon; that they doggedly refused to leave the Lebanon voluntarily.

These facts do not exonerate Israel from charges of brutality, but they are necessary to a balanced judgment of the Israeli use of arms. But these facts were often ignored in much Western coverage of the fighting in Beirut. Instead, day after day Western publics were confronted with the spectacle of peaceful Lebanese civilians on whom the Israelis rained indiscriminate violence. Every now and then there was some indication that armed Palestinians were hiding behind this peaceful population; but very little was made of their numbers, their arms, or their large stocks of ammunition and other war materials.

This was by no means the first or only time that Western television has used its freedom to distort reality. The falsification or loading of facts in a purported description is a common feature of certain kinds of political reporting by the Western media. It is happening now with El Salvador, where the government's case is systematically vilified and the guerrillas presented as social reformers; it happens with regard to Afghanistan through the calculated neglect in reporting the Afghans' bitter resistance to Soviet aggression.

AS YOU KNOW, IT HAS ALSO BEEN *happening in British television reporting. For example, on 7 February 1983, the BBC's weekly "Panorama" current-affairs programme perpetrated what I, for one, thought was a monstrous travesty of your own political views and activities at the United Nations. . . .*

KIRKPATRICK: I have heard about it. I haven't seen the videotape: but my staff have, and they appear to share your criticism.

— This 50-minute programme gave the viewer two profiles of about equal length. One was of Klaus Barbie, who had then just been arrested and extradited to France from Bolivia to face Nazi war-crime charges in Lyons; the other was of Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick. The presentation of these two portraits side-by-side was surely not accidental, for the programme had an unspoken but unmistakable message: that there was not much to choose between Barbie the Gestapo torturer, on the one hand, and Jeane Kirkpatrick and Ronald Reagan on the other. Seldom has television employed the technique of "smear by juxtaposition" to better effect.

I have seen the programme, and checked the transcript. Klaus Barbie, the war criminal, it was shown, had managed to evade European justice for the best part of 40 years because Right-wing Latin American dictatorships were giving him protection. But who is nowadays the most outspoken patron of these dictatorships? Jeane Kirkpatrick, said "Panorama", with her infamous philosophy that dictatorships of the traditional "authoritarian" kind are more susceptible of liberalisation and more compatible with US interests than "totalitarian" Marxist-Leninist dictatorships. Cut : from Barbie's France to corpses in Kirkpatrick's El Salvador, making a montage of murder. With that link established, the viewer was given subliminally to understand that somehow or other President Reagan, Ambassador Kirkpatrick, and other leaders of the US Administration were, and are, in secret league with the world's Nazis, if not by deliberate acts of policy, then by intellectual and temperamental affinity.

KIRKPATRICK: The electronic media and mass education render culture manipulable in new ways. We are now touching on one of the most pressing questions of our time—one too shocking to raise (and I'm glad *you* have raised it), and *a fortiori* seriously to consider. Can democratic governments survive the systematic (and unsystematic) distortion of political reality by the press, radio, and television under conditions of mass communication?

It is, above all, from culture that people derive their first and lasting conceptions of reality—their notions of what causes what; what is, and is not, a worthy human endeavour; why one sort of experience is more worthwhile than another; why the monuments of human art and humane learning deserve respect; and so on. If we want to build and preserve a society in which truth and freedom are held in high repute, and in which the ordinary citizen can make his public decisions informed by a broad understanding of what used to be known in an earlier age as public "virtue"—then we must, as a society, see to it that the reality that is presented to our children explains why our values deserve cherishing.

Now, I realise that what I am saying can be twisted to raise the spectres of censorship, control of the media, and so on. I intend no such suggestion. We know well enough that the publication of textbooks and the control of the media are in the hands of a relatively small number of people who decide without public accountability what should be said in the textbooks,

[2] See, on the Press and Viet Nam: Robert Elegant, "How to Lose a War", ENCOUNTER, August 1981; Michael Mandelbaum, "Vietnam: The Television War", *Daedalus*, Fall 1982; Peter Braestrup, *The Big Story* (Westview Press, in cooperation with Freedom House, 1977; Yale University Press, 1983). For general reconsiderations, see "Vietnam as the Past" (Richard K. Betts, "Misadventure Revisited"; Douglas Pike, "The Other Side"; and Harry G. Summers, Jr., "Lessons: A Soldier's War") in *The Wilson Quarterly*, Summer 1983.

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shown on the television screens, and advertised through the length and breadth of 50 American states. These people are unelected. They are, in the technical, political scientist's sense of the word, *irresponsible*, because they are accountable to no one for the use of this enormous power. In this technical sense, the media constitute the largest concentration of irresponsible power in the contemporary United States.

—Isn't it also a problem that the Far Left's critique of the media rests on a similar charge of public unaccountability and lack of democratic control? In Britain, for example, it is a standard charge of the Labour Party that the great majority of the British press is in the hands of anti-Labour forces; and Anthony Wedgwood Benn and his friends advocate plans for a new press-deal which would render the press "more responsive" to the feelings of "the British people." Indeed, Arthur Scargill, the Marxist (if ex-Communist) leader of the British Miners' Union, made the sinister remark during the 1983 election campaign that Labour, if victorious, would "nationalise the British press."

KIRKPATRICK: I entirely agree that there is a formidable issue here. None the less, it must be discussed. Let me give you a relevant example. On at least one occasion since I have been US Ambassador to the UN, a major national US newspaper described a sensitive piece of US government policy in an utterly mistaken way. It attributed to the government a policy which was, in fact, the *opposite* of what the US government advocated.

I thought this serious, and I wrote a letter first thing the next morning to the editors of the paper, pointing out the error, making clear what US policy was, and quoting, by way of an illustration, from the speech I had made the previous day. I had the letter hand-delivered by one of my associates to the editors of the paper by 1 p.m ., giving them time to get it into their next day's issue. The editors, however, declined to print it. They said it was too complicated. I found it shocking that a senior official of the US government and a member of the Cabinet could not get access to the Letters page of a major newspaper in order to clarify government policy. Here, surely, was an example of the arbitrary exercise of power.

—The repercussions of this exercise of unaccountable power are particularly serious abroad. For example, European communicators, and through them West European public opinion, have long fallen into the habit of considering the "New York Times" and the "Washington Post" as the authentic voices of American public opinion. This is, as we saw most dramatically expressed when Ronald Reagan was elected to the Presidency, highly misleading.

KIRKPATRICK: Sometimes more than misleading. On a good many issues, these two papers express the *opposite* of what the US public feels and stands for. Often their views represent only the thinking of an influential but narrow band of the East Coast cultural élite. At the same time, it is the responsibility of West European journalists to find out what the US public really think and feel.

—Are we saying that when freedom degenerates into licence, the whole context in which freedom operates in modern mass society may have to be re-examined?

KIRKPATRICK: Every serious student of freedom has understood that liberty *can* degenerate into licence. They have also known that demagoguery constitutes a very special peril to democracy. In ancient Athens, where the whole citizenry could be assembled in a single place, the masses were very vulnerable to the appeals of the demagogue, and politicians had the incentive to become demagogues. Thanks to television, the citizens of the US can now be assembled in a single audience and made accessible to the manipulators of reality. It is so easy to offer painless solutions to complicated problems and to appeal to the well-known tendency to wishful thinking. Such distortions are at least as damaging when committed by media pundits as by politicians.

LET ME PLAY *the devil's advocate. Wouldn't we be talking quite differently if American, German and British television favoured rather than opposed and undermined the kind of views you and I happen to hold?*

KIRKPATRICK: Oh, no. This isn't simply a question of whose ox is being gored and whose prejudice is under attack. I do not at all believe that opinions are mere biases. Still less do I believe that objectivity is identical with neutrality. A story attributed to Abraham Lincoln makes the point. To know how the fight is going, Lincoln said, it is not necessary for a woman, standing in the doorway of her log-cabin watching her husband locked in mortal combat with a grizzly bear, to shout alternately "*Go to it, husband!*" and "*Go to it, bear!*" . . . Given the world we live in, it is quite possible for us to see where truth lies, which kind of political system is most conducive to producing goods for human consumption and so forth, without being neutral.

Great concentrations of power in the media are as dangerous to human freedom as are great concentrations of power in government. What is required is a more effective system in which ambition checks ambition and interest counteracts interest, so that the various countervailing controls ensure a more accurate presentation of reality.

Or we can take our analogy from industry. In the 19th century and the early decades of the 20th century, in the course of the unexpected acceleration of industrialisation, there developed in the hands of a few very powerful capitalists enormous power over the lives of millions. All Western democracies realised that these concentrations of power were dangerous for the community and proceeded, through democratic means, to take measures to protect themselves and to ensure that power would be used more responsibly for the good of the whole.

To the mass media, too, power came unexpectedly. They did not anticipate it and probably did not want it. It just arrived—and now we need to find ways that respect freedom and still make sure that media-power is used more responsibly and harnessed to the preservation of the free institutions which are a prerequisite to a free press. I do not advocate "controlling the media", because that would destroy the freedom from which democracy continually springs. But I do suggest that some parallel constraints of responsibility—which democratic societies provide for business, labour, and the government itself, to forestall or rectify excessive concentrations of power —should be provided for the media of mass communication.

—Let us assume that we are in the running-up period to an international emergency. Shouldn't we then equip ourselves with **some** *institutional powers to impose instant constraints on the media, especially television? Shouldn't we be able to say to the media-men: It is, at a time of crisis, intolerable that you should pour ridicule on service in the armed forces; it is intoler-*

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able that you should, when reporting the embarkation of British Marines (as at the time of the Falklands War), give prominence to coffins being loaded on another boat; it is intolerable that you should ascribe the prosecution of the conflict we are involved in to the whims and self-interest of this President or that Prime Minister?

Nuclear destruction is an entirely new factor in the conduct of war, and the threat of nuclear war a new factor in international relations. Is it good enough to say—as is often said by well-meaning but short-sighted democrats—that certain means of self-defence are just not available to democratic societies, because using them would abolish any difference between totalitarianism and democracy? Unique situations may well call for unique remedies. Mrs Margaret Thatcher may well have blazed a trail when she banned all direct television pictures from the Falklands conflict and imposed restraints on all reporting. What I have in mind is some institutional device whereby democratic societies would adjust themselves to the fact that the challenge to their survival is now to be found, not in war, but in that large grey area that lies between peace and war.

KIRKPATRICK: I am deeply sceptical about such emergency measures. Western democratic societies have vested enough power in their normal decision-making and juridical institutions to guarantee efficient action when it is required. That is what we ought to focus on. Years ago I wrote a Master's thesis on the British Union of Fascists. I was much interested in Oswald Mosley's original argument, supported by John Strachey, Harold Nicolson, and others who followed Mosley in leaving the Labour Party and founding the New Party (which was the name Mosley first gave to his Union). His basic argument was that democracy moves too slowly: the emergency is too great; the crisis is too deep; we must take extraordinary measures. This is the habitual argument of those impatient with the slow, consensus-building processes of democracy. It is, of course, perfectly true that some of these processes seem unbearably slow, but I am persuaded that, unless our life as societies is *literally* at stake—unless, that is, we are involved in a shooting war for our survival—we are never justified in jumping over the normal processes of democracy in order to save democracy.

3. The Priesthood of Intellectuals

WE HAVE JUST DEPICTED the antecedents and character of that class of men and women who appear to hold power over us by the strength of the word—"the logocracy", if you will. I refer especially to those men and women who reach us through the media and speak and think in the accents of the Marxist Left.

"Logocracy" is perhaps shorthand for an idea you have yourself vividly expressed (in "Dictatorships and Double Standards"):

> **"What wealth is to a capitalist, what organisation is to the old-style political boss, what manpower is to the trade-unionist, words are to the new class."**

These wordsmiths are intelligent people whose claim to leadership is their rationality and empiricism. Yet the same men and women who wouldn't dream of buying an electric cooker without looking at the guarantee and scrutinising the small print, show the most astounding gullibility when it comes to "buying" Marxian and Neo-Left ideological concepts as a guide to the world's fortunes. We have already briefly indicated that the key to this attitude is not to be sought in any deficiency of intellectual application but in the romantic-emotional desire for Utopia, for the Good Society. While we can do no more than scratch the surface of a topic so well covered in scholarly literature, I'd be interested to know how you would define the place and role of this "logocracy" in our society.

KIRKPATRICK: I tried to indicate why Marxism is so powerfully plausible to so many Western people—that it is seen by many to be rooted in evolutionism, pragmatism, science, and so on. The greater, then, my surprise to see its utter imperviousness to criticism. You would imagine that the holders of an allegedly scientific theory would rush to the laboratories to see how their hypotheses have stood the tests of practical application. Not so. The evidence that history and economics do not move in the fashion described by Marx is overwhelming. The evidence that the political consequences of attempting to implement the Marxist vision are not those anticipated by Marx is overwhelming, too. Yet many members of our "new class" cling to the myth as though no evidence existed. What puzzles me about this phenomenon is not just the predilection involved, but its sheer, dogged tenacity—the tenacity required not only in the face of evidence, but of massive human tragedy.

For example: One can understand that a good many of the symbol-specialists in the US and Western Europe might have believed—particularly if they had paid little attention to the political events of our age—that the apple-cheeked guerrillas following Pol Pot, with their pretty moralistic statements of intention, would offer a better deal to the people of Cambodia than they received under Lon Nol's more or less conventional military dictatorship. What I cannot understand is the absence of any genuine anguish, of any soul-searching, mind-searching and history-searching, when these people became aware that two to three million Cambodians were slaughtered or starved to death by Pol Pot's men and a whole generation of Cambodians had their lives absolutely wrecked by the Khmer Rouge victory.

This extraordinary unconcern about the human cost of intellectual misjudgments is what puzzles and horrifies me.

Those who said they were motivated by the desire to improve the lot of the common man in Cambodia ended up by condoning the massacre of that common man.

—This can strike us as strange only if we think of the logocracy as disinterested students of history. Once we realise that they are ideologues with Utopian aspirations, we can understand their unconcern with human suffering, even though we cannot condone it. They are simply not in the business of shedding tears over the elimination of the Cambodian "class enemy" if the "laws of history" decree that they shall be eliminated.

KIRKPATRICK: The intellectual, verbalising, image-shaping classes have been the keepers of religious truth and symbolism throughout history. Today's secular Western society has produced its own secular priesthood in the shape of the verbalising classes we are puzzling over. Their search for truth is, paradoxically, the search for trans-empirical truth. Too often, some variant of Marxism seems to be the trans-empirical doctrine they are seeking. The strength of Marxism is a much more powerful testimony to the strength of *the ideal*, independent of its economic material foundations, than to anything Marx describes.

History provides evidence again and again of the willingness of the priestly classes to sacrifice very large numbers of people to their various conceptions of transcendental good—whether

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we think of the priestly class among the Aztecs who oversaw the sacrifice of tens of thousands; or the priestly class during the Inquisition with the torture of heretics; or the religious wars between Protestants and Catholics with their assorted cruelties. These ghastly human sacrifices in the name of some Utopian vision, some transcendental moral "good", have been so regular an occurrence in history in both space and time that we cannot regard them as accidental. They are a permanent, though not necessary, attribute of the views and functions of priestly classes.

The reason why we are so puzzled by the inhumanity of the Marxist secular priesthood is that Marxism denies any transcendental vision. Its basic tenets are, in principle at least, subject to empirical verification. When Marxism predicts an event in history, it is perfectly possible to determine whether that event has occurred or has not. When Marxists tell us that the people of Nicaragua will be freer and better off after the victory of the Sandinistas, it is perfectly possible to go and see what in fact has happened in Nicaragua after the Sandinistas came to power, and to determine whether the labour unions or the press or the Church are more or less free, or economically better or worse off, than they were before. But Marxists are not interested in doing that. They uphold a holistic vision. The *content* of this vision is materialistic and empirical, but its operative quality is its apocalyptic end-result: the demise of the sinful bourgeois order and the arrival of the New Jerusalem. It is this final vision that matters, and *that* is held with the tenacity of religion and paid for with all the sacrifices which the bloodiest of ancient religions have exacted in their worst periods.

AREN'T WE SLIGHTLY OVERDRAWING *the sins of the verbalising estate? Europe's Humanism, and the Renaissance, too, were the work of "the book-minding and symbol-handling classes." Indeed, if we disregard for the moment the unlettered saints of humble origin, wasn't all human achievement, whether for good or for ill, the work of the word-defining and symbol-mongering élites?*

KIRKPATRICK: Far be it from me to say that religion *necessarily* breeds repression, or that our symbol-specialists *necessarily* support repression. But it is clear enough that they sometimes do. One *can* say that in our own time those members of the new class who repeatedly avert their eyes from the heavy repressions that occur in Communist régimes—and manage to maintain their innocence when confronted with the next triumph of a Communist élite—are demonstrating a preference for power over freedom, and a very strong stomach as well.

—I suspect that the word-wielding élite's easy surrender to the "temptation" of totalitarianisms is not entirely due to the magnetism of Utopia in the abstract. Isn't self-interest another powerful force driving them in the same direction? Priesthoods have seldom lacked privilege, and, in theocratic states, seldom lacked power. And are we now not talking about a form of theocratic society and a sacerdotal class?

KIRKPATRICK: The vision of political change, in which societies are transformed to fit preconceived notions of political good, bestows on intellectuals exceptionally important roles. As keepers of the ark of the covenant, they interpret reality, and they provide the road-maps telling lesser mortals how to get from where they are to the putative good of the Utopian vision. Communism, then, is *the* political instrument of the accession of intellectuals to power in our time. Their glory is, of course, at its height while the revolution is in full ferment—what happens when institutionalisation has set in is another matter. One of our best examples is the hubris of the Old Bolsheviks, followed by their nemesis.

What makes the totalitarian temptation (as Jean-François Revel has called it in the book of that title) especially powerful for intellectuals is the openness of the invitation. The secular priesthood is a class of experts. To be successful in exercising its functions it is not necessary to be wealthy; it is not necessary to be well-born; it is only necessary to be intelligent and articulate, reasonably well-disciplined, to possess moral zeal and tenacity. He who has these qualities is on an automatic escalator to power in revolutionary bureaucratic régimes.

You might say that these qualities would make a man eligible for advancement in any autocracy or dictatorial régime. True. But what distinguishes the Communist priesthood from all others is (as I have already indicated) the massive scale of the brutality it condones or, sometimes, actively promotes. The *stomach* shown by these people when confronted with the beastliness of Communist régimes puts them in a special class.

Jean-Paul Sartre offered as good an explanation as anyone has of the totalitarian temptation to which he himself succumbed. In 1952, while the Soviet Union was still in the grip of Stalinism, he announced in a famous article his fidelity to the Soviet Union and the Stalinist French Communist Party. He argued that, even recognising the shortcomings and brutality of the Soviet régime under Stalin, it was for "a moral man" the appropriate posture to declare his loyalty to Soviet Communism, because the Soviet system alone offered a hopeful alternative to the inadequacies of existing Western society. It was necessary, Sartre argued, to reject Western democratic societies and embrace the Soviet Union regardless of the consequences.

—What Sartre and other intellectual supporters of the Communist system do not say—or say only under the thick cover of the dialectic—is that their quarrel is with human nature. Once you believe that man is inadequately constructed and that you must and can change human nature, you have equipped yourself with unlimited licence for brainwashing, menticide, and the elimination of any number of unwanted people. You aim for a "New Man", be he "Soviet Man" or "Maoist Man."

KIRKPATRICK: Yes—and that brings us to the familiar Marxist notion of sacrificing one generation in the expectation that human nature is perfectible and the next generation will, under Communist conditioning, turn out to be more satisfactory. Such indeed were the assumptions of the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia. They committed genocide with an easy conscience.

WE HAVE STRAYED *into discussing what Communist élites do under Communist régimes, whereas our original purpose was to see how and why élites in our own societies, and especially in our mass media, distort our vision of the real world in ways which are beneficial to our adversaries. To that I now wish briefly to return.*

My concern is the narrow one of television journalism, for it is there that a powerful bias is built into the very context in which news, current affairs, educational programmes and drama are presented. It is not this or that particular distortion that worries me (although those can be worrying enough), not even the

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hidden ideology in which the presentation of pictures and comment are embedded (though that touches on the very heart of the matter), but once again, the character of the class of people who are responsible for the conditioning.

Let me put it to you that the men and women who run television have obtained for themselves so fundamental a slice of power over the whole of society that we should perhaps think of them as a group or class within the larger class of people we have described as symbol-specialists, and ask ourselves whether their excessive influence doesn't give cause for anxiety in a representative democracy.

KIRKPATRICK: This would be narrowing down the scope of our enquiry unduly. The bias embedded in television is, of course, a fundamental element in the picture; but it would be going too far to say that the television "mediacracy" derives its power from television as such and that it should be treated accordingly.

Some years ago, during the 1940s, my good friend and sometime mentor, Harold Lasswell, conducted a highly interesting empirical study about world revolutionary élites. Having examined the élites of Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany, of the Soviet Union, of the Kuomintang and Communist China, he and his associates concluded that all these revolutionary movements were led by a "skill-based" class of upwardly-mobile men and women who knew how to use and manipulate cultural symbols —symbol-specialists, if you like, or cultural propagandists. These people, Lasswell observed, were overwhelmingly middle-class and university educated. They could not be understood in terms of conventional economic and social backgrounds; they had to be understood in terms of the skills which they used to achieve and maintain themselves in power.

This still strikes me as a persuasive analysis. I believe television propagandists should be seen as a part of this larger élite. Since the 1930s, with the enormous growth of media communication and the centralisation of the media, these skill-based symbol-specialists have become ever more powerful. They have been reaching larger and larger audiences and acquiring more power over meaning and culture. I will waste no further words to describe their *modus operandi* and their place in the priestly establishment, because we have already looked at a number of typical cases. Let me just say that this élite, with the television people in the lead, possesses great power. They have the power to undermine our conception of reality, our values and self-confidence.

—I have no quarrel with Professor Lasswell's observations except perhaps that his findings are commonplace and have been around for a long time. Anyone who did not know that intelligentsias of one sort or another have been responsible for all modern revolutions—whether of the nationalist or democratic kind—cannot have read the history of the 18th and 19th centuries very carefully. The 1848 revolutions were the work of book-minding élites as much as the 1917 Bolshevik revolution and the 1956 and 1968 anti-Bolshevik revolutions in Hungary and Czechoslovakia. To append to the names of Nikolai Bukharin, Mao Tse-tung, Milovan Djilas, István Bibó, Tibor Déry, Ota Šik or Milan Hübl the tag of "skill-based symbol-specialists" does not seem to me to add greatly to our knowledge.

KIRKPATRICK: Lasswell was perfectly aware of the intellectual origins of the 1848 revolutions and of the French Revolution. His contribution was to gather data on the actual biographies of whole élites, not just the most famous leaders. Lasswell called attention to the fact that in modern (i.e. 20th-century) societies the possession of purely intellectual credentials (credentials unrelated to birth or wealth) have been the surest ladder to upward political mobility in pre-revolutionary and revolutionary situations. Your Fascist, Bolshevik, and Maoist élites were self-made men with very similar social and personal backgrounds, which belied the claims of their ideologies. The Marxists were not proletarians; the Fascists and Nazis were not agrarian. Their power in all cases had been attained by their skill in myth-making and communication during a period when old myths of authority had lost their compelling power.

4. *Détente by Soviet Rules*

PRESIDENT REAGAN, *in his speech before the joint Houses of the British Parliament in June 1982, surprised the Western world with a plan which takes a leaf out of the Soviet book and promises to confront the ideological offensive with an ideological counter-offensive. He stressed that the one truly revolutionary force in our time is democracy, and that it is the West's duty to encourage a "campaign for democracy" in Communist régimes.*

Some of the West European reaction to the President's speech was curiously muted and even hostile. There were dark hints that the US was unnecessarily belligerent; that democratic societies were incapable of pursuing consistent ideological policies; that the speech was dangerous because it was touching on the sensitive question of Soviet legitimacy and thus, by "rocking the boat", on Western security.

One was left with the feeling that the fear of Soviet bluster and the appeasement of Soviet interests had become so much second nature in some Left-oriented West European quarters that the very thought of giving the Russians a taste of their own medicine, of answering propaganda with propaganda, psychological intervention with psychological intervention, détente with détente in the Soviet definition, struck them as impermissible and almost indecent. Indeed, some of our verbalising classes let it be known that a "sinful America", with the skeletons of Viet Nam, Chile and El Salvador in its cupboard, had no business to teach the world democracy.

I have no doubt that you disagree with most of these views. But what about the concrete charge that the President's plan is "dangerous" to our security?

KIRKPATRICK: On the contrary; what is dangerous to Western security is the misleading view that *détente*, as the Russians define it, is anything but a continuing ideological conflict between the two systems. President Reagan's position is not only *not* dangerous but is the only prudent view we can take of the matter, because it is consistent with the real facts of the situation. The Soviet leaders, among them the late Secretary Brezhnev, have systematically told us over a long period of time that the "competition" of systems and ideologies continues, indeed increases, under *détente* and that "competition", in fact, incorporates, on the Soviet side, ideological aggression. If the West European public or certain West European governments permit themselves to feel that *détente* signifies the end of a deadly serious rivalry between the Soviet and the Western systems, they are basing their security on illusion.

The West's attitude to this whole question over the last decade or so has too often been one of unilateral moral and political disarmament. Western élites have encouraged us to believe that it is entirely acceptable for our various Communist Parties and their sister organisations to conduct, on behalf of

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the Soviet Union, intense ideological assaults against our societies with fair means as well as foul, but that it is aggressive and unacceptable for Western societies to try to defend themselves in an energetic fashion, much less to state a positive case for democracy and human freedom. This unilateral moral and political disarmament has been the dominant aspect—I will not argue whether it has been the cause or the effect—of America's great retreat over the last decade or so.

I believe that the 1980 US elections constitute a turning-point in American political life in that they represent the rejection of the view that the decline of the West is inevitable, or that the decline of American power is inevitable. There is now a widespread and wholesome conviction in the US that the retreat of American influence has made the world more dangerous, and that acquiescence in the decline of US power is therefore neither desirable nor acceptable. I believe and hope that the 1980 elections—like the turning-point the French had reached in 1958—mark the return of American self-confidence in the success of our system, and a determination to take prudent measures to ensure its survival. They show no nationalistic hubris, nor any sense of expansionism. They show decent self-respect; that's all. The President's speech before the two Houses of the British Parliament reflects this return of American self-confidence.

IT MIGHT BE USEFUL *at this point to take a bird's-eye view of what President Reagan actually said. May I summarise it in telegraphic style under eight headings?*

First, Marx was right in predicting a great revolutionary crisis in our time, but that crisis is gripping not the free West but the Soviet Union. It is the Soviet system that runs against the tide of history. Second, throughout the world the democratic revolution, the emancipation of peoples and individuals, is on the march. Third, the Western countries will assist this democratic revolution not only when it is directed against right-wing dictatorships, but also when it tends to upset Communist régimes. They reject the argument that "once countries reach a nuclear capability, they should be allowed an undisturbed reign of terror over their own citizens." Fourth, Western encouragement of democratic forces within the Soviet bloc is justified by the Soviet record: since 1917 the Soviet Union has given covert training and assistance to subversive forces throughout the world. Fifth, in offering such encouragement, the Western countries will be doing no more than playing the East-West relationship by Soviet rules—it was Mr Brezhnev who laid it down that the competition of ideas and systems is entirely consistent with peaceful coexistence. Sixth, while the West must not force the pace of change, any upheavals that might follow should not be blamed on us since the repressiveness and lack of legitimacy of the Soviet system invite resistance. Seventh, the US is in the process of drawing up a practical programme to put these ideas into effect. Eighth, the march of freedom and democracy "will leave Marxism-Leninism on the ash-heap of history."

All this strikes me as a practicable plan and sound morale-raising stuff as well. It challenges the Soviet leaders on their own ground and employs the sort of language that hurts. But is it safe to assume that the US, never famous for the consistency of its foreign policy, will now immerse itself in ideology, and launch and sustain a long-term ideological offensive on a world scale, with all the immense sophistication that would require? Would such a campaign survive a change of Presidents, Congressional elections, or even a change of Secretaries of State? Would some of the Western European powers, with their illusions about détente largely intact, follow suit?

KIRKPATRICK: My answer is basically: Yes. I can see the President's plan being carried out by the US *as we are* and with the allies we *have*. This will not be an aggressive type of policy but a steady, prudent encouragement of pluralism, self-expression, self-determination—of the infrastructure of democracy. Mind you, the desires for freedom, autonomy, and national independence are not the only strong forces abroad in our time. We can also see the extraordinary spread of tyranny, terrorism, murder and mayhem, which has made this perhaps the bloodiest century in human history. But just as the demand for absolute security, associated with the will to absolute power, has driven the Russians into Afghanistan, so has the determination of the Afghan people led them to a persistent and heroic resistance, even though they cannot, at present, hope to wrest from the Russians more than minimal control over their destiny.

I would add to the President's contention that democracy is a robust plant, that its preconditions are (as I have tried to emphasise in my writings) more complex and more difficult to come by than are those of autocracy. Nevertheless, the desire for freedom, self-expression and self-determination is a permanent aspiration of people throughout the world, and the President is entirely right in saying that we must encourage them with our example and give them our active support.

Now, is it aggressive for the US and the West as a whole to interpret *détente* in the same fashion as the Russians interpret it? Is it aggressive for us to foster freedom with as much determination as the Russians foster tyranny? I don't think it is. It is reasonable and prudent that we should do so—and it would be unreasonable and dangerous if we should neglect to do so. And there is much in the President's recipe that we can—as democratic societies with a great deal of experience in voluntary associations, grass-roots movements, and the like—do extremely well without necessarily involving government.

For example, the American trade-union movement, the AFL-CIO, has long experience in encouraging free trade unions elsewhere in the world. The American Newspaper Editors' Association and the International Press Institute, the Rotary and Lions' Clubs, and many other voluntary associations, have similar experiences in fostering the infrastructure of democracy. These aren't, then, revolutionary suggestions. We have been doing these things for a long time. The challenge is to do them better, on a larger scale, and to coordinate them with our allies.

—Nevertheless, isn't the break with America's previous conception of détente rather spectacular? Consider some of the assumptions of the Nixon-Kissinger-Carter era: that the Soviet Union could be lured into responsible international behaviour by aid, trade and technological transfer (or, as the Germans mockingly said, that K. Marx could be bought off with D-Marks, or Lenin with Kennan); that the Soviet system could be so intricately interwoven with our interests that the Russians could not unscramble the relationship without ruin to themselves; that we had, indeed, a direct interest in upholding the Soviet system because, with all its faults, it represented a known quality, a calculable calculus, in a volatile and dangerous world. The President's London speech still appears to me to be the summary rejection of all these illusions and a "declaration of peace" on the Soviet Union as "peace" is understood by the Russians. For let us make no mistake about it: "supporting the forces of democracy" in the Soviet bloc means, in plain English, attempting to undermine the Soviet system.

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KIRKPATRICK: In some of its formulations, *détente* certainly suggested that if we treated the Soviet Union as a *status quo* power it would become a *status quo* power. Behind this notion was the assumption that there is some inevitable law in the history of revolutions whereby revolutions, after a time, lose their original zeal and determination to expand and become comfortably institutionalised and eventually end up behaving like any other established power. Indeed, authoritative spokesmen in the US gave this view wide currency. . .

—Henry Kissinger, for example. . . .

KIRKPATRICK: . . . believing that the revolutionary impetus had either already gone out of the Soviet system or was just about to desert it. This would open the way for our enjoying normal relations with the USSR because the Russians would abide by the rules of international law, the UN Charter, and so on. That, of course, has not worked out. Instead of behaving like "a *status quo* power", the Soviet Union has, since 1977, engaged in reckless expansion on several continents. Theories which postulated the end of Soviet expansionism and expected the Russians to behave with the rationality and circumspection of a traditional power were just mistaken. They have been disproved by facts.

DR KISSINGER, *to do him justice, never believed that détente could be successfully pursued without the US showing itself able and willing to counteract aggressive Soviet behaviour at all levels of application, including the use of force. And he convincingly argues in his memoirs that Viet Nam and Watergate between them cheated him out of half—the force-based half—of his détente policy. Hence, he says, détente has never been properly tested.*

However this may be, I am struck by your statement that it is the Soviet record of expansion since 1977 that shows up the misconceptions which informed American détente policy. Warnings, based on Soviet history, that détente could never succeed came much earlier than that and were numerous. Some of us published a substantial study, "Détente", in 1975 (and had large parts of it broadcast between 1973 and 1975), in which Soviet détente tactics, past and present, were laid bare and the prospects of any future détente depicted in chillingly negative terms. The critics of détente at the time included George Ball, François Bondy, Zbigniew Brzezinski, Bruno Pitterman, Dean Rusk, Leopold Labedz, Richard Pipes and Adam Ulam. A great many other scholars and politicians, especially those familiar with Soviet ideology and history, gave similar and more important warnings, and were as little listened to.

KIRKPATRICK: I would, in my private capacity as a student of Soviet affairs, completely agree that there have never been adequate grounds to suppose that the Soviet Union would stop being an expansionist and aggressive power.

However, we must give credit to a number of those who were, at the time, responsible for shaping our foreign policy: it was not *empirically* absurd to think that *détente* might succeed. It *is* empirically absurd to hold that view *now*, but in the early 1970s, when the theories of "*linkage*" and "*détente*" were enunciated, we had no tangible evidence of recent vintage to demonstrate that the policy had no chance of practical success. *Now* we have not only good theoretical ground for thinking that the *détente* theory was wrong, but unquestionable, tangible, recent evidence, too. Therefore, to go on holding a view which has been so massively disproved by experience is irrational. What President Reagan was saying in his speech is that we must, in the light of experience, give up this unrealistic view of *détente* and accept, as the basis of our policy, *a view of relations with the Soviet Union which corresponds more closely with the Russians' own view of their relations with us.*

Is this unfair? Can this be thought to be a bellicose policy? I would hardly think so. Our readiness to play *détente* the way the Russians have defined it violates only one thing: the tenets of unilateral Western disarmament, moral and political. It violates our unilateral forswearing of competition with the Soviet Union; but that is a violation I am entirely prepared to accept. Whether we are working from Marx's conception of the rational, or Hegel's, or anyone else's, it is *irrational* today to behave as though the Soviet Union were a *status quo* power, prepared to enter into stable, peaceable, non-expansionist relations with the rest of the world.

There are two fundamentally new facts about the current period which have significantly altered our relations with the Soviet Union: the loss of American military superiority, and the Soviet Union's unprecedented expansionism. Alongside the emergence of these facts came the disproof of the view—a view not persuasive to you or me, but persuasive to a good many Western élites and intellectuals—that the Soviet concern with military build-up was a consequence of "Soviet insecurity." If only the Russians were allowed to achieve parity with us (so it was said), they would shed their obsessive concern with increasing their arsenals and agree to verifiable arms-control agreements. Acting on that assumption, Kissinger, Brzezinski, and most of their counterparts in the West European Allied establishments made it their policy to allow the Soviet Union to achieve military parity with the US. Meanwhile we were limiting our own military development in order to enable the Russians to catch up. This was an unprecedented step in the history of power relations—generous to the point of folly. The Russians caught up; and then what happened?

What happened, of course, was that parity, instead of leaving the Russians feeling "secure" and ready to abandon the build-up, simply encouraged them to move into a period of unparalleled expansion.

There is, I should add here parenthetically, an interesting fact about US estimates of Soviet military production which is relevant to this discussion. All our estimates of the last several years have had to be repeatedly abandoned and revised upwards —a process which continues to this day. Time and again we made the optimistic assumption that, having achieved a certain level of strength—the level of parity, or even of a certain advantage over us—the Soviets would cease the race for further advantage. Not so. As soon as they reached one level, they continued just as rapidly as they had before! In other words, the arms build-up isn't a prop for Soviet self-respect or a means of allaying feelings of Soviet insecurity, but an instrument of imperial expansion.

5. False Projections

IT WAS SURELY *(as you imply) an act of extraordinary naivety to project American morality on to the crude power-holders and hegemonialists in the Kremlin. Détente suggested that if the US treated the Soviet Union as a power anxious to uphold existing world order, it would* **become** *a power anxious to uphold*

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existing world order—that our moral and political disarmament would somehow induce the Soviet leaders to follow suit. Well, the USSR and its leaders found the temptation of moral and political disarmament rather easy to resist.

I sometimes wish we could, in a just cause, take a leaf out of Thucydides and present it as a lesson to the US intellectual establishment. When the Athenians, speaking from a position of strength in the sixteenth year of the Peloponnesian War, decided to bring their power to bear on the island of Melos, they let it be known to the Melian generals that the advantage of power was on their side and that they intended to use it:

> **"You know and we know, as practical men . . . that the strong do what they can, and the weak submit. . . . We believe that Heaven, and we know that men, by a natural law, always rule where they are stronger. We did not make that law nor were we the first to act on it; we found it existing, and it will exist for ever, after we are gone. . . .**[3]

The Athenians were to be proved wrong. While the Soviet Union has always operated, and still operates, on the "natural law" that "might is right", the US does not. America did not make use of its post-War nuclear monopoly, and has, in the last decade, deliberately (as you say) allowed the Russians to draw level.

KIRKPATRICK: The projection of our own morality on to the Soviet leaders has certainly no justification in history. But we keep doing it. We project the aspirations, hopes and behaviour of "Benthamite Man"—of reasonable, prudent, democratic people—on to the Politburo, and then are surprised to find that they don't behave like Anglo-Saxon Utilitarians.

—A basic flaw, a kind of San Andreas fault, in our whole Western foreign policy thinking. It can be especially misleading when we have to deal with an ideologically-motivated opponent. . . .

KIRKPATRICK: Of course. The whole theory of *détente* was based on two mistaken projections. One was the projection of "Russian insecurity", which we have already discussed. The other was the wholesale projection of Western attitudes towards trade, living standards, and the good life. The assumption was that the multiplication of economic ties between the East and the West would demonstrate to the Soviet élite the advantages of increased contact and permit them to raise living standards, and that these higher standards of living would wean Soviet society away from the pursuit of expansion, in favour of the pursuit of the good life.

—A fat Communist being safer than a lean Communist. . . .

KIRKPATRICK: Yes. Now these, I stress, were projections from our *own* experience. *Our* societies are interested in the pursuit of the good life for ordinary people, in the utilitarian principle of the greatest good of the greatest number, in the unheroic civilian virtues. What we were, and to some extent still are, doing was to transfer utilitarian ideals and motivations on to people busy pursuing dreams of world conquest. That is making a terrible mistake.

In the Third World too, we keep on committing the same error. We blithely assume that revolutionary élites who come to power in places like Nicaragua will not behave like power-obsessed totalitarians, but will, despite their professions to the contrary, content themselves with creating a better, freer, and more prosperous life for the people. That is why so many expected Pol Pot's forces to improve the life-chances of the ordinary Cambodian, and were surprised to find that the Khmer Rouge were using murderous force to overhaul the whole of society in pursuit of a preconceived ideological fantasy.

—If one looked deeper into the reasons for the Western Left's disinclination to recognise the fundamental "otherness" of totalitarian revolutionaries, one would probably run into the basic principles of 19th-century liberalism. I mean certain tenets fully absorbed by now in the body of conventional wisdoms: that people throughout the world are not only basically equal and deserving of equal respect, but also similar in their motivations, desires and responses. It is this optimistic liberal fallacy that has led some of our politicians to postulate that it is enough to feed up a hungry Communist in order to turn him into an Austrian Social Democrat. We have here a mirror-image of the equally fallacious (but very popular) aphorism that the difference between social peace and a riot is two missed meals, that between social peace and revolution three.

KIRKPATRICK: The underestimation of the ideological factor is one of the fundamental errors of the Western understanding of Communist affairs. It is another aspect of the projection of "Benthamite Man" on to Leninist Man or Trotskyist Man or Maoist Man.

—We have both been critical of the Kissingerian version of détente. Yet Dr Kissinger's summary answer to his critics was reasonable enough. "The survival of mankind", he said, "is a human right, too." True or false, Kissingerian détente-ideology appeared to exclude war as a rational option in the nuclear age.

But should we, too, after the failure of détente, exclude it as an unusable option? Is there something to be said for the view that peaceful democratic societies (precisely because they are what they are) have so poor a record of imposing economic sanctions on an adversary, of mounting coordinated information policies externally or internally, of gearing their cultural, scientific, and diplomatic contacts to the requirements of peace-time self-preservation, that, paradoxically, it may well be in their interest to opt for the medium of armed conflict as the only one in which they need not be hopelessly handicapped? Certainly Clausewitz would nod in agreement.

One might, indeed, arrive at a similar conclusion by a different and shorter route. A showdown of some sort has become inevitable (it might be argued), not because any single factor has alarmingly upset the East-West equilibrium (though the Soviet military build-up arguably has), but because four decades' accumulated bitterness, and fear of the opposing party's motives, power, and ideological aggression have created the psychological prerequisites of war. And one could again point to Thucydides to show that it was all very predictable: "The real but unavowed cause [of the Peloponnesian war] I consider to have been the growth of the power of Athens, and the alarm which it inspired in Lacedaemon; this made war inevitable."

KIRKPATRICK: No, I don't think war follows. I don't believe any failure in any department of the great-power relationship makes war "inevitable" or desirable. But we have to compete with the Soviet Union—and compete effectively—in domains other than war; and that includes economic relations, not as a form of purely economic activity, but as one of political power. It also includes information, communications, and technology. This approach is familiar to the Russians. *They* are deploying it against us; it is remiss if we fail to use it against *them*.

[3] *The History of the Peloponnesian War*, Ch. V, 89, 105.

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The Soviets have from the very beginning regarded economic policy as an important factor in the power game, whether they were at the giving, or, more often, the receiving end. We, on the other hand, because we are democracies, with decentralised and mainly private economic decision-making, have always had great difficulty in making economic decisions on the basis of their consequences for power relations. Look at the vexed issue of the Siberian gas pipeline.

From the very beginning, we looked upon this venture in political terms. We said: we refuse to assist the construction of this pipeline, because, in the final analysis, it will enhance the power of the Soviet Union by making Western Europe more dependent on Russian energy supplies, and by greatly increasing the Kremlin's hard currency earnings and thus its ability to mitigate the effects of its economic mismanagement. In other words, American policy was to view the pipeline as an instrument of Soviet power and influence; and although our policy of imposing sanctions on certain American-sired West European firms has now been waived, it has only been waived in favour of a more coordinated Allied economic policy *vis-à-vis* the Soviets—a policy which will emphasise the power factor in economic relations much more than we, as an Alliance, have done so far. True, certain European sensitivities have been hurt—but so have American. What is basic is the American conviction that if we are to go on carrying the largest share of responsibility for the overall defence of the West, we cannot acquiesce in economic policies which lead to the continuous strengthening of the Soviet Union.

So my answer is that war need not follow, but, in order to make certain that peace is preserved, we have to learn to play the power game effectively on the entire keyboard of our relations with the Soviet Union, even if we have to pay an economic price for it, which we all dislike paying at a time of recession. Prosperity is desirable; welfare-state benefits are important; but survival must come first.

—Are we not, in many ways, subsidising the Soviet system? The pipeline, when it comes on stream, will be our largest contribution yet to the upkeep of the Soviet military-industrial complex. Former President Giscard d'Estaing, speaking as the President of France, is on record as having said that keeping the Soviet colossus in some working order is our only alternative to working for its destruction and thus for world upheaval.

Doesn't this strange pronouncement seem to imply that some West European countries have now assumed—as a form of self-blackmail, inspired by fear—the tacit duty of paying tribute,

Confession of . . .

TIME WAS I BELIEVED **a leak was the unauthorized disclosure of confidential information about actual events—such as, for example, conversations within the executive branch. That was before I understood that a leak is the weapon of choice in Washington's unending internal wars—ideally suited to spreading disinformation about fictive events.**

Undocumented allegations and anonymous sources link private ambitions to public policy in labyrinthine webs of personal and political relations. Two or three well-placed "sources" working with two or three well-placed journalists can create an issue, shape an interpretation, build or destroy a reputation. From the perspective of political science, it is fascinating. From the perspective of public office, it is frustrating beyond belief.

How do you correct the record when the discussions are all confidential? My interest is more than academic or personal. The paper triangle that links symbiotically anonymous and interested bureaucrats and politicians with dependent journalists is as much a threat to an informed public as the "iron triangle" of bureaucrats, politicians and the "Interests" is to honest government.

DURING THE PAST **month or two, much of the U.S. national media has relied on undocumented leaks and unidentified sources to construct a political melodrama in which some bad guys—the "hard-liners"—are pitted against some good guys—the "moderates"—in a contest for control of U.S. policy toward El Salvador and the Central American region. According to this scenario, the good guys support political solutions, negotiations, regional dialogue, bipartisan consensus, and are deeply concerned about "underlying economic and social problems." "Hard-liners," we are told, oppose these good things; they advocate military solutions, and are dead set against negotiations regional dialogue and bipartisan consensus-building. Hard-liners** *prefer* **political polarization.**

In the current scenario, hard-liners are frequently named Clark and Kirkpatrick, though sometimes they are called Casey, Weinberger, Stone or, even, Reagan. Their principal activity is giving bad advice to the president. Because my name is also Kirkpatrick and I hold almost none of the views attributed to that Kirkpatrick, I desire to clarify just what kind of advice I have given in the weeks after the president asked me to visit Central America. I understand that it is not considered sporting to introduce into these Washington games verifiable facts or on-the-record statements of participants; but, then, I am not a thoroughly seasoned player and have not lost the predilections of my regular profession.

OBVIOUSLY, I SPEAK **only for myself. I have not been present in most of the conversations of other participants. However, since I have often been cast by "sources" as the "hardest" and "most militant" of the hard-liners, my role seems relevant to the whole dramatic production, and the fact that my actual views and recommendations bear almost no relation to those attributed to me undermines, I should suppose, the credibility of this melodrama.**

Interested persons might want to know that instead of opposing attention to economic and humanitarian dimensions of Central America's problems, bipartisan participation in policy-making, the Contadora process and the broadcast possible participation in Salvador's elections, I have consistently made *opposite* **recommendations. I have advocated greatly expanded humanitarian and economic assistance; bipartisan participation in formulating a new policy; unambiguous support for the Contadora process and regional dialogue; and maximum efforts to secure the broadest possible participation in Salvador's elections.**

IN MY MEMORANDUM *to the President on returning from Central America I took a very "hard line" on hunger, malnutrition, infant mortality, illiteracy, economic underdevelopment.*

> **"Congress [I wrote] has not provided the resources or support needed in part, at least, because we have not worked with them to develop a bold, imaginative program which goes beyond preventing Communist victory in the very short run, to produce for the chronically deprived people of the area the reality of present progress and the promise of more to come."**

I cited Congressman Mike Barnes' proposed "one-percent solution" to the region's problems (using 1% of the requested defense budget to finance an adequate economic effort). I recommended for inclusion in the speech to the joint session a program "so beneficial to the terribly poor, malnourished people of the region that the

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protection money, to the Soviet system? We may also have to revise the validity of Thucydides' observation. For what Giscard seems to be saying is that in the nuclear age a world-power has to be feared, not when it grows too strong, but when it grows too weak. Tantalising thoughts, both of them.

KIRKPATRICK: We are, as democratic societies, certainly fighting with unequal weapons. Imagine the following scenario.

The American capitalist system is in deep trouble. Its agriculture is in ruins, its industry has become uncompetitive, its currency is non-convertible, even its military preparedness has been starved of funds. There are bread-lines in Iowa, there is gasoline rationing in California, and meat supplies have collapsed in Chicago. Prison labour is being used to build the Alaskan pipeline. America is looking for Soviet cooperation to make up the disastrous shortfall in its supply of feed-grain. It invites Soviet technological transfers and credits for the modernisation of its ageing missile guidance systems, and hopes to import Rumanian drilling bits to bring its oil production up to date.

Can you imagine any Soviet leadership saying: "We must not allow American capitalism to go under, because capitalism will not give up without a fight, and in the ensuing holocaust we too will perish. Let us supply the Americans with what they need and allow them to catch up with our nuclear capability. A fat capitalist makes a safer neighbour than a lean one. An insecure US means insecurity for the USSR too. . . ."

To raise the question is to answer it.

WHY IS IT THAT *we are not only asked but somehow* **expected** *to give this kind of free ride to the USSR? I have a suspicion that when Communist élites (and our Left) expect us to do so, they don't do it simply out of a sense of self-righteousness or Leninist cynicism—though both are very much part of the picture. Somewhere at the back of the mind of almost every Communist there lurks a feeling that the Soviet system is an aberration, and that normality, with its unregulated variety, sanity, compassion, safety-nets, and human satisfactions, is to be had in the West only. Communists I have known certainly conduct themselves on the unspoken assumption that "somewhere out there" capitalism and democracy—like some much-abused but safe parental home—is being quietly kept in a state of good repair, to which they can return when Utopia has*

. . . a "Hard-Liner"

American people will be proud to support it . . ." and also recommended the establishment of "a national bipartisan commission [which would] examine how we should apply our talent and resources to foster health, growth, security and democracy among our neighbors in Central America and the Caribbean. . . ." I further explained to the president that this was an approach I had discussed with Sen. Jackson and other Democrats.

Though current mythology suggests otherwise, new broad, bipartisan initiatives were resisted by the "good guys" themselves. So were efforts by the governments of Central America and the Contadora Four to get under way a process of negotiations for Latins only. President Herrera Campins last week described to the Venezuelan press the message he asked me to deliver to President Reagan: "Don't let your government torpedo our conference."

Reasonable people may feel the chances of success would be enhanced by our presence among the Contadora negotiators; they may think democracy would be better served by sticking with the San Jose approach. But the fact remains that Venezuela, Mexico, Panama, Colombia, et al., have desired an all-Latin conference, and our Central American friends have supported their effort. So have I. Far from believing that "The very mention of negotiations in El Salvador appeared a sign of weakness" (as charged by an anonymous source in *The Post* June 12), against considerable official resistance, I argued from Latin America and in Washington that the United States should pose no obstacles to the Contadora negotiations, should make no demands that we be included, and should, instead, stand aside offering support as appropriate.

ON ALL THE ABOVE ISSUES *there has been a certain amount of disagreement within our government, though the sides are not those popularly perceived. On other important issues there is a clear public record to prove there has been no disagreement at all. No one has proposed sending U.S. troops into combat in Central America, no one has proposed abandoning Central America. No government official has supported a "two-track" approach where one track leads to negotiated power sharing in El Salvador; everyone has supported conversations to ensure elections with broad participation and security for all.*

I have also advocated continued military assistance at levels adequate to meet and match guerrilla arms, but then so have all other participants in the executive department's policy dialogue.

Above all, I have argued in print and in person from well before President Reagan invited me to join his government, that the people and governments of Central America, the Caribbean and, indeed, South America are *important* to the United States; that our security and history bind us to the Americas just as surely as they bind us to Europe; and that it makes no sense at all for us to perceive and protect vital national interests in Europe, the Middle East, the Far East and Africa (where we provide large, continuing amounts of economic and military assistance and in some cases U.S. troops and trainers) while ignoring and neglecting friends and interests on our own borders. I have, moreover, insisted that the fact that the Central American peoples have suffered under dictators in the past is not a reason to consign them to repressive new dictators sponsored by the Soviet Union; it is, instead, a reason to help them escape to freedom.

What do all these views have in common with the struggle between "hard-liners" and "good guys"? An interesting question.

The fact is that "hard-liner" has become an all-purpose term of political abuse. In popular political mythology the hard-liner is the missing link between political Neanderthals and modern man. It is shorthand for a mindless, heartless approach to public policy. Along with other abusive terms, "hard-liner" should be eschewed in serious political discussion in favor of more meaningful ways of categorizing political actors—such as, for example, active and passive; innovative and conventional; smart and dumb; effective and ineffective; honest and dishonest; straightforward and devious; generous and niggardly; ambitious and contented; prudent and reckless; political and bureaucratic and so forth.

MEANWHILE, **it is worth noting that if the "sources" were as good at managing public affairs as they are at managing the news, the world would be better governed; and that if journalists were as suspicious of their favorite anonymous sources as they are of, say, the president, we would be better informed.**

Jeane Kirkpatrick
in THE WASHINGTON POST

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turned sour or a visit to the dentist is due. Anyone who has made the trip from Peking to Hongkong—or from Bucharest to Vienna—is familiar with the feeling.

What makes the West's position unique (if I may develop this thought for another moment) despite its loss of military and imperial preponderance in the world, is almost intangible factors of profound importance. It is in the democratic West that the world's conscience is located; and it is the West that does the entire world's creative thinking. "You in the West have a special duty because you are free", a Hungarian Catholic poet (János Pilinszky) told me in Budapest in the late 1960s. "That freedom is both a blessing and a burden, for it makes you spiritually responsible for the whole of humanity. . . ."

And, in fact, whether we are thinking of human rights, co-determination in industry, the advancement of the status and earning-power of women, conscientious objection to military service, the protection of the environment, the preservation of wildlife, or whatever—all this vital impetus has come out of the doomed "capitalist" West. The Communist East has been as barren of creative thinking as it has been of creative art and technological innovation.

KIRKPATRICK: Utopian fantasies *are* aberrations the moment you take the crucial step of trying to put them into effect in defiance of human nature and the experience of history.

As to Giscard d'Estaing's comments, as quoted by you, they are almost the opposite of what I believe to be true. President Reagan believes, and I certainly believe, that although the Soviet Union is—as totalitarian states usually are—very skilled at building up military power, its ideological/economic rigidity renders it incapable of producing the goods required to support its population at a decent standard of living and to provide for growth. Such economic development as it has managed to achieve in the last decade has been, in significant part, due to the fact that it has, with our cooperation, managed to rely on the Western economies for credits, cooperative agreements of all kinds, technological transfers, and other forms of development assistance. So, of course, have the other East and Central European Communist states. Poland is hovering on the verge of bankruptcy and had to be repeatedly rescued by Western banks and governments; and Rumania is bankrupt.

But that is not all. Prolonged development aid by the Western nations has enabled the Soviets to finance not only their military build-up, and not only the maintenance of their hegemony in Eastern Europe, but also their military adventures in Central America, Angola, and Ethiopia. According to reliable US estimates, the Russians provide Cuba with assistance to the extent of nine million dollars *per day*.

Now, if we stopped subsidising the Soviet empire, the Soviet leaders would have to make some painful choices. They would either have to cut back their military expenditures and imperialist ventures abroad in order to be able to feed and clothe their population; or, if they decided that the military dimension must come first and the population can wait and suffer, they would have to expose the Soviet bloc to very considerable internal pressures. In either case, the Soviet Union would be rendered less dangerous. Hence, far from sharing Giscard's view, I believe that subsidising the USSR is self-punishing and utterly unreasonable.

—Would you agree with a currently fashionable US view that, if all Western assistance were withdrawn, the Soviet system would be brought to the brink of collapse?

KIRKPATRICK: I don't think that the system would *collapse*. Given the primacy the Bolsheviks have always accorded to power and military preparations, and the long-suffering nature and modest expectations of the Russian people, the system would probably survive. On the other hand, it is clear that Soviet industrial development and, more particularly, sophisticated military technology are heavily dependent on Western inventions and processes. We know, through our intelligence estimates, a lot about this dependence; we know the crucial areas where the Russians have no alternative (in the short run, anyway) to relying on the Western democracies for knowledge and equipment; and we know that, in order to acquire these, they must obtain credits in hard currency. *We* tend to supply them with both.

To appreciate the full absurdity of this nightmare, we have to understand that we are paying our subsidy *twice over*: first, by extending credits to enable the Russians to build their weapons; and, second, by then having to match the newly developed Soviet arsenal with accelerated weapons-development of our own.

—It has on occasion been noted that the Western taxpayer has to foot the bills for **two** *military budgets: that of his own country to protect it from the Soviet Union—and that of the Soviet Union to enable it to threaten his own country. . . .*

KIRKPATRICK: That is quite true. We all know about Lenin's dictum that the Communists will hang capitalism with the rope supplied by capitalists; but Lenin would hardly have dared to hope that we would supply the rope on credit.

Yes, we are paying for two military budgets, and we render the world a great deal more dangerous in the process. We subsidise the repression of our friends in Eastern Europe and the weapons which may one day be turned against us.

—How would you respond to the West European, and especially West German, argument that the health and prosperity of Western societies must take priority over taking unenforceable punitive measures against a power that doesn't, in any case, appear to them to be unduly threatening? The health of democratic society (so runs the argument) depends on jobs, and jobs require foreign markets and exports. To curtail these at a time of recession on the theory that sanctions might, in the long run, restrain Soviet behaviour would be doing ourselves certain damage in the hope of uncertain benefits.

KIRKPATRICK: These are, of course, good excuses for not doing anything. They are also absolutely untenable as a long-term policy for dealing with the Soviet threat. Unfortunately, the democracies have a natural tendency to prefer short-range economic benefits to long-range political goals. That is one of the great sources of Soviet strength and of our vulnerability.

The German Federal Republic is exposed to special temptations, because it cannot ignore the division of Germany. Hence the German notion of the "divisibility" of *détente* even in the face of the invasion of Afghanistan.

But one of the great ironies of the present situation is that *détente* has turned the tables on us all. Whereas the original Western conception of *détente* foresaw so close an intertwining of economic relations with the Soviet Union that Moscow would be made to feel dependent on Western credits, supplies and goodwill, the opposite has happened. Some Western countries have become significantly dependent on Moscow. The debtors in the East are now calling the tune and we are, in many cases, forced to throw good money after bad.

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6. *The Tongue-tied West*

WHAT DO YOU FEEL IS PRESIDENT REAGAN'S *general reading of the political temper of our time? The standard accusation against him from the Soviet Union and the West European Far Left is that he is "confrontational" and views the world in over-simplified and moralising terms.*

KIRKPATRICK: I believe the President correctly identified the timbre of our century. He called it "a bloody century plagued by a terrible political invention—totalitarianism." And indeed, this century has seen the plagues of two World Wars, genocide under Nazism, genocide under Stalin, genocide under the Khmer Rouge, something approaching genocide in Afghanistan, the proliferation of ethnically-based wars, and the general spread of tyranny. Hundreds of millions have been killed in battle, gassed, shot, and hanged in Nazi and Soviet concentration camps, and beaten, tortured, and starved to death through the length and breadth of our globe. It *has* been a bloody century. I stress the word because another besetting sin of this century is our susceptibility to euphemisms: a blood-soaked century tends to be described in unusually rosy terms, which inhibits our ability to think clearly about our problems. The president has called a spade a spade; this clears the air and our minds.

Equally important, the President remarked that not one Marxist-Leninist totalitarian régime has been willing to risk free elections—or, one might add, a free press, or any of the institutions of a free society. He underscored the success of free societies as against closed ones, drawing comparisons between the Federal Republic and Eastern Germany; Austria and Czechoslovakia; Malaysia and Viet Nam—and he might well have added South Korea *vis-à-vis* the North. Not that South Korea is a democratic society, but it permits large areas of freedom to its populations, whereas its totalitarian analogues do not.

Moreover, the President has correctly identified the actual state of relations between the democratic nations and the Soviet Union, and affirmed the legitimacy of our support of democratic movements. I don't want to go over that ground again; let me just say that I regard this affirmation as extraordinarily important. There has developed, among representatives of Western nations, a strange timidity, made up in equal parts of fear and a decent respect for the views of others, that has left us deficient in our affirmation of the superiority of freedom. There is an awful tongue-tied quality that characterises the behaviour of most of the democratic nations at the UN. It is as though it were bad taste for the democracies firmly to assert that self-determination is superior to coercion, freedom to subjugation, national sovereignty to foreign hegemony. The President has given a lead by quashing this timidity.

—I would not for a moment want to make excuses for this Western attitude; but isn't some of it due to the characteristic verbal restraint of democratic societies—the habit of under-statement and ideological reticence—rather than to some conscious political decision to play down the sins of the opposing system by playing down the virtues of our own?

"The superiority of our society is plain for everyone to see. It would be an insult to the world and to our self-respect if we stooped to thinking that we had to render proof that man is a freer and happier agent in Paris than he is in Pyongyang. . . ." Such are the thoughts that might cross the mind of a French or British representative at the UN when wondering whether he should, or should not, don the mantle of Pericles and enlarge on the virtues of liberty.

KIRKPATRICK: If, as you suggest, pride accounts for this phenomenon, then it is the sort of pride that goes with self-destruction.

There is a Chinese proverb which was recently pointed out to me by a Foreign Service colleague: "A dog does not fight a chicken." When this was quoted to me by way of suggesting that the US should not respond to some harsh criticisms levelled against us by the non-aligned countries, I said, "But suppose the dog is attacked by 96 chickens?" . . . and that is frequently the situation of the US at the United Nations.

Why should we not defend ourselves and our institutions? Is it pride? Is it cowardice? It may be a bit of both. All I know is that Western silence ill serves the respect for freedom in the world.

—There may also be another, allied, factor. The West distrusts grandiose plans, heady figures, resounding slogans. When Communists tell us with all the fanfare they are so good at mounting that some Five-Year-Plan or other will take them with mathematical certainty from position A to position B and then C, with production-target figures that put the Japanese to shame—well, we tend to write these off as not worth tangling with, as we know that in real life none of these figures have been or can be achieved. I would tend to ascribe our ideological reticence to the same sort of attitude. Do the Communists claim that East Germany is a freer country to live in than Holland? Fine. Who would bother to waste his breath to refute it?

The trouble is that in some cases these childish claims are heard by immature audiences. In large parts of the Third World, Communist "scientism", Communist claims to have hit upon the secret of painless modernisation and the good and free life are keenly listened to. It may, therefore, well be that our understated sense of superiority is a conceit, an error we can ill afford.

KIRKPATRICK: It is not only all that, but also a little fraudulent. When Jack Lang, the French Minister of Culture, attacks the US in Mexico City for economic and cultural imperialism, and praises Cuba for its cultural openness, there is no ideological reticence involved there.

And why is it, I wonder, that some Western nations managed to take a much stronger position on the so-called human rights violations in El Salvador than in Poland? I find these shocking contrasts, and we have to live with them at the UN day by day.

Last year, before the elections in El Salvador, six EEC countries co-sponsored the so-called Franco-Mexican resolution opposing the elections in El Salvador, and indeed nine EEC countries voted for it. My British colleague told me that Britain stood as firm as the rock of Gibraltar—by *abstaining* from the vote!

—The British, however, sent their observers to El Salvador, which implied recognition of the legitimacy and fairness of the elections.

KIRKPATRICK: They did, and we appreciated it.

—Let me offer two further tentative explanations. The first is that you can only show on television screens, and mount protests against, what is readily accessible to Western audiences. The Soviet, Vietnamese, Cambodian, Polish and Rumanian violations of human rights are well hidden from the eyes of Western journalists and therefore difficult to bring home to Western

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public opinion—even assuming that the will to present them in their full horror existed.

Second, Western intellectuals like to think that the West, and especially the US, should be guided by moral principles higher than those guiding Communist governments, because the latter are amoral by their own testimony. Communist régimes of the Soviet type (so it is bluntly argued) are little more than bands of computer-assisted savages and, what is more, savages twice over; first, as the ruling élites of ruthless totalitarian dictatorships and, second, as legatees of the brutal traditions of their Viking, Korean, Vietnamese, Albanian, etc., forefathers. Gulag and genocide in Cambodia should, on this showing, not surprise us because they are in line with (a) the Bolshevik spirit, and (b) local political tradition. But Americans are of our own "flesh and blood"—they must be measured against a different moral yardstick.

KIRKPATRICK: I don't find it so difficult to explain the West European position on El Salvador—although I think it very short-sighted. It represents an extraordinary blindness and/or indifference to the security interests of the US. For what is the message our European Allies are sending us when criticising our positions in Central America and voting against us at the UN? Is it this? That the US is expected to be concerned about the security of Western Europe, but Western Europe need not have a reciprocal concern about the security of the US.

Now, I grant you that the US is a member of NATO, an alliance which is explicitly concerned with the security of Western Europe, while the West European countries are not members of any alliance that would guarantee the security of the USA in its own hemisphere. But the fact is that the Caribbean and Central America constitute the fourth border of the USA. The Soviets perceived very accurately as early as 1967 that this area was a kind of "soft underbelly" of the US, and that our capacity to act forcefully elsewhere in the world depended on our freedom from a serious threat to our security on our borders. It follows that US security in Central America ought to be a prime concern of our European Allies too, because on that security depends our ability to participate importantly in the defence of Europe. If Central America becomes a base from which Soviet military power can be projected, Western European security interests will suffer almost as much as those of the US.

—Are you implying that some sections of West European society display a certain unreasoning anti-Americanism? If so, that reading of the mood of Western Europe would seem to me to contain only a small part of the truth . . . although one can understand why, in the wake of the heavily loaded US television presentation of the West European anti-nuclear demonstrations, many Americans have drawn that conclusion.

What many West Europeans do think, however, is that El Salvador, for example, is "a far-away country of which we know nothing", and that, in the light of the US record in Viet Nam, Iran, and Nicaragua, American Third-World policies may stand to profit from the admixture of a dose of European scepticism.

To the extent that anti-Americanism does exist in Western Europe it comes, in large part, from members of the "counter-culture" and is an expression of the "alienation" (a word I use reluctantly) of young Europeans from the society which has bred them.

The psychological curve, as I see it, works roughly like this. You have, more or less effortlessly, attained food, shelter, free education, social security, motorcycles, racks of hi-fi equipment, holidays in the Mediterranean, and all the other "entitlements" of a materialist industrial civilisation. You hanker after the allegedly selfless and warm fellowship of the primitive community. You search for the "authentic." You are tempted to clothe your body in rags and drown your mind in thought-blocking music in order to free yourself for the experience of "authenticity."

But how do you express all this in a one-liner? You do it by America-baiting. America is supposed to be the supreme symbol of a spiritually vacuous, over-industrialised, acquisitive society. Hence you hate America as an enlarged projection of all the things you repudiate in your native land (and in yourself), but cannot say so loud and clear because you live off the offerings of the society you love to hate. In other words, America is a convenient whipping-boy. The Russians, needless to say, exploit this mood for all it is worth.

KIRKPATRICK: Nevertheless, all these attitudes—and you omitted to mention France's endemic anti-Americanism both on the Left and the Right, well represented by figures like Jack Lang and Michel Jobert—have their impact on our relations; they cannot help but have an impact. What disturbed me a great deal at the UN was the discovery of the multiple issues on which the US, the UK, and Western Europe have different perspectives.

The most disturbing have been the human-rights issues. All Western nations have repeatedly acquiesced in ignoring massive human-rights violations by the Soviets and their satellites (Poland, Cuba, Viet Nam, Ethiopia), and focus their protests on the real but both qualitatively and quantitatively lesser violations committed by traditional non-Communist and anti-Communist autocracies in Latin America, and also in Israel. It is endlessly shocking to me that there has never been a human-rights motion brought before any of the United Nations committees against Pol Pot's Cambodia, or Idi Amin's Uganda, or Castro's Cuba, although Cuba has, by the agreement of all the experts, more political prisoners than any other Latin American nation with the possible exception of Nicaragua.[4]

—But has the US pursued a different and more principled course?

KIRKPATRICK: Not really. Until the arrival of the present Administration, the US passively acquiesced in all this. Since last year, however, we have declared war on using such double standards, especially in the UN Human Rights Commissions in Geneva.

Last year, in Geneva, we finally managed (in cooperation with the West European countries) to pass a weak resolution on Poland, calling on the Secretary-General at least to investigate human-rights abuses there. Unbelievably, this was the first human-rights resolution affecting a Communist country which was ever passed by the Human Rights Commission. And, as I say, though important, it was much, much weaker than the human-rights resolutions regularly endorsed by the Third Committee of the UN General Assembly on Guatemala, El Salvador, Uruguay, or Chile. Right now, it is almost impossible to interest our West European friends in human-rights violations in Nicaragua, even though we have incontrovertible documentary evidence to show that the Sandinista régime is subjecting many thousands of Miskito

[4] See, in recent ENCOUNTERS, the testimony of two Cuban prisoners: Reinaldo Arenas, "Dangerous Manuscripts" (January 1982); Armando Valladares, "After 22 Years in Prison" (June 1982).

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Indians to the most brutal maltreatment.

All this leads me to the disquieting conclusion I have already mentioned: that some Western nations have a highly politicised concept of the moral issues involved, that they are apparently indifferent to the security interests of the US in Central and South America; and that they are too often content to acquiesce in human-rights policies whose principal function is to serve the political interests of the Soviet bloc. Sweden provides the extreme example of all these tendencies. Their human-rights policies in the UN bodies are highly ideological and by no means "neutral" in their political content.

7. *The West & Eastern Europe*

YOU HAVE ARGUED THAT WE SHOULD STEP UP *our concern with human-rights violations in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. This is the sort of statement that sends shivers down the spines of Communist leaders—and so it should, for if we mean what we say, "a decent concern for human rights in the Soviet bloc" should embrace the support of Poles to be Poles, Lithuanians to be Lithuanians, Uzbeks to be Uzbeks, and so on. When President Carter put human rights on the foreign-policy agenda of the US (and then wrote a personal letter to Sakharov), the Kremlin was extremely worried—until President Carter's actual track-record made the Kremlin unworried again.*

Do you feel that the US under President Reagan is doing enough to support the rights of nations and nationalities in Eastern Europe and within the USSR to keep the Soviet leadership under political pressure?

KIRKPATRICK: Actually, we are not doing much. The question is whether we should do more than we are doing. My short answer is: Yes, we should; but I don't think we should deliberately seek to foment discontent in the Soviet bloc. What I believe we have a moral obligation to do is to keep alive for people behind the Iron Curtain alternative interpretations of reality, and alternative systems of values. We can do this actively through our Western means of communication, such as the Voice of America, Radio Free Europe, the BBC, the *Deutsche Welle*, Radio Liberty, and so on.

—But isn't this, more or less, being done? What is not being done is to pursue our information policies to a point where they would seriously impinge on the system and put the Politburo under prolonged pressure. President Reagan's initiative to "support democratic forces" in the bloc would probably do that, too; but whether that initiative will become policy and percolate down to the agencies that matter, remains to be seen. We could pick up the "peace" issue and put it firmly back in the Soviet camp. Is anybody telling Czech, Polish, Hungarian, and East German audiences that the Russian bases on their territories would not add to their chances of survival in a nuclear war?

KIRKPATRICK: I agree with that completely. We did, after the Second Special Disarmament Session of the UN, succeed in doing exactly that. We took certain steps to facilitate the export of the so-called peace movement back to the Soviet camp. The new UN Resolution incorporates not only support for "peace movements" throughout the world, but pleads for guarantees that private peace-campaigners, too, will enjoy full freedom of information, speech, and assembly. The document of implementation (13 December 1982) makes all this explicit.

It (*1*) equips all citizens with the right "to participate in an informed and *free* discussion" on arms control and disarmament matters; (*2*) enjoins all governments "to facilitate the broad flow of accurate information on disarmament matters, both governmental and non-governmental, to and among their citizens"; and (*3*) enjoins all governments to "encourage their citizens *freely* and *publicly* to express their own views on disarmament questions and to *organise* and *meet* publicly for that purpose."

The initiative for this Resolution came from our side of the Assembly; but the Soviet Union and its allies voted for it too. There can now be no reason why the BBC, Voice of America, Radio Free Europe, *Deutsche Welle*, etc. should not do their utmost to inform the citizens of the USSR and Eastern Europe of their new rights.

My deputy (as he then was), Ambassador Kenneth Adelman, has in fact written an official letter to most US newspapers, radio and TV stations, and other organs of communication (including, of course, those broadcasting to foreign countries), telling them about this Resolution, reminding them that it had been reached by consensus, and that the rights of the citizens of all countries to organise and express their views free from intimidation and persecution have now been recognised. Here, then, is the legal basis—and a golden opportunity for carrying the "peace" campaign back into the Soviet camp. I can only hope that our official communicators, and all others, will make full use of it.

—Isn't it an anomaly, though, that you should have to couch this statement in the form of a "hope"—that you cannot be certain that they will? We have had your account of your failure to get an official correction printed in a leading American newspaper—a reminder that the American press will publish what it will. But, going by its past record, I wouldn't even be certain that the Voice of America would make enterprising use of the opportunities you have created—and that, if true, would appear to be an indication that US government departments, too, will publicise only what they will. And doesn't that, in turn, tell us that in the current war of information policies the democratic societies, and the US in particular, are fighting a very uneven-handed battle?

I have been following with great interest the various speeches you and your several deputies have made in the UN over the last two years—but I have only been able to do so because I happen to be on the mailing list of your Mission at the UN. The American press, the Voice of America, and the European press have done their level best to keep me in the dark about them.

KIRKPATRICK: This takes us back to the public responsibility of the media in a democratic society. It is perfectly true that, in the battle for the hearts and minds of Western public opinion on the "peace" issue, we are fighting with highly unequal weapons—to the extent that we have any. And the inequality is institutional. When Mr Andropov decided that the time was ripe for a fresh round to be mounted in the propaganda campaign to inhibit the deployment of the Cruise and Pershing missiles in Europe, he assembled the heads of his whole Warsaw Pact in Prague and issued, with all the instruments of a totalitarian superpower, an extraordinarily clever propaganda document. He had no difficulty in producing a single statement, in getting all his "allies" to put their names to it, in deploying it throughout the world by the printed and spoken word.

We have a very much more limited range of means at our disposal. In the meantime we should speed up the implemen-

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tation of the President's London proposals. If those are put into effect on a large enough scale, and we have all our wits about us, we should be able to equip ourselves with many of the software answers which the Soviet "peace" campaign so clearly calls for. These must include a number of sophisticated private elements under skilled democratic leadership and with worldwide reach.

—But you said that you would not foment discontent in the USSR and Eastern Europe. . . .

KIRKPATRICK: I would not foment active opposition by way of subversion and Western radio broadcasts because I would not want the moral and political responsibility for their possible consequences.

—But if such opposition existed, would you want to support it?

KIRKPATRICK: Certainly I would give it support.

—Poles against Russians? National liberation movements in the Ukraine, Latvia, Lithuania, Uzbekistan?

KIRKPATRICK: Of course I would, and I would provide all the information they may need for the success of their struggle. I would support them by peaceable means, but I would not incite or encourage them to resistance if the will to resist was not spontaneously there. There is a difference.

Take Afghanistan, where we can daily witness a great deal of indigenous heroic resistance to Soviet occupation. I would support that resistance, but I would not foment it. I would remind the Afghans of the fate of neighbouring Khiva and Bokhara[5] (as we did in a speech on Afghanistan during the 1982 General Assembly), but I would not tell them: "Go out and fight to forestall a similar fate." Resistance means putting your life on the line. It may mean death, torture, hunger, and all the other terrible prices freedom-fighters have to pay in their struggle for national independence.

If we—that is, the West as a whole—are not prepared to take responsibility for helping to protect the Afghans against the consequences of their resistance, then we have no right to encourage them to do things they would not otherwise be doing. It is, therefore, very important that any decision to resist should be *their* decision, springing from their own values and interests, and not due to manipulation by outside forces.

—One respects the high morality of this attitude, but can it be effective in the real world? Can it stop Soviet expansionism? The Russians have no moral scruples about sending Cubans or East Germans to do their work for them in Africa. That, indeed, is what their "internationalism" expressly requires them to do.

My own view (for what it is worth) is that we should perhaps think of the global battle between freedom and tyranny as "an exercise in higher bookkeeping." On one side of the ledger are listed the sacrifices each nation has made in the interests of liberty; but the other shows the resulting state of **world** *freedom. The input is measured in national, the output in universal terms. Wouldn't this highly "liberal" manner of accounting (in the 19th-century sense of the word) do away with our moral scruples? Wouldn't it be a fitting counterpart to "wherever in the world liberty is diminished,* **my** *liberty is diminished"? And wouldn't we, then, be in a moral position to aid the Afghans with something more than information, even if we didn't want to go to war for them?*

KIRKPATRICK: I appreciate your attempt to test my reasoning by appealing to the "liberal" component in my thinking; but I cannot go along with it. The forces of freedom in the world are strong; they don't require Western incitement and manipulation. The Afghans' resistance to Soviet penetration is powerful and persistent. It needs no irresponsible encouragement. It is enough for us to give support to existing feelings of self-determination. That is all we can *morally* do; but that we must do.

—Can we imagine for a moment what Lenin would be thinking if he were eavesdropping on us today? "Why", he might say, "here is a wonderful example of how a false sense of morality can, luckily for us, inhibit the fighting spirit of our enemies! Here is Ambassador Kirkpatrick, one of our most shrewd and determined opponents in the capitalist-imperialist world, so hamstrung by bourgeois conceptions of humanism and morality that she refuses to stoke up the resolution of perfectly exploitable bands of Afghan counter-revolutionaries who are, to be quite frank about it, giving us a great deal of trouble. . . . It couldn't happen to us! . . ."

KIRKPATRICK: And Lenin would be absolutely right! Democrats will always be constrained by the morality of democracy. They will always have scruples against the use of certain tactics which amoral people, with no principles beyond the acquisition of power, will not blanch at. That is our strength as well as our weakness. The strength of the Communists in this kind of a situation is the strength of the Nazis and the strength of all tyrants of history. Amoral régimes have always had, and always will have, a certain initial advantage over societies governed by moral scruples and institutional constraints.

FORMER PRESIDENT NIXON MAKES *a relevant point in his book "The Real War." He says, quoting Napoleon, that in any fundamental conflict between powers and régimes "the might of the spirit" will ultimately triumph over the might of the sword. But (he goes on) in real life it will do us little good to wait for that ultimate victory because it could conceivably be delayed by a thousand or so years. In the meantime, we must use the sword as an essential shield for the spirit so that the spirit can win within a measurable stretch of time.*

KIRKPATRICK: Which would make the use of the sword moral in the long run? . . .

—Yes. In Afghanistan, for instance, it may be that the spirit of resistance will triumph in a hundred years from now even if it receives no assistance from the Western world, but in the meantime three-quarters of the Afghan population will have settled in Pakistan as permanent refugees, and the rest will be cowed by Sovietisation. Isn't the question then: What price moral scruples?

KIRKPATRICK: We must keep a sense of proportion: democracy constrains one, but it does not require us to lie down and play dead in the face of violence. I am certainly not the kind of

[5] In 1922 Russia sent "a limited contingent of troops" to the independent Moslem states of Khiva and Bokhara to satisfy "contemporary requirements" expressed by the Bokharan government. Afghanistan protested. In 1924 Khiva and Bokhara were annexed by the Soviet Union.

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moral purist who believes that we should play dead when confronted with aggressive dictatorships. Nor am I a pacifist. I believe that democracies have not only the right but the obligation to defend themselves—to defend freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of assembly—and I don't believe it is necessary for us to wait until we are nearly dead to respond to force with force. The right of self-defence implies the right of *timely* self-defence.

But I do think that we haven't the right *vis-à-vis* other people, people who live under totalitarian régimes or are occupied by a totalitarian power, to encourage them to active resistance if we are ourselves unwilling actively to support them in that resistance. We have, as I have just said, the moral obligation to support them if they choose to resist—and that seems to me to be a very different matter—but we haven't the moral right to urge them to assume terrible, life-and-death risks from which we are not prepared to deliver them.

—Well, the Hungarians rose in 1956, and the Czechs and Slovaks had their own kind of rebellion in 1968. The US did nothing to help them. Would you have supported the Hungarian Revolution on the principle that the Hungarians had risen of their own volition and qualified for American support?

KIRKPATRICK: Yes, I would have given assistance to the Hungarian Revolution. I remember that night in November 1956 very vividly. I was watching American television when the British, French, and Israelis invaded Suez and the Hungarians thought they were close to having rid themselves of Soviet occupation and the Stalinist system. I felt terribly frustrated that all the UN talked about was Suez and there was hardly any comment on the problems or successes of the Hungarian Freedom Fighters. I felt miserable when I heard that hundreds of young Americans were volunteering to fight with the Hungarians and were being prohibited by our government from going to Hungary. Yes—I would have made a different decision.

—You would have gone in?

KIRKPATRICK: No, I would not have gone in, but I would have actively supported the Freedom Fighters.

—Clandestinely?

KIRKPATRICK: I would not have gone to war, but I would have given them usable support.

—The kind the US is now giving the Polish people?

KIRKPATRICK: No, the Poles did not have an armed uprising. Our policy towards Poland is to show our condemnation of the repression (by the Jaruzelski government, and indirectly the Soviet Union) of the pluralist institutions which have re-asserted themselves over the past two years. We feel very strongly that the US government should neither acquiesce in, much less should it assist, that repression by providing economic aid or any other form of help. Indeed, it should oppose repression in any feasible way, short of war. Here is one practical example why I want to reserve the word "war" for the ultimate conflagrations. We can do much to further the interests of the Polish people without war.

8. Resisting Tyrannical Régimes

MAY I PUT IT TO YOU *that the distinction you are making between "support" and "incitement", while relieving us of our moral dilemma, is a very narrow one from the point of view of the nations you are addressing? At the time of the Hungarian Revolution, the Freedom Fighters were not at all sure whether the words reaching them from the West amounted to "support" only, or whether something more was on offer. Many genuinely believed that Western or even UN help would be forthcoming, not because any of the Western broadcasting agencies said that it would, but because the Hungarians could not understand how, after many years of very articulate verbal "support", nothing more than further verbal support would reach them in their hour of need. I would myself think that the* **cumulative** *effect of "support" ultimately faces us with the same moral responsibility as "incitement"—especially under dramatic conditions such as an uprising.*

Having said that, however, I can also see that there is no easy way out of the dilemma. For we have to be aware (as the Russians are certainly aware) that the very **existence** *of a free Western Europe is a source of inestimable strength for the forces of freedom and national independence in Eastern Europe. I wouldn't like to say whether it is a source of "support" or "incitement", but for the Soviet system it is a permanent provocation.*

KIRKPATRICK: I grant you that we are treading a narrow path, but that is the path we have to tread. That the existence of a free Western Europe is a provocation to the Soviet system I fully accept—and accept with delight, because that is what an alliance of free countries has to be to a collection of tyrannical régimes.

What do I mean by "support"?

It is very important that we always recognise and affirm the legitimacy of resistance to tyrannical governments, of whatever type. We should always recognise the legitimacy of a people's desire to be free of tyrannical controls. We should always refuse to acquiesce in the notion that the demand for free elections or democratic participation in the decisions of government is "extreme"—as, for example, the Polish authorities were trying to suggest. *Solidarity* was suppressed because it adopted such "extreme" demands as the right of participation. We must, as free societies, always make clear that we stand on the side of the aspirations of the people to have governments that "govern by the consent of the governed." This involves supplying them with free information in our broadcasts, and depicting for them alternative images of reality and alternative ways of being and social existence so that the official controls of the symbolic environment are rendered ineffective.

This, I am sure, is our right and duty. But I don't think it is for us to tell people in the Soviet Union or Eastern Europe what particular action they should take or omit taking to further their interests as nations and individuals.

"Support", mind you, does involve the unflagging assertion on our part of the rights guaranteed in such documents as the Universal Declaration of Human Rights and the Helsinki Final Act. The Western nations must be very clear about the fact that the Soviet Union has violated the accords written into the Third "Basket" of the Helsinki document. We should not be willing to ignore or cover up those violations. We should absolutely refuse to acquiesce in the falsification of what the Russians have solemnly undertaken in Helsinki.

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HAVEN'T WE SO FAR OMITTED TO CONSIDER one small thing—the actual feelings and interests of the nations under Soviet domination? The Poles, Czechs, and Hungarians tend to look upon Western affirmations of support with a sense of déjà vu *and scepticism. They do not expect the Western powers to come to their active aid in an emergency. They gave that up (or so it seems to me) with the suppression of the Hungarian Revolution. But their sense of belonging to European civilisation is extremely strong; and they all entertain an unspoken feeling that they are the "kith and kin" of their West European neighbours and deserve a privileged place in their concerns. This feeling is reciprocated by some of the West European countries, as for example by the French for the Poles and Rumanians, the Austrians for the Hungarians, and many Germans for the Czechs. But the East Europeans are less certain whether it exists in the USA. American pronouncements of support are, therefore, always minutely scrutinised in Eastern Europe, not for any sign that the US might have suddenly changed its unwillingness to risk a conflagration for "the freedom of Eastern Europe", but to see whether or not any privileged concern exists.*

Not unnaturally, therefore, the East European nations are especially sensitive to Western articulations that put their freedom on a par with the "liberation struggles" of obscure and half-savage (as they see them) African tribes and groups that call themselves nations. Let me quote an example. Richard Nixon has been arguing in "The Real War" that the US should now "knock down the 'No Trespassing' signs surrounding the Soviet empire" and consider itself as free to "forage on the Soviet side as they have been to forage on ours." But when it comes to spelling out the details, his tune changes abruptly and the reader discovers that, while support for the Poles and Hungarians is not included in the foraging exercise, support for Jonas Savimbi is.

> **"This does not mean automatically supporting any and all liberation movements within the Soviet sphere. The same sort of practical constraints that kept the West from intervening to help the Hungarians in 1956 and the Czechs in 1968, for example, still operate. . . . But we should consider ourselves free to support those we perceive it is in our interest to support, either overtly or covertly, and we should do so without apology. A popular, pro-Western rebel leader such as Jonas Savimbi in communist-ruled Angola should not be turned away when he comes to the United States seeking support."**

Personally, I have no doubt that Mr Jonas Savimbi is an excellent leader who deserves all the US support he can get. But, rightly or wrongly, this is the kind of articulation that is perceived in Eastern Europe as deeply offensive. It appears to put an equation mark between Savimbi's small groups of African tribesmen and the ancient nations of Central and Eastern Europe.

KIRKPATRICK: Ah, but Americans have a very different perspective on race and Africa. Never forget that the US is a multiracial and multicultural society! One out of every nine Americans has African roots. We don't feel that Savimbi's struggle is more remote from us than that of the Poles or Hungarians. I simply cannot share the East European (or, for that matter, West European) view that accords higher moral value to the struggle of Europeans than to Savimbi and his fighters in Africa.

—But it is not always clear from American articulations that Europe has quite lost its place of privilege in the concerns of Americans. The dominant theme in US history—until quite recently, at any rate—has been the adaptation of the European heritage or, shall we say, European heritages. President Reagan, addressing the two Houses of the British Parliament, spoke of "a moment of kinship and homecoming."

KIRKPATRICK: True, but in today's world it is important for Europeans to understand the character of the American cultural heritage. We are not simply Anglo-Saxons and West Europeans transplanted—we are also Africans uprooted and transplanted, and, more and more, Asians uprooted and transplanted. All these traditions are present in our identity—one of the consequences of which is that infamous American universalism. Our multicultural identity feeds our universalistic tendencies. It makes us identify more easily and readily with struggles for national independence and freedom in places as remote from us as Viet Nam and Angola.

We have, and I have personally, a much higher regard for Savimbi than those East Europeans appear to have. I know him personally and several of his associates. Savimbi is the leader of an indigenous political organisation and commands a significant body of armed Angolans. That army has power. It controls a part of Angola in which the Angolan government, propped up by Cuban forces, has not succeeded in establishing or maintaining its authority. Because the Angolan government relies on 30,000 Cuban mercenaries, Savimbi's forces seem to many to stand for the self-determination and independence of the Angolan people. It is, therefore, a perfectly appropriate group for the US and those Western countries that believe in self-determination and independence, to support. The fact that it is pro-Western and will not acquiesce in the integration of Angola into the Soviet bloc is an added inducement. US military support is, however, blocked in Congress by the Clark Amendment.

Now, it is one thing to support an active national resistance movement in Africa, where the Soviets are involved only via their Cuban proxies and no World War III is threatened, and quite another to give active aid to Poles, Czechs, and Hungarians whose existing governments, no matter how much they may lack legitimacy, have nevertheless been in the possession of power and all the means of coercion for more than three decades, and whose ties with the Soviet Union cannot be forcibly broken without the risk of a major conflagration. The US is not prepared to lead the world into war to oppose the repression of Poland; but we should, within the rules of prudence, do everything short of that to support the re-establishment of pluralistic institutions and the infrastructure of freedom.

—I suppose the ambiguity which I, at least, detect in what you are saying, is due to a certain general ambiguity in American policy itself. Is it not also there in the President's London speech? On the one hand he makes a descriptive statement which has, even though it is largely analytical, a tough ring about it:

> **"We cannot ignore the fact that even without our encouragement, there have been and will continue to be repeated explosions against repression in dictatorships. The Soviet Union itself is not immune to this reality. Any system is inherently unstable that has no peaceful means to legitimise its leaders. In such cases, the very repressiveness of the state ultimately drives people to resist it—if necessary, by force."**

The President does not say what, if anything, the US would do if the people **were** *driven by the repressiveness of the state to resist by force. He rests his case by simply recording what one might call his "combat analysis."*

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His practical demands, on the other hand, are extremely mild.

> **"We ask only that these systems begin by living up to their own constitutions, abiding by their own laws, and complying with the international obligations they have undertaken. We ask only for a process, a direction, a basic code of decency—not for an instant transformation."**

An East European (or indeed West European) might well ask: which of these two is the authentic voice of the US President? The one that conjures up the image of armed resistance to Communist dictatorship? Or the one that tells the Communist authorities that they should observe their own laws a little more punctiliously?

KIRKPATRICK: I can see no real contradiction. It is entirely right and proper for the President to record our conviction that dictatorships carry within them the seeds of their own destruction. It is entirely right and proper that he should say: the Soviet system *is* a dictatorship and, what is more, a totalitarian dictatorship, which we, as free men and women, deplore and detest. It is right and proper that he should let it be known that if people are driven to resist such dictatorship, our sympathies are on the side of those trying to assert their freedom, not on the side of their oppressors.

It would not, however, be right and proper to say "Arise, smash the system, and we'll come and help you", because the US could not do so without exposing world civilisation—the free as well as their oppressors—to complete annihilation. The President's practical suggestions are, therefore, suggestions of the sort I have tried to describe as measures of "support", and these are not quite so mild as you would have us believe. The Soviet Union would be a highly liberal state (relative to its present condition) if, for example, the Soviet Constitution were scrupulously respected, or "the Universal Convention of Human Rights" given practical currency. These would make a good beginning; and the President did say these suggestions were measures "to begin with", no more.

YOU MAKE IN YOUR BOOK ON *"Dictatorships and Double Standards" a distinction between traditional, personalised, authoritarian régimes (which are, as you say, more open to reform, and often friendly to American interests) and Communist dictatorships (which are totalitarian, and almost always hostile to American interests). During the Carter years, you argue, the hypocrisy and confused sentiments of the American Left induced the US government to assist in the "destabilisation" of friendly, albeit often autocratic governments, and in the triumph of hostile Marxist-Leninist forces, both under the slogan that were, or would prove to be, beneficial to America's "true interests."*

Suppose some of the East and Central European countries—Hungary or Poland, for example—managed to persuade the Soviet leaders to remove their troops and bases from their territories. Suppose they began to conduct themselves in their foreign policies more or less independently from the Soviet Union, while preserving intact (as the Russians would undoubtedly insist) the whole domestic apparatus of totalitarian government. Would the US interest in seeing these countries "do a Yugoslavia" to the Soviet Union qualify them to be considered as "authoritarian" régimes of the excusable kind? Or would their continuing Marxist-Leninist domestic system disqualify them from being so considered?

The question is not quite hypothetical. If another régime of the Rumanian sort emerged in Eastern Europe—one, outwardly at least, less than fully hostile to the US, but rigorously totalitarian at home—wouldn't Washington have to decide whether America's first concern was its global position vis-à-vis Soviet power, or the freedom of America's many millions of friends under Communist rule? Wouldn't American global power-interests, then, come into conflict with the American dedication to universal liberty—as they have, to some extent, already done in the cases of Yugoslavia, Rumania and China?

KIRKPATRICK: I must make it crystal clear that there is only one kind of government I approve of and should like all people to have the opportunity to live under—democratic government. I asserted in the essay to which you refer that authoritarian governments were preferable to totalitarian governments, and I offered three grounds for so thinking. First, because they are normally, though not invariably, less repressive internally; that is, they use force against fewer people because they try to control fewer areas of life. Second, because they are more susceptible to democratic change. And third, because they are, on the whole, less likely to be hostile to the interests of the USA and the other Western democracies. There can be no question that each of these—greater repressiveness, less susceptibility to liberalisation, and greater hostility to the democratic world—is an evil in itself. Obviously, all of us prefer foreign governments that are friendly to us rather than hostile. The US has, for decades now, enjoyed better relations with Yugoslavia and the People's Republic of China than with those Communist countries which are integrated in the Soviet military system and are under Soviet control.

Now, if Hungary, for example, or Rumania, or Poland were to remain Marxist-Leninist régimes, but established themselves as national-Communist governments outside the Soviet bloc—that would constitute a net improvement of their position and ours. This would not at all mean that we have given preference to crude power-interests over those of human solidarity and freedom, or that I would suddenly begin to think of these régimes as authoritarian rather than Marxist-Leninist dictatorships. It would simply be a recognition that in the global contest for liberty the Western world needs all the assistance it can obtain; and that it can often proceed only step by step—sometimes unsavoury step by unsavoury step. It was to this end that the Reagan Administration has explicitly enunciated a policy of encouraging the independence of Marxist-Leninist régimes.

For me it is axiomatic that countries and régimes which define themselves as enemies should be treated as enemies.

MAY I RETURN, TO END THIS *long colloquy, to what we have said about the extraordinary predilection of Western intellectuals and a sector of Western youth for giving the benefit of the doubt (and more than that) to Communist régimes. Haven't we read too many clever things into their motivations? The majority of them—or so it seems to me—are just angry young men and women raging at the limitations of the human condition. Many of them do not even consciously support "socialism." They simply echo man's anguished cry since the beginning of time: "There* **has** *to be a better world, or life, or society than this one!"*

We can find this sentiment tellingly expressed in D. H. Lawrence. His revulsion against the squalor, grubbiness, and materialism of life in industrialised society drove him hazily in

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the direction of a "socialist" revolution, not because he had a precise notion of what "socialism" was about, but because he saw in it an apocalyptic alternative to the shadows and substance of the life he so hated. Writing in 1921, he said:

> **"If I knew how to, I'd really join myself to the revolutionary socialists now. I think the time has come for a real struggle. That's the only thing I care for: the death struggle. I don't care for politics. But I know there must and should be a deadly revolution very soon, and I would take part in it if I knew how."**

By 1928, he had come to recognise that the "dead materialism of Marx socialism and soviets seems to me no better than what we've got." Yet the urge to smash the existing world—"to smash money and this beastly **possessive** *spirit"—made him (as he wrote) "more revolutionary every minute."*[6]

Don't you think that this vague longing—this non-specific, negative Utopianism, this really adolescent urge to tear down the temple—is perhaps all we have to look for when trying to explain "the treason of the clerks", whether on the Left or on the Right?

KIRKPATRICK: That is certainly the main source of the intellectual confusion. Alienation from existing authority—not economic role—is the principal determinant of their susceptibility to totalitarianism. Totalitarian ideologies promise an end of "alienation." False consciousness, isolation, *anomie*, separation, loneliness, purposelessness—all are defined as subjective consequences of objective social ills, therefore as capable of being eradicated through social engineering.

The intellectuals we have in mind act in a spirit that assumes that human nature in the future may be qualitatively different from what it was in the past, a spirit that views each situation as a *tabula rasa* on which a plan can be imposed, and therefore sees experience in other times and places as having no real relevance. Intention becomes more important than experience, intelligence than custom. Yet the most extraordinary fact about our times, is, to say it again, the tenacity with which persons who pride themselves on being rational and scientific hold to a mystical faith in political propositions which are demonstrably false and unreasonable.

Despite the fact that Communist parties have no reliable relation to the masses—do not come to power through mass action, do not submit industry to the control of the people or organise production for the benefit of the workers, and do not in general rule at the pleasure of "the masses"—a vast body of myth, misunderstanding and confusion supports the notion that there is some sort of mystical affinity of Communism and "the people." The notion persists that Communists are somehow morally superior to other élites which use amoral means to gain power and impose repressive minority dictatorships. The sources are several.

One is the semantic confusion fostered by the Communists themselves through their systematically perverse use of language. By calling "autonomous" that which is powerless, "federated" that which is unitary, "democratic" that which is autocratic, "united" that which is schismatic, "popular" that which is imposed by terror, "peaceful" that which incites war—in brief, by systematically corrupting language to obscure reality—the Communists have made inroads into our sense of political reality. Language is, after all, the only medium in which we can think. It is exceedingly difficult to eliminate all the traditional connotations of words—to associate phrases like "*For a Lasting Peace and a People's Democracy*" with neither peace nor popular movements nor democracy.

A RELATED FORM of semantic subversion, practised by Communist parties everywhere, is the effort to capture prestigious symbols, slogans, and traditions. Communist parties in the underdeveloped world attempt to identify themselves with the slogans of Nationalism and Anti-colonialism. Communists in France attempt to identify themselves with the symbols of the *Résistance*, the French Revolution, and the tradition of the Left. French Communists have attempted to capture Victor Hugo, as American Communists staked a claim to Tom Paine and Abraham Lincoln.

Communism does not grow by disseminating and winning support for its own values. Neither members nor followers are regularly recruited through the appeal of Communist values. Communism grows by identifying itself with the prestige symbols of competing movements and so blurring issues, stakes, and alignments.

If Communist parties spoke of *collectivisation* to peasants; of *internationalism* to the new nations; of *inexorable conflict* to pacifists; of *monolithic conformity* to intellectuals; of *state capitalism* to the working classes; and of *dictatorship* to the middle classes—in short, if Communist parties attempted to recruit support through the appeal of their own real values, the lines of conflict would be clearly drawn. Communism, whose values have a sharply limited appeal, would be readily defeated.

The political temptation of "the new class" of intellectuals we have been puzzling over in this conversation lies in the belief that its members' intelligence and exemplary motives equip them to reorder the institutions, the lives, and even the characters of almost everyone, by violence if necessary—this is the totalitarian temptation.

—You said that the Communists have been able to get the better of the West by embracing words and values they do not really believe but know how to exploit. Earlier in this conversation we saw how this works on our domestic fronts. Doesn't it also work, and work especially well, in the Third World?

KIRKPATRICK: The difficulties we are discussing here are characteristic of Western problems in dealing with the bold and skilful Soviet challenge. Not only do the Soviets appeal to our values, and clothe their aggressions in the symbols of liberation, they attempt to paralyse us by creating situations in which respect for one of our basic values—say, non-intervention in the internal affairs of others—*seems* to require that we stand by passively, while another small, relatively helpless people succumbs to Marxist-Leninist tyranny and is incorporated into the Soviet empire.

That empire grows as the Communists bring resources and personnel drawn from the Soviet bloc to bear on indigenous political rivalries in Third World countries. Thus: the Cuban role in Nicaragua's and El Salvador's "wars of national liberation", Libya's role in Chad; the Soviets' Syrian role in Lebanon. Since the governments of Third World countries are often relatively weak and the resources available to them very limited, they are exceedingly vulnerable to destabilisation. The pattern is by now familiar. Choose a weak government, organise a "national liberation front", add a terrorist campaign to

[6] D.H. Lawrence, Letters to Eleanor Farjeon (20 June 1921) and Charles Wilson (28 December 1928), in *Selected Letters* (Penguin ed.; 1950), pp. 135, 173.

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disrupt order and provoke repression and to weaken an already weak economy; then intensify the violence. The brittle institutions of Third World governments will often crumble under such strains.

The skilful use of what were called "fifth columns" enables the Soviets to foment coups and civil wars under the guise of indigenous politics. We in the West find it terribly difficult to justify interfering in what is invariably presented as an indigenous struggle.

—Which shows up our great reluctance, or inability, to assimilate the lesson that there is in Soviet thinking no demarcation line between "indigenous" and "foreign" (that is "internationalist") types of struggle. War and civil war are mutually supportive and semantically interchangeable.

KIRKPATRICK: But that is not all. Once a transfer of power has been achieved and a dictatorship friendly to the Soviet Union has been established, the Soviets guarantee the "irreversibility" of this so-called revolution by providing thousands of technicians, advisers, and troops to prop up and guide the new government. Thus, the extraordinary array of Soviet-bloc military and civilian personnel in Angola, Benin, Ghana, Congo, Mozambique, Guinea-Bissau, Cuba itself, "Democratic" Yemen, Syria, Ethiopia, and so forth.

—But could the "midwives of history" be expected to do less without losing their title to Communist legitimacy?

KIRKPATRICK: It should be clear that the Soviet Government does not rely on the laws of history or the appeals of Communism to bring about "revolution" or to ensure irreversibility. It relies instead on the manipulation of values, on the superiority of its organisation, and the technology of violence. Soviet clients can count on reliable supplies of arms and men. We in the West are more inventive at finding reasons why we should not help peoples resisting incorporation into the Soviet bloc than in finding ways to help. We worry about intervening in the internal affairs of other nations. We worry about becoming "bogged down" in a "quagmire." We worry about propping up dictatorships, or sometimes we take a "long view" and comfort ourselves with assurances that after a long enough and disastrous enough experience with the Soviet bloc this-or-that Third World people will manage to break away.

So far we simply have not been willing to face the character and scope of the Soviet challenge posed by this skilful blending of indigenous and international politics. Having not faced the reality we have, of course, not developed an adequate response. Here, then, is something for Western statesmanship to take on.

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Demise of a middle class

Some things must be done; you'll go mad at last
And write off others' history, but without haste.
When you have taken from trunks medals and swords and guns
Off the banisters a bear's pelt your grandfather shot
Then found it a mother and had to kill the lot
The pelisse with scarlet ruching, the lead model cruiser
Letters nested by mice, case of fruit knives
Mother of pearl impact in velvet, that accumulation of lives

When you find out one who lost family courage and runs
When known all their taste and courage and fear your words
Shall perhaps give you the freedom.
But of what city? Is it large? Is its sky blue?
When cash runs out how do you get there too?
Do not retain too much, though you had to do.
Consider your own land, touch what they were but last
We are all mercenaries in face of historical fact.
When you start the bonfires to send this up in flames
No loss of nerve, remember particular names.

This careful terrain, its rocks its waterfalls
Drawing-rooms, box trees were built for you
In a sense. Yours to pick over the relics
And be dangerous to know, if you know what calls.

Gay Clifford

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Melvyn Bragg
LOVE AND GLORY

"As always, Mr Bragg writes with fluency and a deep feeling for people and their motives." *Martyn Goff,* **Daily Telegraph**

"The glory is Bragg's. It is a novel of depth and richness."
Anne Redmon, **Sunday Times**

"Observation is sharp . . . touching, eloquent, and true."
Isobel Quigly, **Financial Times**

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Hilary Bailey, **Guardian**

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Secker & Warburg

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Vincent Brome

Confessions of a Biographer

On the Difficulties of Telling Truths

or, Footnotes to the lives of Nye Bevan, Freud, Jung, Havelock Ellis, H. G. Wells, Frank Harris

WHEN I MENTIONED TO Winston Churchill that I was writing a biography of Aneurin Bevan he said, "My God, biography used to be one of the dangers of death—now you are making it one of the dangers of life!" This was in the year 1947 when Bevan, as Minister of Health, became involved in gladiatorial battles with Lord Hill, secretary of the British Medical Association, and their exchanges sometimes involved four-letter words as they struggled to launch the National Health Service.

I began the biography with Aneurin Bevan's full collaboration, but the book emerged emasculated because it was published against his wishes and the lawyers were in fear of a £100,000 libel suit.

The first stage of an elaborate stalling process began when he received the finished manuscript. He took six months to read it and then a whole range of carefully disguised censoring weapons was brought to bear until he finally summoned me to his presence. Originally Bevan agreed that I should write the biography on the understanding that I did not attempt to romanticise his life within a boot-black-to-president framework. I traced his early notebooks, read many unpublished letters, interviewed friends and enemies, and encountered his formidable mother, a woman with the presence of royalty who said, "You tell that damned son of mine that I haven't seen him for six months and God help him when I do."

Bevan now complained that I had not kept to my brief but this was not the real reason for what became in effect attempted assassination of the book. At this critical interview the real reason was cloaked in a smokescreen of alternative objections. He was, he said, in the middle of negotiating the Health Service and certain "revelations" of mine might give Lord Hill devastating ammunition.

"You see", he said, stuttering slightly, as was natural to a man remarkably sensitive in some situations, "this manuscript makes me feel like the patient under the surgeon's knife *without anaesthetic*!"

One particular passage brought a look of distaste to his face. It concerned his early days as a young MP when he shared a flat with the journalist Frank Owen in Gloucester Road, London, and their intellectual Bohemianism included not only some delay in paying the £2 a week rent but a number of affairs common to distinguished young men in many walks of life. They were two big, formidable personalities, liable to stay up half the night arguing and it became customary for one to say to the other when the rent was overdue, "Have you paid that rent yet (Owen) (Bevan)?" Each had a separate room and when one or other was not to be disturbed he hung his hat on the right or left of the hat-stand which stood in the passageway between them. The old-fashioned hat-stand had tall antler arms and Owen said, with some exaggeration, "Before we left one side of the antlers was worn down to relatively thumb-nail proportions. You guess whose side that was."

After the interview with Bevan a series of letters flowed beginning with "Dear Vincent" and slowly deteriorating until a chilly "Dear Sir" prefaced paragraphs which could be read as menacing. From subsequent telephone conversations he was clearly prepared to go to considerable lengths to stop publication of the book. The lawyers now went to work on the manuscript. Confronted with a rich publisher who wants complete protection against any form of legal proceedings, lawyers can become paranoiac and the logic of their censorship inexplicable. For instance, in one of several prolonged interviews with Bevan, I had asked him to tell me—bluntly—what he thought of Winston Churchill, and he began, "Looked at objectively Mr Churchill is a man who should be charged with manslaughter but he can never be brought to trial because the causal connection between his policies and the deaths involved can be explained away. After all, when he childishly interfered with the running of the British Navy in the last War his incredible ineptitude in seafaring matters skilfully sank three capital ships in a few days with the loss of hundreds of lives. When I mildly rebuked him for this in the House of Commons he retorted, 'Mr Bevan is a merchant of disloyalty', and I replied, 'Better than being a wholesaler of disaster.' "

We were strongly advised by the lawyers to remove the greater part of this passage. Bevan had followed this first

VINCENT BROME *is the author, among many other books, of eight biographies: "Clement Attlee" (1947), "H. G. Wells" (1951), "Aneurin Bevan" (1953), "Frank Harris" (1959), "Freud and His Early Circle" (1967), "Havelock Ellis: Philosopher of Sex" (1978), "Jung, Man and Myth" (1978), and "Jones: Freud's Alter Ego" (1983).*

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onslaught on Churchill with a second. Mr Churchill, he said, is a "man suffering from petrified adolescence. He is a first-class actor who, like most actors, does not think but uses pictures instead of thoughts. When the drums roll and the flags fly tears come into his eyes. He cannot control such reactions at the sound of a bugle whether it is for the Last Post or the first victory. He really has the values of a boy still in his teens but he cunningly clothes them in rolling phrases whose splendour conceals their essential immaturity. Intelligence . . . yes—he has a kind of intelligence but no intellect. Emotions, yes—he has emotions but they belong to his petrified adolescence."

It was the publishers' turn now to intervene. They suggested that this was a gratuitously offensive description of Churchill which the Grand Old Man might ride out with magnificent scorn, but members of his family would be very upset. I decided to go and see Churchill. At that time he was moodily preoccupied with trying to preserve his physical and political image, a glorious and still eloquent ruin of his former self. When I indicated that Bevan had given me a "careful assessment" of his personality and asked for his view of Bevan he thought for a moment and said "It's very simple really. The man is a slave to scurrility." This phrase in turn aroused the suspicion of the lawyers. It might be construed as libellous.

But this was only the beginning.

IT SO HAPPENED THAT I was having a brief affair with a woman in the Labour Party at the time I wrote the biography and I discovered that she was simultaneously a "close friend" of Aneurin Bevan's. An ultra-sophisticate in sexual matters, Bevan had no time to spare for romantic preliminaries and on his second meeting with this beautiful and very clever woman he invited her to his room in the House of Commons. Whether he actually locked the door of his room or not remained somewhat ambiguous but certainly he turned to her and said with the calmness of a high court judge "Tell me—where would you like to be taken?"

She said, "Preferably to the Ritz": but it was certainly not the Ritz which he had in mind.

The grounds for removing this from my MS were reasonable enough, remembering that Bevan was a Rt Honourable Gentleman whose private life might threaten his public career. There was another aspect of our exchanges.

During several prolonged interviews with Bevan he had fired off a number of witticisms which I wanted to incorporate in the book. "When a Marxist makes love", Bevan said "it is the dialect of desire. When a capitalist makes love it is the poker of profit." On politics between the sexes he remarked: "A man and a woman are normally necessary to the sexual act. Since there are only two votes abstention would be undemocratic." The editors now felt that on a question of taste these, too, should not be included in the book. Three other passages were eventually modified in the manuscript. One spoke of the ease with which he could lapse into laziness and never resigned from the Party until he was certain of re-entry by the back door. Another told the story of Gaitskell, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, trying to cut thirteen millions from the funding of Aneurin Bevan's only child—the Health Service. Bevan had come to his feet in committee and said, "I will resign if this measure is carried—I'm worth more than thirteen million to the Labour Party." Whereupon Gaitskell was heard muttering "Such an unlucky number."

The third was given me by Francis Williams, a socialist himself and a penetrating political analyst. "It was unfortunate", he said, "that he went to all those weekends at Lord Beaverbrook's country house with all those fancy people. It didn't do him any good to be seen disporting himself at the swimming pool with beautiful actresses. For a serious politician of the Left he seemed oddly attracted by the dubious laurels to be won as a licensed jester at Lord Beaverbrook's dinner table." In fact, of course, at one such weekend he informed Lord Beaverbrook that, come the Revolution, "You're one of the first to hang from the nearest lamp post", and Lord Beaverbrook laughed uneasily.

IN THE END Bevan never explicitly stated why he was so strongly against publication of the book but someone very close to him told me that he regarded it as too critical. The book did in fact predict that if he won his battle against Attlee and later Hugh Gaitskell he was likely to become a very distinguished Prime Minister of England.

One final attempt was made to suppress the book. Telephoning Mark Longman, the chairman of Longman Green & Company, publishers, he now said, "You wouldn't of course be publishing this book to make money." Mark Longman replied "Well yes, but we also regard it as intrinsically a good book worth publishing whether it makes or loses money." "So you are about to make money out of my name", Bevan said. "Not out of your name—out of a book about you." Bevan then repeated his right to take whatever action he thought fit and added that "You must face the hazards of the public prints." The meaning of this cryptic remark became apparent when John Freeman, then one of his lieutenants in the Bevanite movement and assistant editor of the *New Statesman*, wrote a 350-word review of concentrated vitriol in that publication.[1]

IT IS CLEAR BY NOW that freedom of expression in biography is liable to find itself trapped in an elaborate machinery of background censorship. Bevan was a relatively mild example. Not one of the eight biographies I have written emerged unscathed from a mutilating battery of weapons ranging from libel, copyright, and injunctions, to blackmail, intimidation, and even the threat of physical violence.

[1] "This book contains nothing profound, virtually nothing new, a good deal that is silly and pretentious and a streak of unctuous malice unbecoming in such a shoddy biographer. . . ." By contrast the *Times Literary Supplement*: "Mr. Brome gives us a striking picture of Aneurin Bevin. It is a brave picture to the extent of quoting—and this must have pained a friendly biographer—Sir Winston Churchill's description of his subject as a 'squalid nuisance.' Mr. Brome's account of the historic feud between Winston Churchill and Aneurin Bevan is detailed and honest. . . ."

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The widow of Frank Harris employed an interim injunction as her first threat when I set out to write the life of her husband. I had imagined her long dead and had written a large part of the biography before it suddenly emerged that she was not only still alive but truculent. I slowly wore down her defences but came to wish that I had ignored her. It quickly became evident that his widow could assimilate the outrages of his sexual adventures, accept his claim that he had dined off the thigh of a virgin in the African jungle, and outface his imprisonment for contempt of court, but blackmail, and blackmail applied to royalty—no. It was when she learnt that I was pressing home my enquiries about the blackmailing stories that the threat of the injunction arose.

The story which outraged her really began when a previous biographer provided me with over a thousand unpublished letters and among them were some notes indicating that perhaps a man who had frankly confessed to every kind of vice had omitted from the list a splendid exercise in blackmailing royalty. When Lady Warwick, the aristocrat with pretensions to socialism, had an affair with the Prince of Wales, the Prince was indiscreet enough to write her a series of passionate love letters. As His Royal Highness tired of this beautiful and determined woman whose husband preferred fishing and shooting to sleeping with his wife, Lady Warwick's extravagant style of life—she once entertained a thousand guests at an all-engulfing party in the decayed magnificence of Eastern Lodge, her Essex mansion—brought her within reach of the bankruptcy court. It was unexpected that Frank Harris—"he had been to dinner at all the great houses, *once*"—should have become her friend and confidant. Over the years her finances steadily became more desperate until at last Harris recommended that she should consider realising one of her few remaining and quite unique assets—the letters from the Prince of Wales. At first it was to be in the form of Lady Warwick's memoirs which would quote liberally from the Royal love letters and guarantee a sensational sale in an America free from too many copyright scruples. Since her affair with the Prince of Wales, Lady Warwick had developed a taste for such adventures on a grand scale but despite the reckless gossip which arose in her own circle, respectability still cloaked her reputation in public. The publication of her memoirs would obviously wreck that reputation and she and Frank Harris wrestled with the problem of realising money from the love letters without precipitating social disaster. An alternative scheme quickly emerged.

THE PRINCE HAD LONG SINCE become King Edward and died, his place on the throne being taken by King George V. If Lady Warwick was about to commit indecent exposure it would impose on the monarchy, if not specifically George V, a similar humiliation. Perhaps the Royal Family might be prepared to pay considerable sums of money to suppress the publication of the letters, which would simultaneously avoid the scandal and produce the cash.

Frank Harris, once the editor of the *Fortnightly* and the *Saturday Review,* was part charlatan, part genuine man of letters, and a masterly manipulator who knew just how far the law could be infringed with impunity. Indeed impunity as a concept did not interest him. He was always prepared to take any kind of risk. None other than the Prince of Wales had himself introduced Harris to Lady Warwick but by the time her ladyship was approaching bankruptcy Harris too had been in prison for contempt of court. In the spring of 1914 both were escaping their troubles in fine style in the South of France, penury having no power to interfere with their ability to obtain credit.

Sitting in the sun in Nice at the Winter Palace Hotel, they developed their scheme for selling the memoirs or extracting hush money from the Palace. Harris's enthusiasm grew in proportion to the increasing sums he said the memoirs must make, and carried away by his exuberance Lady Warwick agreed that he should receive £5,000 for ghosting the memoirs plus a royalty of 5%. They haggled long and fiercely over the royalty, but one tough-minded old literary trooper found himself confronted by an aristocratic battleaxe.

They then considered their second line of attack, which was straightforwardly criminal. Lady Warwick would indicate to Arthur du Cros, Conservative Member of Parliament for Hastings and one of her chief creditors, that once the memoirs were published repayment of her debts would be guaranteed. She knew quite well that du Cros would first be shocked and then, as a socially ambitious man, welcome the opportunity of becoming an intermediary between the conspirators and the Royal Family.

Du Cros duly approached King George V's private secretary, Lord Stamfordham, who blandly indicated that the whole matter might possibly be arranged along the lines Lady Warwick desired and £100,000 hush money paid. It was not surprising that Lady Warwick should be optimistic of the outcome when she heard Lord Stamfordham's reaction but that Harris, who knew what power lay within the range of the Palace lawyers, should share her optimism seemed incredible. The King was outraged when Stamfordham reported the details and immediately instructed him to stop the threatened exposure, refuse to pay the money and take legal action.

Allowing du Cros to remain in the dark about their legal proceedings, Stamfordham and the King's solicitor Charles Russell advised him to keep negotiations moving with Lady Warwick. Another meeting now followed in Paris between Lady Warwick, du Cros and Frank Harris during which the

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ever-avaricious Harris overplayed his hand and demanded not £100,000 but £125,000 (worth probably two million or more today). Having little to lose himself, Harris made the fatal mistake of persuading Lady Warwick that documentary evidence of their intentions would be more conclusive than mere verbiage and Lady Warwick was foolishly committed to writing an ultimatum to be handed over to Lord Stamfordham.

Her ruthless determination to make the deal watertight drove her—simultaneously—to offer the letters to an American publisher for £250,000. They readily accepted and now she balanced all the parts of her plot precariously, waiting for whichever pay-off seemed the most profitable and least dangerous.

It was then that Charles Russell served an interim injunction on her, in June 1914, restraining her from publishing the letters anywhere. Lady Warwick was outraged. After all those years of happiness she had given to the Prince of Wales his descendants were now trying to take the legitimate bread out of her well-deserving mouth. She would not be intimidated. She would simply proceed with writing or getting Harris to write her memoirs, perhaps including the Royal letters.

THE FIRST WORLD WAR broke out on 3 August 1914 and Harris fled from France to England where, because of his pro-German views, he literally went into hiding at Brook End, a small house within Lady Warwick's grounds. This, once again, was part of Lady Warwick's manoeuvring. Now, she thought, they could collaborate and get down to producing the book. She reckoned without the totally unscrupulous ingenuity of Frank Harris. She was the amateur, Harris the professional. He understood the art of double bluff better than she did. Working alone among her papers in her library, he took photographs of the Royal letters and within a few months disappeared to America carrying parts of the memoirs which he had already written. Slowly Lady Warwick discovered one document after another to be missing and when she remarked on this to H. G. Wells who lived nearby in his house, Easton Glebe, he said, "My God—you're a simpleton. Believe me, if his ship is torpedoed he will go down clutching those Royal letters and—with his kind of luck—they will probably turn out to be the straws that kept him afloat."

Harris's disappearance did not prevent the Palace from closing in on Lady Warwick. Legal action began under the wartime provisions of the Defence of the Realm Act which gave the Palace the power to intrude on people's private lives in close detail. Lady Warwick's movements were watched, her letters read and a threat of arrest held over her head. There followed a two-hour interrogation carried out by Charles Russell in the presence of Lord Stamfordham which left her shaken but unperturbed. The would-be blackmailer had become a hounded and persecuted innocent whose only objective was to tell the truth. A final letter to Lady Warwick from Charles Russell said the action against her would only be stayed if the letters were destroyed.

The opening sentence of her reply made wonderful reading: "I am handing back with splendid generosity the letters King Edward wrote to me of his great love and which absolutely belong to me. I have done nothing with these letters and have never dreamed of publishing such things. . . ."

Another letter from Russell was addressed in much stronger terms to Frank Harris, who for a time thought of ignoring it. Then he too surrendered.

THAT WAS ONE STORY, in rough outline, which I was forced in the end to exclude from my biography of Frank Harris. It became a bargaining process. If I wanted to quote certain other copyright material this story must be sacrificed. It remained inexplicable why Mrs Harris should worry about what she said she regarded as a slur on the British monarchy. Her distress at a second story was more understandable. In 1915 Harris claimed that England had ruined him financially and then further humiliated "a gentleman and an author" by gaoling him for bankruptcy. As we know, he left for France and somehow managed to live there in pseudo-splendour, inviting English friends to stay in his villa in Nice which they were not surprised to find was little better than a suburban bungalow. Augustus John, the painter, was one such guest. He arrived in baggy corduroys, carrying "my paints and panels", to find Harris waiting on the platform in full evening dress. What followed was relayed to me by Augustus John himself.

Accompanied by Nellie Harris, whose beauty was by now distinctly faded, they went straight to the Opera House where Harris occupied a box reserved for the Princesse de Monaco. As the opera drew to a close Harris hurried John round to meet the composer, Isidor de Lara, who greeted Harris as if he were the leading European intellectual while Harris made no bones about Isidor being the modern equivalent of Wagner. Nellie was packed off in her dowdy finery while Harris and John retired to one of the best hotels to drink champagne until the dawn.

At noon the following day Harris performed a remarkable hitch-hiking feat, disguised as a privilege given only to the rich and distinguished residents of Nice. Walking a short distance to the area where big expensive villas did actually exist, he nodded gaily to the chauffeurs of rich neighbours, already known to him, until he found one about to take off for the centre of Nice. On the strength of minimal acquaintance with the man's employer he not merely asked but practically commanded a lift to town. He and Augustus John then drove down the Promenade des Anglais where they alighted in style, thus serving two very important purposes. It saved a considerable walk and greatly reassured a set of French creditors even less merciful than their English counterparts.

But now came the part of the story which led me into that dimly-defined area called good taste where many small and great truths have foundered. Conducting John to his room the following night, Harris indicated that the occupant of the next-door room was none other than his wife and then with an all-knowing look, he said "I'm at the other side of the house."

Augustus John told me, "Unfortunately for Harris I had been forewarned. We all knew he needed money. We all knew he was completely amoral—but even I was a bit shaken when I found to what extremities he would stoop to try to borrow

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some."

Nellie did not become a prostitute to raise money for her husband: on the contrary. She was not expected to respond to the advances of those she did not like. But a curious combination of revenge and self-satisfaction sometimes softened her resistances, because she could simultaneously hit back at Harris for all those infidelities and help to prolong the life of social indulgence which, in fact, had been no small part of her reason for marrying such a monster as Harris.

Both publisher and Mrs Harris remonstrated with me about these passages. I could see the force of their argument. Good taste did require that while she lived they should not be used.

LITERARY EXECUTORS have extravagant powers. In order to preserve the image of a dead relative they can easily intimidate publishers by invoking not only legal injunctions but copyright law to serve purposes for which it was never intended. Such are the ambiguities of this law and the failure to define precisely what quotation of "a substantial part" means that it can be used as a blackmailing weapon which has crushed the publication of many a serious and significant book. It happened with my biography of Havelock Ellis.

No less than twenty-five years ago I wrote the *Life and Work* of Havelock Ellis, which the executrix, Madame Françoise Delisle—who had been Ellis's mistress for thirty years—did not want published. Not until she died twenty-three years later were we able to publish the book and even then certain evidence had to be suppressed in respect for the feelings of surviving relatives.

It all began in 1953 when Madame Delisle agreed that I should be given access to very extensive unpublished material and write a full-scale life and work. On my third visit to her I took her a bunch of flowers and she threw them down on the table with the words "You are trying to bribe me!" It quickly became evident that I was dealing with a paranoid hysteric.

A professional manipulator who used her hysterical outbursts to intimidate those who did not instantly obey her commands, she quickly came to the conclusion that I was probing too deeply into Ellis's life and she broke our original agreement. Within a year she said I must no longer write the book and her collaboration was withdrawn. The law of contract should apply where an executor gives written consent for a biography to be undertaken. Instead it is still possible for executors to behave with total irresponsibility, giving consent one moment and withdrawing it the next.

I had already spent a year researching the project and accepted advances from English and American publishers, which freshly outraged her. That an author should have the iniquity to accept money in order to write a book, instead of producing 100,000 words for her approval, in a financial vacuum, drove her into a state of hysteria. She rang up the publishers and literally screamed down the telephone that this blackguard Brome was taking the bread out of her mouth and liable to write a pack of lies against which she should immediately take action, not for mere breach of copyright—but libel. Her letters to me were incoherent with rage. "No! No! No! No!" she wrote in capital letters, "You shall not make money out of me and abuse my beloved Havelock." Mr Mark Longman of Longman Green was subjected to tirades launched against both of us which threatened—variously—horsewhipping, injunctions, forcible recovery of documents, proceedings for defamation. I was driven to ask myself what could be the motive for such extravagant reactions. Was she the victim of a form of paranoia which converted innocent comment into total persecution? In that case I could sympathise with her. Or was there some appalling secret hidden in her relations with Havelock Ellis, or in his life, the facts of which she did not want known? Above all, would she be justfied in suppressing such facts? Writing biography is also an ethical undertaking and the question of how far the biographer is justified in telling damaging truths can become a subtle exercise.

Not only the extravagance of Madame Delisle's reaction but her unscrupulous attacks on my own integrity when she spoke to the publishers were so damaging that a case for slander was suggested to me by Longmans. Instead we determined to write and publish the book, and to that end Mark Longman hired a copyright lawyer to work along with me. He immediately pointed out that by adding together all quotations I had made from Ellis's work in my book, a prosecuting counsel could show that 8,000 words was a substantial part and therefore a breach of copyright. At the outset the threat of such an action, with the possible pulping down of all copies of the book, drove the publishers to abandon the idea of publication. It was then suggested that quotation should be reduced to a minimum and each exerpt accompanied by something resembling criticism which theoretically should have protected us under the copyright law. Unfortunately, like many copyright opinions, the same ambiguity crept into the final opinion delivered by Queen's Counsel. It could be argued, he said, that our reconstruction of the text no longer broke copyright but, given an ingenious prosecuting counsel, the opposite case could be made convincing. We were safe and not safe. The manuscript was shelved indefinitely.[2]

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS LATER, after the death of Madame Delisle, a rational and very responsible executor who took her place gave permission for the book to be published but still it was not possible for me to express my real view of Madame Delisle or certain very complicated evidence. Space permits one example only. It concerned the precise nature of Havelock Ellis's death.

Towards the end of his life Ellis became bedridden from a throat complaint which threatened him with starvation. Margaret Sanger, the American birth-control campaigner, went to see him and as she walked away with Madame Delisle she suddenly burst out "It's terrible—terrible—he won't die. I

[2] Phyllis Grosskurth later wrote an "official biography" in complete freedom. The story of the long drawn out negotiations between Professor Grosskurth, myself and the executors is a book in itself. Suffice it to say that when Madame Delisle the original executrix died, her son Professor François Lafitte chose Phyllis Grosskurth as the official biographer and gave her access to a certain amount of material not available to me.

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can't stand it any more. . . ." Margaret Sanger later said to Janet de Selincourt, another close friend of Ellis, "I am disgusted with Françoise and do not want to see her again. . . ."

According to Madame Delisle's book *Friendship's Odyssey,* she and Ellis now drew up a death pact but as the time approached he refused to allow her to "go with him." One sentence in a letter which could not be published at the time puts a very different complexion on the whole episode. Writing to his close friend Dr Winifred de Kok who was to supply the drugs necessary to carry out their plan, Ellis said, "The idea [of euthanasia] is hers [Françoise Delisle's], quite as much hers as mine." It was almost as if he became uneasy having written—the idea is hers—and hastily qualified it with "quite as much hers as mine."

The whole of *Friendship's Odyssey* is riddled with half-truths and distortions, and disentangling precisely what followed becomes very complex. It is certainly possible that Ellis had tired of life and might have welcomed euthanasia, but Lord Horder told me that he suffered from an oesophagal pouch which could have been cured and that Madame Delisle refused to allow him to treat Ellis.

At the crucial moment Madame Delisle herself fell ill and took a holiday leaving Ellis in the care of his two sisters, sixty-eight-year-old Edith and seventy-two-year-old Laura, with strict instructions about dissolving his pills.

A telegram reached Madame Delisle in Derbyshire asking her to return at once which she did at eleven a.m. on Saturday 8 July 1939. She became very agitated when she discovered—or so she claims in her book—that the two sisters had given Ellis the wrong pills for two weeks.

Shortly afterwards Ellis died. Paraphrasing Voltaire: we must respect the living, yet nothing but the truth is good enough for the dead.

If we take the sequence of events preceding Ellis's death, add the contents of the crucial letter, accept the evidence given by Margaret Sanger, Janet de Selincourt and Lord Horder, this, in my view, was no ordinary suicide pact.

WHEN I BEGAN WRITING my biography of Carl Jung in 1973 his son, Franz Jung, immediately resisted the whole undertaking. Simultaneously friends warned me that he was a difficult man who did not give interviews, lived in the shadow of a great father, and shunned publicity.

Official biographies have the disadvantage of possible censorship from relatives wishing to preserve unblemished images of dead and famous fathers. Unofficial biographies can follow Voltaire's precept and have a distinct advantage when unpalatable truths have to be disclosed.

So it was with Jung. My unofficial biography, written once more under the threat of censorship, came face to face with material which might cause offence and now the subtle question of confidentiality arose. Confidentiality is an aspect of copyright law which can be crippling to newspapers and biographers alike. The copyright law protects the actual wording of any unpublished document in perpetuity, and confidentiality is said to protect the facts contained in such words where they cannot be obtained from another source.

This problem now arose with Jung and was inextricably linked with Freud. There was evidence that undertones of homosexual feeling between Freud and Jung could be shown not only by reading between the lines of letters exchanged between them. Ernest Jones, the biographer of Freud, remarked to me that Freud was quite peculiarly monogamous: "Very few men go through life without being erotically aroused by any women other than their wives. . . ." According to Freud himself, sexual relations with his wife ceased in 1897 when he was 40. The deep attachment to the mother, held to be a prerequisite of certain homosexuals, was also present with Freud. In a letter dated 3 October 1897 he recalled spending a night with his mother and having sexual wishes about her.[3] The links in the chain of evidence developed with Dr Wilhelm Fliess who was a friend of Freud's before he met Jung. Fliess was a nose-and-throat specialist practising in Berlin, and at the outset his capacity for bold imaginative speculation strongly attracted Freud. Something very profound maintained Freud's relationship with Fliess at an intense pitch over many years. On 7 July 1897 Freud wrote to Fliess, "What has been going on inside me I still do not know. Something from the deepest depths of my neurosis has been obstructing any progress . . . and you were somehow involved in it all.[4] A later letter to Jones on 8 December 1912 said, "There is some piece of unruly homosexual feeling at the root of the matter."[5]

The link with Jung became clear when I discovered from Jones that Jung had suffered an assault when he was a boy which had left a deep mark on him. According to Jones it was a sexual assault at the age of ten by a man he had once admired and respected. Freud's relationships with a number of men were certainly of a passionate intensity which was open to various interpretations. One at least was the homosexual component in his nature which he had evoked to explore his relationship with Fliess.

Now, unexpectedly, it was Jung who revealed erotic overtones in his relationship with Freud. On 28 October 1907 he wrote to Freud, "Actually—I confess this to you with a struggle—I have boundless admiration for you both as a man and researcher and I bear you no grudge. It is rather that veneration for you has something of the nature of a 'religious' crush because of its undeniable *erotic* undertones. This abominable feeling comes from the fact that as a boy I was the victim of a sexual assault by a man I once worshipped."[6] Jones admitted that Freud suffered from a considerable neurosis over a number of years which led to his self-analysis. The issue over which he broke with William Fliess was the question of bisexuality, and afterwards "a part of homosexual cathexis has been withdrawn and made use of to enlarge my ego." Now Jung was admitting erotic overtones in his relationship with Freud. Did Freud discover in middle age a homosexual streak as part of his neurosis which gave a gigantic new thrust to his growing belief in the hidden sexual motivation behind much of human behaviour and thus reaffirmed him in the true nature

[3] Sigmund Freud Archive (New York).
[4] *Origins of Psycho-Analysis*, p.212.
[5] Freud-Jones correspondence (Freud Archive, Colchester).
[6] *Freud-Jung Letters*, Letter 49.

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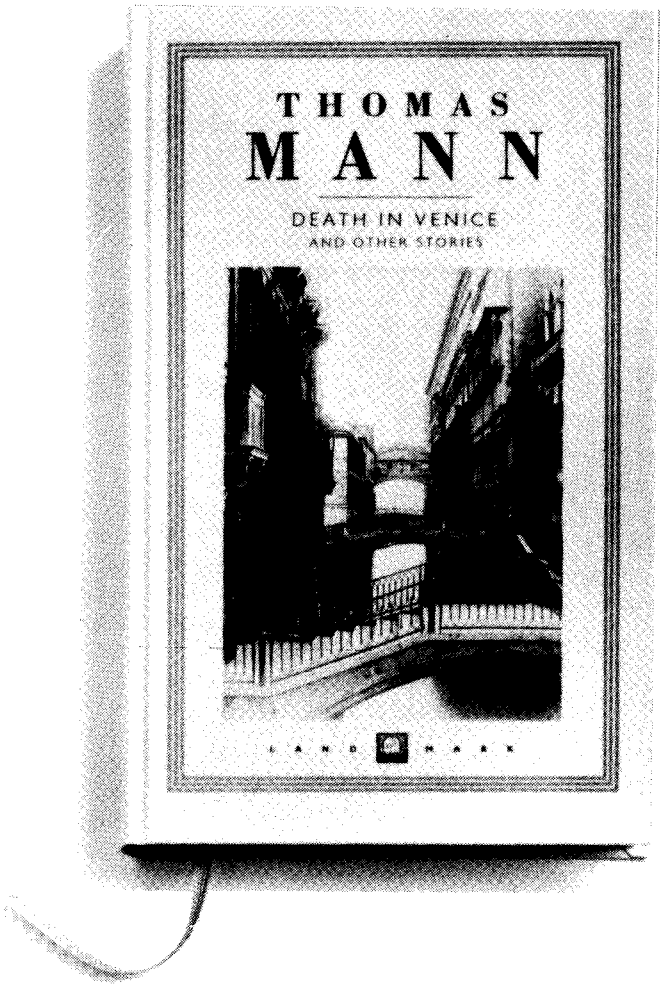

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of his life's work? I can reveal for the first time that on 26 December 1912 Freud wrote to Jones: "You are right in supposing that I had transferred to Jung homosexual feelings from another part." He added that he had no difficulty in removing them for free circulation.[7]

IT WAS QUITE CLEAR to me when I began my biography of H. G. Wells that at least two major incidents in his life would have to be suppressed, the first on grounds of good taste and the second libel.

H. G. Wells fell in love with Amber Reeves, a brilliant student at Cambridge, and a stormy affair began. His relationship with his wife Jane was breaking down at the time and the whole climate of sexual relaxation among the Fabians encouraged indulgence which led in Amber's case to the birth of an illegitimate child. Since Amber Reeves was still alive the lawyers advised me that it would be safer to remove the whole episode from England and replace Amber by an American student living in New York. The disguise introduced deliberate distortion into the book and opened me to ridicule for "getting the facts wrong."

Similar considerations produced an attenuated account of his affair with Rebecca West. This began in 1912 when Rebecca delighted Wells by criticising his novel, *Marriage*, and Wells immediately invited her to lunch at his home Easton Glebe. Her combination of wit, intelligence and beauty made an immediate impact on Wells because she was the very incarnation of the ideal woman who constantly haunted his imagination. Having already suggested that marriage was really a form of private property he knew that their kind of relationship would only become possible for women when they had the security of their own incomes. This was one of the earliest topics on which they wrangled. Wells and Rebecca responded to each other physically and intellectually, and soon they were in love and sleeping together. When Amber Reeves became pregnant it had led to considerable panic, with weeks of dramatic battles between different factions of the Fabians. On that occasion Wells simply escaped it all by eloping with Amber to Le Touquet.

Now, with Rebecca, no such temporary solution occurred to him, but it led to great strains and introduced into his Wartime writing a passionate rhetoric not entirely explained by patriotism. On the very day War broke out in 1914, Rebecca West was giving birth to her son Anthony while Wells entertained his friends at the Easton flower show. Any idea that this indicated indifference to Rebecca's situation was entirely false.

In 1909, with Amber Reeves, Wells' nerve had failed him, but by 1914 he was a much more confident person whose money and position helped him to carry off the situation with considerable *savoir faire*. Since he found the institution of marriage intolerable there was no question of marrying Rebecca, but with equal determination he loyally stood by his wife Jane. The result was that he lived a double life, with Jane the centre of his family at Easton Glebe and Rebecca providing intellectual and sexual satisfaction elsewhere.

CERTAINLY SOCIAL FRICTIONS were inescapable in the moral climate then prevailing. On one occasion, for instance, he insisted on replacing the housekeeper who was about to fetch Anthony from one of the few good schools which had been prepared to take him in the full knowledge of his parenthood. Shortly afterwards Rebecca received a "grossly insulting" letter from the headmistress who said that she had only accepted Anthony on sufferance and H. G.'s appearance at the school was a piece of gratuitous folly, which might have led to a public scandal. There was no choice left to Rebecca: Anthony must be removed from the school.

It is difficult in these permissive days to appreciate what savage sanctions were brought against social deviants as late as the 1920s. In due course Wells and Rebecca arranged a separation. Rebecca was to have the custody of the child with Wells paying £500 a year until such time as she was married or became associated in the full meaning of the term with another man.

Throughout all his affairs Wells remained staunchly devoted to his wife Jane, visiting her regularly, refusing to divorce her and trying desperately to make her difficult life as tolerable as possible. But he wrote to Rebecca, "It is just as if all the fun, endearment, tenderness . . . love of ten years had not been."

It was made clear to me by friends and relatives of Rebecca West that publication of this material in the year 1951 would cause more offence if I gave details and named the people involved.

Something even more remarkable now intervened to disturb H. G. and convince Rebecca that a final break with him was the only possible solution.

AS IF IN REACTION from Rebecca West, H. G. Wells became involved with a young Austrian journalist, Frau Hedwig Verena Gatternigg. Wells would normally have kept the notoriously unstable Frau Gatternigg at a distance but he was restless and unhappy because of his shattering relations with Rebecca. There followed a highly compromising weekend at a house in Essex where Frau Gatternigg was said to play the role of caretaker.

She returned to Europe the following winter equipped by Wells with a letter of introduction to Anatole France, which recommended her highly as an interesting and intelligent woman. Wells had made it quite clear to Frau G. that she must have no expectations from their relationship which was one of those encounters he described as *passades*, the name expressing their essential transience.

Alas, Frau Gatternigg returned to London the following June, obsessed with the desire to resume her relations with Wells. Since Frau Gatternigg was aware that Wells still preserved profound aspects of his relationship with Rebecca, in a moment of mistaken candour he recommended that she should call on Rebecca. He seems to have had some hazy idea that this would discourage any further attentions from Frau Gatternigg.

The interview took place on 20 June 1923 and quickly became bizarre. Anthony's nurse, Pearcy, was so uneasy about Frau Gatternigg's behaviour that she went out into the street to make certain that the policeman was on point duty in case of trouble.

[7] Freud-Jones correspondence (Freud Archive, Colchester).

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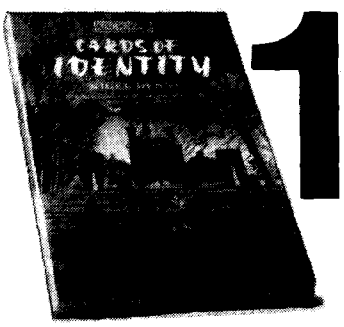

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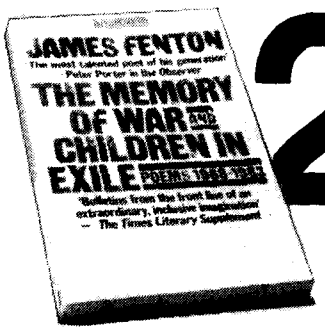

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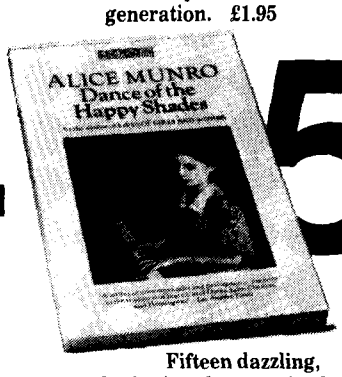

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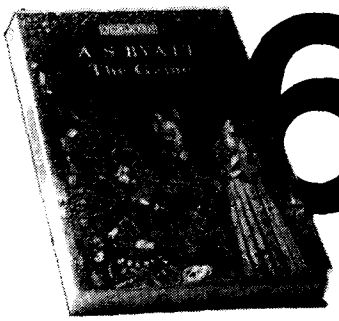

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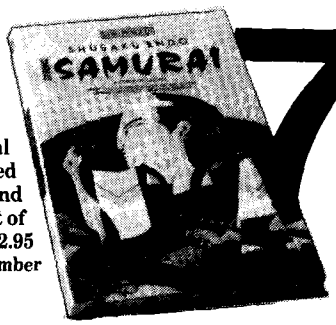

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It was a beautiful summer's day with temperatures reaching ninety degrees, which led Pearcy to wonder whether the heat had affected Frau Gatternigg. Her conversation wandered inconsequentially from one subject to another, and presently she entered into some detail about an affair she had "just finished" with a member of the British Foreign Office. A kind of wildness now came into her physical behaviour and she embraced Rebecca West so fervently it seemed to convey something different from warmth and affection. It could easily be assumed that she was expressing the jealousy which soon demonstrated itself far more dramatically.

According to one witness Frau Gatternigg now wandered the streets for some time and then went to H. G. Wells' flat in Whitehall Court. H. G. received her coldly at first. When she began to make various demands on him—for money, time, and personal attention—he became angry. Whether he told her to go and slammed the door or whether she insisted on staying is not clear. He seems to have retired to the bedroom to dress for dinner, leaving her stamping about the study. Wild as her behaviour was he did not expect when he returned to find her in a state of hysteria, at the height of which she announced she was going to commit suicide. All unaware of her record as a deeply disturbed person who had already made one "cry for help" through a faked suicide, he did not know whether to believe her or not. He succeeded in calming her and went downstairs to arrange for the caretaker to call the police.

When he returned he was appalled to find her stumbling round the room with a razor in her hand and blood flowing from what appeared to be a terrible wound in her throat.

She was rushed first to Charing Cross Hospital and then into Westminster Infirmary where they found that the mutilations were superficial and no artery had been cut. As one witness said, "It was a cry not for help but for something very different. . . ."

A CONSPIRACY OF SILENCE now descended on the whole episode. Scotland Yard refused to make any statement to the press and doctors at the Westminster Infirmary refused to supply any information. At H. G.'s request Rebecca used her influence with Beaverbrook and Riddell through the Newspaper Owners Association to stall any further enquiries by journalists.

But this was really the end for Rebecca: it brought her resolution to the sticking point, and she broke with Wells.

Many years later Rebecca West took out an injunction against an autobiographical novel written by a relative of hers and it was quite clear that thirty years ago when I wrote my biography of Wells the same danger threatened me. Once again the two episodes were cut.

THE LAST EPISODE I removed from my book had comic-opera elements. H. G. Wells had been living in France for some years with a woman renowned for the frankness of her language—she was known to discuss female circumcision at dinner parties—and the passion she put into love relationships. There was a vivid, stormy affair shot through with cascading quarrels. Wells had built a house at Grasse in the South of France and they agreed to have carved over the mantelpiece of the drawing room "This House Was Built By Two Lovers." Towards the end of their relationship the stonemason was called after a particularly ferocious quarrel to remove the inscription. Two months later he was requested to put it back. Shortly afterwards he once more defaced his own work. In the end, the stonemason struck and refused to tamper with the inscription ever again.

In due course Wells broke away from this relationship and returned from Grasse to London. His mistress followed him with a small pistol in her handbag. She evidently had every intention of shooting him and such was the explosive power of her character that this was no idle threat. She searched for him in London, failed to find him and finally arrived on the doorstep of Mrs Blanco-White who calmed her down and at last dissuaded her from carrying out her threat. Another episode carefully relayed to me by Mrs Blanco-White had to be removed from the record.

No one in their senses would have risked outraging a lady who came after you with a revolver in her handbag.

IS THERE ANY RELAXATION today in the crippling checks on freedom of expression which I have encountered over the years? [8] Two major cases were seminal in changing the rulings about explicit sex—the historic Anglo-American *Ulysses* and *Last Exit to Brooklyn* judgments. Not only is homosexuality, as recorded in Michael Holroyd's biography of Lytton Strachey, an area freed from embarrassments of law and taste: almost any description of any kind of sexual activity can now be put into print. However, copyright restrictions remain unchanged. Libel now requires "proof of damage" before any substantial sum is paid, and the mere coincidence of names no longer suffices to win a case. The threat of libel, reinforced by copyright privileges and powerful (if vague) consultations of "taste" can still be used to blackmail biographers into silence. Many cases are quietly settled out of court. Thus the contingent machinery of censorship, protecting "secrets" and making difficulties for truth-telling, still persists.

[8] I note in this morning's newspaper (*Daily Mail*, 7 August) that "a new John Steinbeck biography has been delayed because his family object to several passages. . . ."

Day of Obligation

A growth of scaffolding on Wells Cathedral.
Saints and fossil angels have lost face.
A new Apollo at Canaveral,
Sunlight on the television mast
Points from the Mendip Moors to outer space.

The sky is endless and there is no sky.
All resurrections are deciduous
Or so the birdsong and the leaves imply.
Well, in again to cake with chocolate eggs,
Then *Murder On the Orient Express.*

Duncan Forbes

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I don't think I can face Christmas shopping this year—all those crowds and queues, all that expensive parcel packing and posting, all the worry of what to give. . . .

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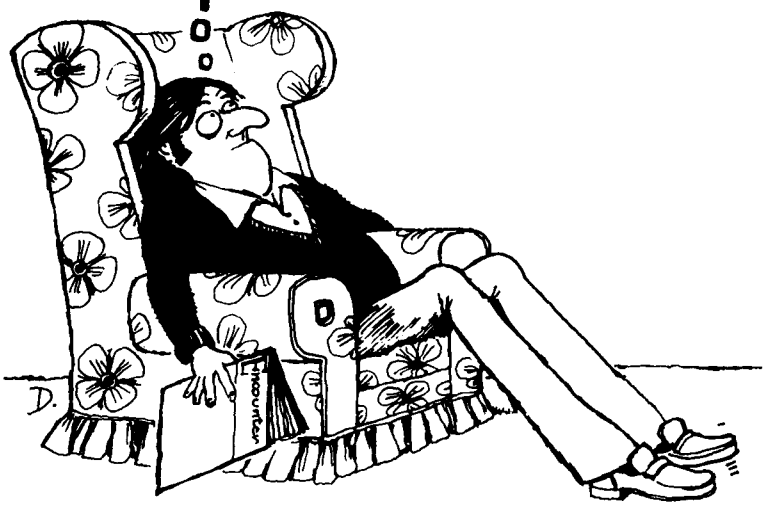
An armchair Christmas in fact!



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COLUMN

PRIVATE DISASTER STRUCK at 5.50 p.m. I was racing down the motorway in the hope of meeting a train. For some miles in the fast lane I'd heard a steady hissing. Road noise, I'd thought. Then, slowing down for single-line traffic, I saw the oil-pressure warning light glow red. With the engine hot, that's normal, so I took no notice. Back at top speed, it happened again—and, before I could wonder why, there was a crack like a gunshot under the bonnet and a crashing, clanking noise as the engine turned. I pulled across, warily, to the hard shoulder and stopped. A touch on the starter produced the same knights-in-armour clattering.

There was oil all over the engine—the filler cap was loose. My own fault: the joys of self-service include self-blame. It was out of the question to drive; so, leaving my companion in charge of the car, I walked to the emergency telephone.

To the left, fields of new-mown hay ripe for Stephen Foster's Wabash. To the right, stench and din. Shouting into the tin can containing the telephone, I could dimly hear the policeman telling me that a patrolman from the Automobile Association would arrive in an hour-and-a-half. I trudged on two more miles to the next service station, bought milk and biscuits, and returned to wait.

I was obviously off form. "Why not telephone to say you can't meet the train?" my companion suggested. I set out again. That done, I walked the two miles back. By now I knew that stretch of highway: every burst tyre, every scrap of rusty metal, every cigarette packet, cola can, and pair of discarded underpants. As I slumped back again into the useless driver's seat, the flashing amber light of the patrol van finally appeared.

"Just turn the starter, Sir—STOP! Oh, dear, oh dear. Big end and main bearing gone. I'll have to tow you to the service station to wait for a recovery vehicle. Ever been towed before?"

Gingerly trying to heed instructions not to let the tow-rope touch the ground, I played dinghy to the patrol van's yacht. It was growing dark when we reached the truckers' parking area, row upon row of container lorries with burly men in tee-shirts exchanging insults and jokes. A whole night world seemed to be opening up, recalling Jean Gabin films about *les routiers* or their British equivalent in *They Drive By Night*. Vain private motorist, imagining the motorway was built for you! Its real aim is the transport of containers and tankers, lorries full of yoghourt or frozen french fries thundering to Scotland and Wales. The lads all seemed to know each other, as teamsters presumably will, swapping information about road works and speed traps and where you get a better cup of tea. But gradually, as we waited, they thinned out, driving off or climbing into their cabs for a night's sleep.

Then we met the real night-birds—the recovery men. The first was a youth with a precarious moustache, driving a small pick-up towing a shortish trailer. With the car aboard, full of baggage and two mewing cats, the trailer swung wildly; so back we went to the driver's own headquarters. Here, looming out of the dark with bright, intelligent, rascally eyes, were bigger and older men with well-established moustaches and sturdier trucks. One of them winched the car aboard, then hunched over the wheel with rock music blaring and drove grindingly into the night. Bolt upright in the rear seats of his cab, we relived wartime days in the services, jolting through the darkness with tarpaulin flapping, wondering when we'd arrive.

Next stop was a depot, with a desolate Members' Waiting Room a quarter-full of Pinteresque refugees from mechanical breakdown. A machine dispensed coffee, chocolate, and near-tea; another took money and only sometimes produced biscuits. By now it was past midnight. At last, a shy grey man appeared, worked the machines, and beckoned us out to the fourth, and finest, of the recovery vehicles we rode that night. It took us all the way—but not before we'd had to revive the driver with near-coffee at yet another service station, its neon and pop music bouncing off deserted plastic tables like the set of some morose socially-conscious television play. Finally, at 3.30 a.m., we unloaded the car and the cats and the summer impedimenta. Before we slept, dawn was rising on the familiar, urban, daytime world.

"THE BLACK ECONOMY" IS a tax man's term of abuse. To those who use it, from outside, it's cheap and convenient—paying a plumber or carpenter in cash with no questions asked and not a word to the authorities, avoiding Value Added Tax and paperwork, sometimes ignoring the need for planning consent. Ethically, such conduct is usually thought deplorable, increasing the fiscal burden on everyone else. But "society", "the nation", and "the state" are abstractions many people find elusive: all they genuinely recognise are family, friends, neighbours, and partners in various deals. The black economy's practitioners are as honest as monks—within their cloistered world. They'd never steal from you, but only from the revenue men. How extensive their operations are, in any society, is a matter of speculation; but my feeling is that many of our liveliest citizens inhabit this twilight world.

It's a feeling much reinforced by my night with the recovery vehicles. "My time of day is the dark time" sang the hero of *Guys and Dolls*; and while I'm not implying that those I met were moonlighting, it was clear that theirs was a black economy of a different kind. At work when most citizens were sleeping, they shared a camaraderie of the night. They listened to night radio; they were on their own most of the time; they snatched junk meals at bizarre times in surrealist eateries; some put in far more hours than the law allowed. "Been driving since 7.30 this morning. Kent, Manchester, London, back to Birmingham . . . . I told the boss: 'Look, mate, we stop here for breakfast.' He didn't want to know. But I marched in and ordered two specials—bacon and egg, sausage, tomato, fried bread, mushrooms, the lot. He was amazed. But he ate it. And I told him: 'Now you're going to drive. I'm for some kip.' Of course, I could jack it in; but the money's all right, and I like the life. I like to be free. . . ."

What's more, such people are essential. Visions of the high-tech. future often forget the repairmen. John Wain, in the previous ENCOUNTER, shrewdly pointed out that Orwell's *1984* would have required an almost infinite infrastructure of technologists, humble, loyal, but highly skilled and potentially

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subversive. The same goes for society right now. Cars break down, motorways crumble, even solid-state systems go wrong. And so the leisured world envisaged by popular sages, in which machines do the work and the main social problem is to distribute the wealth they earn, suffers from a fatal flaw. A wise friend once remarked, reflecting on the limitations of an automatic dishwasher: "You do the work and the machine takes the credit." She might have added: "And the repairman takes the cash."

Mass producers try to resist this shift back to the artisan. When my Black & Decker drill burned out some years ago, I was told that a repair would be more costly than a new machine. So junk accumulates, cannibalised by shrewd operators with workshops under the railway arches—another black economy thriving on the fringes of the official, daylight world. And with so many hyper-educated aesthetes and intellectuals going back to nature in smallholdings, throwing pots, weaving, blowing glass, and making candles, it's tempting to feel that the black (or vegetable-dye) economy may be winning hands down.

THESE REFLECTIONS BEGAN to stir uneasily as I read a report recently issued by the French *Commissariat Général du Plan—"Quelle stratégie européenne pour la France dans les années 80?"* Despite the Gallic emphasis of its title, this looks at all the countries of the European Community, including Britain; and its diagnosis of their prospects is very bleak. Unless they change their present policies, the report concludes, Europe in ten or fifteen years' time will be an underdeveloped area.

It sounds melodramatic: but the report's authors substantiate their *cri de coeur* with a series of tables comparing Europe's achievements with those of Japan and the United States. In electronics, the disparities are very striking. Here, Europe is holding its own in the older technologies, such as semi-conductors, conventional machine-tools, telecommunications, and colour TV. But the Europeans are dwarfed in such fields as integrated circuits, information technology, robots, and computer-controlled machine-tools. These, the report claims, are the areas in which competition will soon be crucial; and current investment in Europe is already lagging behind. More disquietingly, the report questions whether—unless things change—European governments will be able to go on financing the existing "welfare state."

What, then, should be done? The French planners are in no doubt that the answer lies in improving the European Community. As regards industry, they propose Europe-wide R-&-D programmes, with centrally funded industrial cooperation: they point out that telecommunications and military technology, where Europe's still in the running, have reaped the benefit of public finance. They call for an end to the remaining barriers facing intra-Community trade and transnational mergers, and they argue that the European Monetary System should envisage a partial pooling of currency reserves. For the rest, their proposals will be familiar to anyone who's followed past debates about "the future of Europe"—including Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber's 1967 warning, *Le défi américain*. Several members of the study group behind the report are in fact old hands at playing Cassandra; and its chairman Jacques Moreau is president of the Economic and Monetary Committee of the European Parliament.

This said, what makes the French report novel is the combination of two facts. First, the intensity and cogency of its cry of alarm; secondly, its official and national status. This is no "green paper" from the European Commission or federalist manifesto from the European Movement: it's a serious and well-argued strategic appreciation, in 246 pages, of how the Community's future looks to a keen-eyed group of French planners, most of them professional civil servants. How gratifying it would be to find a similar group of British officials taking so "European" a view.

SO WHERE DOES THIS LEAVE our various black economies? The sturdy lads in the truckers' parking lot pay scant attention to the *Commissariat Général du Plan*. But they shift the products of American multinationals; they eat hamburgers and wear Levis; some of them drive all over the European Community. Should they care which continent rules the economic roost? Serving the Japs or the Yanks, won't they survive like the Vicar of Bray under whatsoever Burger King? Maybe: but what if they fall sick, grow old, or face unemployment? Then they'll need the welfare that impoverished countries find it hard to afford. What if their children want to be more than truckers? Will they have to emigrate to look for jobs in the spearhead economies, as some already flock to Saudi Arabia?

Or are such questions themselves a mark of decadence? In earlier, self-confident centuries, no one scrupled to travel in search of fortune. Dick Whittington hit the trail for London (and points east). Wealth was made by luck, by energy, by enterprise, by greed. Who raised pale hands, reproachfully? Precious few: they were too busy grabbing. Today, enterprise has become big business, often bureaucratised; the state has a large hand in it; and, as civilised human beings, we've come to expect—and pay for in taxes—social benefits undreamed-of in Whittington's day. Has this, as some believe, made us soft and lazy? Are most of us, in current parlance, "wet"? And are the prescriptions of the French planners—more public involvement, goading industry onwards—really the recipe for initiative that will pay? Might we not risk planning our way into tomorrow's world when our free-market competitors are already two days ahead?

I'd feel happier about these last insinuations if I saw any sign that private investors in Europe were willing to back costly and maverick hunches—the sort of crazy notion that nine times out of ten does a nose-dive, but may just soar off into the blue. Instead, the cautious and the canny buy Government stock, or building society shares, or local authority bonds while the more sophisticated speculate on the currency market. In part, the tax system may be to blame. Governments want so high a percentage that ingenious minds take infinite pains to avoid taxation. How much real wealth might all that cleverness, properly applied, create? But the real culprit, as so often, is the current mental climate: recession engenders fear, and fear worsens recession. The problem for governments is above all to create confidence; and this is one main reason why joint action, in a European and Atlantic context, ought to pay off.

Even so, finally, I've a sneaking sympathy for those anarchists of the night. The European Community itself, after all, was once a gleam in the rather rascally eye of Jean Monnet. "Monnet? He's just an adventurer!" a senior British civil servant remarked to me many years ago. I doubt if you'd know the name of the official. That of the black economist lives on.

M

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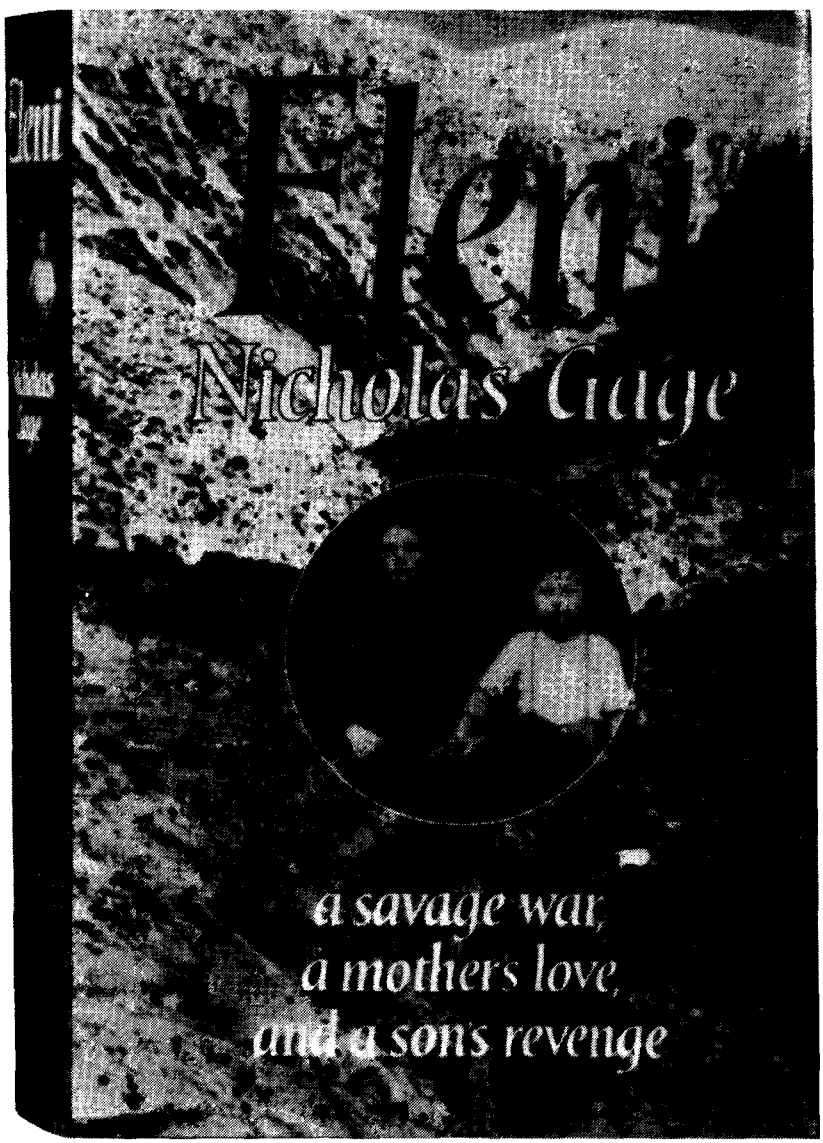

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Douglas Dunn

Politovsky's Letters Home

Letters from Engineer-in-Chief Eugène S. Politovsky to his wife, written on board the flagship "Suvorov", September and October 1904, and taken from the book "From Libau to Tsushima" (1906).

I

Tar-sticky bumboats chugged the anchorage
Among the bunting and rehearsing bands,
White hankies of goodbye in women's hands,
Deserters wailing in the dockyard cage.

Boyarin Rozhdestvensky's forty ships
Steamed out of Kronstadt led by *Suvorov*.
A teapot trembled on the wardroom stove
Hot with the shivers of apocalypse.

The Emperor, in the imperial yacht,
Sailed round his gun-saluting battle-fleet's
Salvoes of deference; the smoke in sheets
Blinded our coughing, deafened dreadnought.

Reval at dawn. That blank Courlandian shore!
Its miles of marram thrust a nothing on
My mind already numb with premonition
Fed on autumnal coastline metaphor.

An apoplectic captain came undone
In the serious regatta. Red-faced as ham
He turned his *Asia* into a ram
For the *Apraksin* in the rising sun.

II

It's half a season since you heard from me.
First, summer overlapped on autumn, now
It's wintry whistles on the flagship's prow
As hints of tundra chill our Russian sea.

But blue, my love. Our bearded priests serve mass
Shaking their Holy Water on the guns.
A Christian Navy! I noticed their ikons
Reflect a saint's eyes on our polished brass.

Tonight was dangerous and tense. We drowsed
With our boots on, the gun crews at their posts
Between the Danish and the Swedish coasts,
Straits sewn with spies and mines. Our searchlights browsed

Each indecisive swell, until, at dawn,
Grey European light revealed our ships
Stretched on the tide-race, officers with wraps
And mufflers and sea-going greatcoats on.

Today I have a rammed ship to repair—
Work, work. Our Empire links two continents,
The Hermitage to Asiatic tents,
And I do service for its mighty Tsar.

III

I put my sea-boots on, my mackintosh.
They're useless in this filth, this dirty wet.
My lubber peasantry get on with it,
Sea-sick and clumsy as their hammers crash.

I ruined my trousers in the *Buitry*'s hold;
Its bilge-muds seeped above my knee-length boots
On treacled waves that lapped their liquid soots
With flakes of rust and paint and northern cold.

We should have worked on deck, but the same sea
That keeps me from the *Suvorov*, rolled in
And swept the *Buitry*'s decks with Danish brine.
Discomfort is the stuff of history!

I'll lie on the *Kamchatka*'s wardroom couch
Tonight, and write to you about our ships.
If I could kiss you now, salt from my lips
Would make you taste the dried sea in my touch.

IV

At lunch the Admiral conferred on me
The order of St Anne. He's aide-de-camp
To Nicholas and pandemonium.
No Pushkin for our Tsarist odyssey!

A ship's no city; it's a street in Hell.
I toured our sea- and self-inflicted scars,
Our leaks and damages. Black-faced stokers
Peeped from the portholes of their stinking f'c'sle.

Black sudsy water by the bucketful
Sluiced down the runnels where the stokers washed.
On deck a careless saboteur was lashed.
Carbolic foam lapped at the Harveyed steel

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As *Oryol*'s drums tapped to the punishment;
But blue, my dear, on this imperial sea
Where malcontents square with autocracy
That lays its judgment on skins of dissent.

V

We've wound our watches back. Britannic time
Inched on this cruising of the hemisphere
Reverses me by five knots back, my dear,
To you and comfort and indoor sublime.

English, Self-Taught lies open and unread.
It's been a day of sweat and damaged boats
And war news told as rumoured anecdotes,
Misleading gossip mouthed by the misled.

I've been dozing, remembering yesterday
Lunching among the maps. Our Admiral's
Cigar smoke settled to its lazy whorls;
His map-room's sky dulled with Havana grey,

Clouding the global charts, while, like a ghost,
His spectral steward wiped the cognac stains
Ringed in wet liquor on the numbered mains,
Indelible off the Korean coast,

All eighteen thousand miles of buts and ifs
Away. His hand slid past—that linen cuff!—
Mopping the sea-miles in the *Suvorov*,
Wiping the brandied bays and ash-flecked reefs.

VI

Lulled by moonlight: like warm autumn, it was,
Deep on the grassy plains, or watching stars
From windows looking out on city squares
When poplars rustle and the cafés close.

These airing stokers long for solid ground,
Cursing conscription and geography.
Heart-breaking moonlight bleaches on the sea.
A Russian navy takes the long way round.

Three thousand tons a day—they shovel coal
Down in their hot and grunting odium
And sing to moonlight with a lyric from
Old Russia's anachronistic soul.

A clockhand searchlight drops its silver on
Small waves that shatter it. From *Suvorov*
I watch these little lights float, thinking of
Your bird-crumbs scattered on our frosted lawn.

VII

All Europe claims a Scythian wanderlust
Impels our fleet toward the yellow East,
Sea-hoofed, a modern Mongolian beast
Armada'd in the Tsardom's permafrost.

Our enemy is everything that floats.
I stood on the afterbridge, hot from below,
And watched the needle searchlights stitch and sew
A fantasy of eight torpedo boats.

Guns flashed and sucked the air from ears and lungs,
Each white blink showing us how we would die
In nightmare, up-to-date mortality.
I left the bridge, rung by vibrating rung,

And from the afterdeck, I saw our lights
Rake up an empty smack, then hesitate
On gear and tackle, a civilian net,
As sitting targets in our gunners' sights.

Even a half-Lieutenant whom I've seen
Read treasonable pamphlets in his bunk
Went mad with bloodlust on the Dogger Bank
Prepared to die serving a six-inch gun.

If I had spent more time with *English, Self-Taught*,
I might have had a name to put in this;
But it went down in white analysis
In the illiterate and polyglot

Atrocity of sea, blood on its deck
As up its stern heaved. Its legal light
Shone deep as garnets set against the night,
Red, red for "Stop", that helpless rhetoric.

Our modern fleet, iron arithmetic,
Metallurgy and engineering law,
Go down in scandal. A man beside me saw
Two fishermen hold up two half-dead haddock.

VIII

Avrora's holed below her waterline—
Imaginary, midnight Japanese!
Our guns were real, but not our enemies . . .
An empire, at its zenith, in decline!

In a gun-silence, the black *Suvorov*
Steams for the East, with priests and holy relics
And every sailor with his crucifix,
Though it's a chaplain's had his hands blown off!

But now the wardroom dogs chase champagne corks
Across the floor, and bits of card on string.
Our midshipmen are remanoeuvring
Last night's attack with sugar cubes and forks.

And stewards from the wardroom stoves serve tea
While officers of guns boast of the rate
Their magazines served shells up to them at,
Their ears cocked to obsessive gunnery.

I sit in a corner, my love, my glass
A perfect image of a small, clear sea.
Old hands at this game, we sit quietly,
And toast ourselves in vodka's *veritas*.

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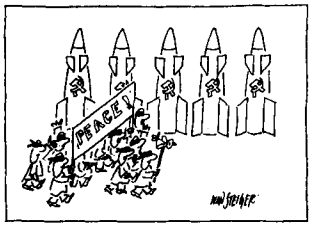
NOTES & TOPICS

Why there is no "Peace Movement" in France

Letter from Paris—By WILFRIED WIEGAND



WHY DOES FRANCE have no peace movement? British visitors look for unilateral disarmers; the Germans come to find ecological "Greens"; and the Americans "concerned citizens" against nuclear energy. They find some sympathetic counterparts, of course, since all the aforementioned types certainly exist in France. That people outside the country often never hear about them is due not least to the fact that the main opinion-forming news media, the state-controlled television and radio, are reticent about reporting any of this, and the foreign news media all too readily adopt this semi-official picture. But even allowing for distorted news coverage, none of the movements actually plays an important part in Franch political life.

It might therefore be more appropriate to ask: Why does France possess no *powerful* peace movement, no "Green" party in parliament, no militant anti-nuclear-power campaign? Or (to be more precise) why do none of those movements evoke the same powerful public response as their counterparts in West Germany, in Great Britain and the United States?

The principal difference is that in Germany (and to a lesser extent in Great Britain and America) we find ideologically motivated and, in party-political terms, largely unaligned collective movements, whose supporters cite the most various moral, religious, ecological, or "grass-roots democratic" (i.e. plebiscitary) arguments. Sympathisers are usually closer to liberal and Left-wing parties than to Conservative parties; but only in the case of minorities such as "Greens" or German Communist Party members do concrete party-political allegiances seem to have motivated their pacifist commitment. Hence conservatives make little headway with their claim that supporters of the peace movement in Germany, though their motives may be non-political, are "playing into Moscow's hands." This political reproach, however apt objectively, makes no impression on the subjective moral sincerity on which most sympathisers rest their case and which constitutes their greatest—perhaps their only—strength. This feeling of a primarily apolitical, non-party, collective movement is something that pacifist activities in France completely lack.

There are three distinct movements there: the pacifists, the anti-nuclear-power movement, and the ecological pressure groups. Each is openly associated with a particular political party or supported by a group whose political viewpoint can be precisely defined. One might even go so far as to say that the *tendency* at least is for all such groups to have a specific party-political allegiance. The Peace Movement itself, the most important of the three, makes no secret of the fact that it is organised by the PCF, the French Communist Party. Since François Mitterrand took office as President, its two biggest demonstrations have been a peace march through Paris and (also in the French capital) a "Peace Festival." Though both events were well attended, they obviously lacked spontaneous participation by sections of the population not associated with the Moscow-oriented PCF.

At both events there were revealing incidents. When the Peace March reached its destination in the former abattoirs of La Villette it concluded with a short speech by the young novelist Jean-Edern Hallier, who ventured to say that the tanks should disappear from Red Square as well. At the Peace Festival in the Bois de Vincennes another author, Fernando Arrabal, unfurled a banner that called for—among other things—"free Russia." In both cases the PCF organisers dealt with the problem, making it clear that it was not weak-minded open discussion that was wanted, but sturdy professions of faith in Moscow's foreign-policy conceptions. This kind of atmosphere explains why such peace demonstrations draw no support from outside the traditional Communist vote.

The peace movement as it exists in France is therefore correctly identified with the PCF, and anyone taking part in a peace demonstration identifies himself as a PCF supporter. But outside the narrow circle of potential Communist voters no one is prepared to do this any longer. The period when large numbers of important artists and intellectuals belonged to the PCF, or at least supported it, finally came to an end with the death of Louis Aragon. The PCF has lost its fascination, its charisma; its image is that of a colourless, poor-people's party—which accounts for the loyalty of its regular voters but also accounts for the resistance of other social groups in what is still a highly class-conscious nation. In organising its own peace movement the PCF has prevented another, more broadly-based movement emerging. The Communists have monopolised the whole concept, and thus discredited the Peace Movement in the eyes of the French people.

WHAT OF THOSE OTHERS—THE ECOLOGISTS, the opponents of nuclear energy—who in other countries provide strong support for the peace movement? The French ecologists have occasionally put up election candidates, though they have failed to win any seats in parliament; their support is confined to Bohemian intellectuals and to the subculture of the nation's drop-outs. The reason for this minority role lies, I think, in France's primarily agrarian structure. No

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one in West Germany needs to travel very far to learn what pollution means. In France, however, the kind of industry that represents a threat to the environment is concentrated in only a few regions, most of which lie on or near the frontiers. French ecological awareness has to be fed on statistics and other abstractions—it can hardly appeal to direct experience since, in the eyes of most of its inhabitants, "*la douce France*" still seems a largely untouched green paradise.

The political weakness of the opponents of nuclear power may be harder to account for. This group, which has organised a whole series of protest demonstrations and "sit-ins" at building-sites, draws its members either from the ecologists or from the anarchists. Their activities bring them up against two dangerous and—for small groups of this kind—overwhelmingly powerful opponents: the police and public apathy. Despite propaganda efforts to the contrary, everyone who knows France knows that the police conduct operations of this kind with rather greater brutality and dispatch than the German police (and certainly greater than the British). That such tough intervention actually leads to government victories, rather than provoking increased resistance, will admittedly seem puzzling from a German point of view. For, unlike their German counterparts, French demonstrators find themselves faced with a state power that hasn't the faintest idea what it is to be troubled by a bad conscience; and the boundary between police action and full-scale military intervention is a very flexible one.

In France up until the First World War it was legally possible to use the army to quell political demonstrations. This may now be no more than a vague historical memory, but one memory that remains very much alive is the victory of the police in May 1968; their main body, the CRS or *Compagnies républicaines de sécurité*, consists of paramilitary units that are still very much feared. Most Frenchmen still remember the threatening way in which General de Gaulle behaved at the time. He replied to the marching minorities in the student quarter with a demonstration of state power—Army manoeuvres in the vicinity of Paris—which was approved by the majority of the population. Everyone knows that in the event of dangerous demonstrations the French government will defend itself with the aid of paramilitary contingents, and this, coupled with the underlying fear that in extreme emergencies it might even resort to military means, lends all anti-government demonstrations a degree of risk that demonstrators in neighbouring lands have no idea of. In France, too (unlike West Germany), the police themselves represent a political factor that the government must take into account in the event of conflict. The pride and devotion to duty of the French police are highly rated, and the chances of demonstrators winning a victory over the government are generally smaller in France than they are in Germany. This explains, in my view, not only the effectiveness of police interventions in France but also the near-defeatism of French demonstrators since 1968.

Even more serious in its effects is the apathy of the majority of the French population, who have not given active support either to peace demonstrations or to anti-nuclear-power demonstrations. The desire to become autonomous in terms of energy supply—if necessary through the construction of nuclear-power stations—has often proved a source of controversy between politicians as well as among the population; but in view of France's catastrophic economic situation it is now hardly even questioned.

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FINALLY, FRENCH INDIFFERENCE to the peace movement can be explained by the country's unbroken tradition of patriotism—which affects all age-groups, all social strata, and (with the possible exception of certain PCF voters) all political parties. Determination to defend their country against military attack, and recognition that the potential military enemy can only be the Soviet Union constitute articles of faith not only for the principal members of the French government but also undoubtedly for the majority of the people. There is abundant proof of this in the statements of leading politicians and in public-opinion polls, but this national phenomenon of seamless patriotism is usually taken too little into account by those outside France. Our media have a careless tendency to attribute to present-day Frenchmen a deep "anti-Americanism" that in reality exists only in the politically irrelevant statements of an ideologue like the Minister of Culture, Jack Lang. More significant have been the decisively anti-Soviet stance of French foreign policy on the conflict in Afghanistan and on the Polish question, and the proud if not scornful irony with which French commentators viewed the diplomatic "wait-and-see" attitude that former Chancellor Helmut Schmidt recently adopted on these questions. Abroad, it is widely felt that French defence policy shows evidence of typically French presumption: overrating the powers of the old nation-state, almost to the point of megalomania. The French, of course, see France quite differently—as a country that has always been deprived of its proper role in Europe (by the English from the Hundred Years' War until the time of Napoleon, by the Habsburgs from the 16th to the 18th centuries, and in the 19th and 20th centuries by Germany). Hence their deep-rooted respect and admiration for such heroic rulers as Louis XIV, Napoleon, and de Gaulle. From the foreign point of view these leaders sought to seize for France a disproportionately large part in European affairs; to the French, however, they were simply restoring the dignity of a nation and people that were hemmed in by hostile powers and had been unjustly humiliated. It is this centuries-old trauma that lies at the root of French patriotism. No one who regards it as merely "chauvinist," as ludicrous or exaggerated, will ever understand the French, for this does not take into account the crucial national sensitivity.

Thus it is wholly inappropriate to take one's stand on the political strength of the German, and possibly the British, peace movement, and look down on the "backwardness" of the French in this respect. Supporters of militant peace movements elsewhere may, of course, feel that as yet France has unaccountably failed to achieve that high level of "political culture" and "public morality" which currently characterises Germany. However, the opinion of French politicians and of the average Frenchman with regard to proliferating European pacifism is a great deal more severe, and ought at least to give their neighbours pause for thought. To French eyes the German pacifist appears politically decadent and (this makes him "typically German") susceptible to the temptations of any kind of vaguely ideological mass movement. Far from regarding German protesters with some secret admiration, the French view them with a blend of surprise, if not aversion, and deep-seated fear of the unpredictable nature of German political moods. When Germans ask why France has no peace movement, the French ask just as understandably, and with at least as much justification, why the Germans should think their own country needs any kind of movement ever again.

London Commentary

The Passing of Arthur Scargill

By Edward Pearce

ANNIHILATION TAKES many forms. To push Wilde's metaphor a little further, the brave man does it with the sword, the coward with a kiss, and the crying bloody fool by going on interminably. Wilde's first line, of course—equally applicable to Mr Arthur Scargill—was "Each man kills the thing he loves." And surely no man can have been in receipt of such passionate, siren-besotted devotion as is given to the President of the National Union of Mineworkers by Arthur Scargill.

A cruel camera at the TUC conference caught the flask of hair lacquer which nestled in the briefcase of a man no worse afflicted by the great male anxiety-twirler, incipient baldness, than those other receding redheads, Eric Varley and Neil Kinnock. But it was not random cruelty. Vanity is a sizzling component of a man known to speak of himself in the third person, and who, Russian-style, applauded the claque who were applauding him. As the chairman, Frank Chapple, put it, looking on with all the gloomy certainty of a man watching, not for the first time, one of the grimmer bits of Euripides, "That didn't do our image much good either." It is Mr Scargill's tragedy and our relief that he does go on interminably and that the most publicised of all British Left-wing unionists is on a course for self-extinction while the hard and unendearing men of the British Communist Party and its penumbra cringe with embarrassment.

In a period of three weeks Scargill has attacked (in Moscow) the British and American heads of government in terms—Ronald Ray-gun and the plutonium blonde—which make an old hand from the metaphor shop flinch. And he has applauded (God forgive him) the Jaruzelski régime for putting down *Solidarity*, not noticing or caring as he did so that, at the Wujek colliery near Katowice, seven miners were shot by Jaruzelski's men. There is this vague feeling that miners are supposed to be on the side of other miners and to mind them getting shot. But according to Scargill, *Solidarity* was opposed to Socialism; therefore, like Wilde's Mr Bunbury, *Solidarity* was exploded, *Solidarity* had to go.

As Frank Chapple put it charitably, "He's a raving idiot." For the cold men of long Soviet service are never so crude or so silly in their support. It is not the kind of thing which Party members like Mick McGahey or Ken Gill, a couple of native Suslovs, would be caught saying.

But interestingly another prominent trade-unionist heading a large bureaucratic white-collar union, a man with a reputation for being on the Centre-Right of the spectrum, privately denounced *Solidarity* two years ago as "a bunch of fascists." So we owe Mr Scargill's suicidal candour quite a debt.

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He is the only man in a position of authority quite fool enough to say things which respected figures merely think.

Now these two outbursts, following as they do acutely embarrassing defeat at the hands of his members, who latterly have repeatedly declined to take part in either political or industrial action, have made him look foolish. They have also clipped the coin of his reputation, turning heavy metal into small change.

For only nine years ago Scargill was a name to send the weaker spirits under the bedclothes. Indeed, he had not only inspired from his South Yorkshire base the first truly successful miners' strike for many years in 1972, but followed that in 1974 by forcing upon his very unwilling leader, Joe Gormley, renunciation of a tentative deal with Mr Heath's government. That deal was worth 16½%, but by driving Heath into a desperate corner in which an election was the last throw available, which election Heath lost, Scargill could make a plausible case for having brought down a government.

Important as that victory was, his earlier humiliation of the police and all legal authority in the episode of Saltley Gates counted for more. On this occasion coal was being brought to a depot in Saltley, Birmingham, at the height of the strike, while the police were charged to keep the gates open to admit entry. The mobile troops whom Scargill had brought created a situation in which a nervous and under-prepared Chief Constable, Mr Capper, feared riot and death if he did not concede. Accordingly he took the decision to surrender; and since his public address system had, characteristically for that day, broken down, he asked to borrow the loud-speaker which had been denouncing the bosses, and humbly told his men to shut the gates and keep government supplies out!

LET US NOT TEDIOUSLY CALL this a momentous decision. It was just the defeat of the elected government by hovering prospective violence, a great day in the history of street politics. It is also the case that Mr Heath with all his faults (which could with trouble be lodged in the Library of Congress) does not shoot miners.

Nevertheless Scargill and his allies gave British liberal institutions a rough time. There was to be that strange undercover paramilitary operation by the Heath Government at London Airport. Terrible fears and terrible hopes were aroused, and for a year or two in Britain a belief in the possibility of general collapse, of the take-over of street politics or the Army, was not uncommon. For a time the most fearful sight which an employer or senior police officer could behold was the convoy of chartered buses carrying "flying pickets", the mobile hard men brought down from Yorkshire by Scargill to take part in sympathetic demonstration wherever two or three were gathered together in industrial dispute. Rarely has the word "sympathetic" conveyed so little affection. They stayed on the right side of a flinching and nervous law, did Mr Scargill's pickets, but they were coercion on draught, only asking to be drawn. People were afraid, and with good reason. For Scargill's troops, whether recruited ideologically or for beer money, reminded one of nothing so much as the East German troops who at about the same time (the late 1970s) were turning up as an uncovenanted blessing in parts of Africa.

If other people found these developments scary, Scargill was like a little lad out of school. He gave an interview to the *New Left Review* which made clear his belief that Saltley Gates

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was a watershed in history. (Unsympathetic observers thought he regarded it as a dummy run for the Winter Palace.) Scargill, who had taken to calling himself King Arthur,[1] believed in the enormous capabilities of street politics, and most clearly in the utilisation of industrial disputes for political purposes.

With hindsight it looks grossly ambitious and unreal, but it didn't seem so at the time. However, it would have been perfectly possible for these wilder dreams to have failed to materialise and for Scargill to have remained in high repute with the Union movement generally, as Kenneth Gill and Michael McGahey do. It is the Mineworkers' leader's misfortune to be ill-acquainted with the book of Ecclesiastes (10:12, 10:13, 5:3):

> "The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself. . . . The beginning of the words of his mouth is foolishness; and the end of his talk is mischievous madness. . . . For a dream cometh through the multitude of business; and a fool's voice is known by multitude of words."

There is much more for the enlightenment of the King in the words of the Preacher. Scargill not only talked too much. He was the vanity of vanities made flesh. He abuses and blackguards my own little trade, the corrupt and prostituted media. Indeed, he wants to take us into public ownership. But never did a man generate so much self-eviscerating copy, which the scribes had only to write down without comment. The lips of this particular fool swallowed himself. Indeed the first requirement of any half-competent Left-wing totalitarian state in Britain would be to suppress all reports of speeches made by Arthur Scargill.

The man is vain and conceited beyond the call of duty. He happens to be living through a bleak period for the Far Left when the old trade-union instinct for pragmatism is carrying them to the office of that most sardonic opponent of trade-union abuse, Mr Norman Tebbit. Now, a shrewd Scargill would have read the weather, put his head down, opposed accommodation, prophesied failure for talks, and then settled down to wait for better, that is worse, times.

But that would have meant a period of obscurity, of absence from his beloved Murdoch newspapers, of not being *numero uno* in the headlines. And Scargill, having been brought up on the raw meat of self-regard, cannot long survive a quiet life. Like a child denied attention by preoccupied elders, who does something regrettable to win everyone's instant if furious involvement, he set out to be deliberately outrageous, not just in this instance but in a series of wild and abusive statements in the years of his decline. Extravagance has paralleled decline. As NUM members have progressively in the hard 1980s refused to lay on the strikes he required of them, as criticism of his slightly preposterous conduct in running day-to-day affairs has percolated through the union, he has been ever less inclined to consolidate, more willing to lash out.

But it is rather pitiful to see a man in such need of an injection of publicity that he will chop off his arm in Trafalgar Square, provided the cameras are there. So the leader of the British Mineworkers approves the suppression of a free trade union for Polish miners and will commit to a merciful oblivion the shooting of those miners at Wujek. For *Solidarity* was anti-Socialist. Yet this approval does not stem from any very profound belief in what the USSR calls Socialism. In Scargill the Big Bad Red I have no very great belief; in a carnivorous and autophagous ego I have complete faith.

SCARGILL STARTED AS A BOY in the Young Communist League and proceeded to the adult Party with a total period of membership of about fourteen years. He stood as a Communist for the council in Worsborough in southern Yorkshire, and was as unsuccessful as such candidates usually are. But national reputation and office in his union soon followed his resignation from the Party. Now, no one can know a man's motives, not he himself. But the view of one very senior unionist was succinct. "I have made two serious errors of judgment in my life", he said. "The first was to join the Communist Party myself and the second to think that when Arthur left the Party, being such an ambitious little so-and-so, he would make it to the mainstream centre of the Labour Party at a rate of knots."

It is impossible not to contemplate the possibility that, suckled on the glory of Saltley, ambition simply took a different form. I have no recollection of Scargill making pro-Soviet speeches in the early 1970s. He was a home-grown Leftist. No more for that matter did Mr Wedgwood Benn, who now regularly works in sympathetic apologias and denounces the American Imperium, something which was not a notable feature of his days as a serious Left-winger. The motive may be similar. What gets Scargill a lead story gets Benn a paragraph. Both are on the Via Dolorosa of diminishing returns, with Benn ahead, except that Scargill's foolish lust for the prints could lose him something. For unlike the former Bristol MP he has something to lose.

A man not very long ago elected, in his early forties, to the perpetual presidency of his union now finds that a large majority of miners are unhappy with his conduct, want a special delegate conference called to alter the rules which confer the presidency for life, and by implication might like to be rid of him. It may not happen this time round. But I would think that if he continues in his present way, trufflling for publicity in the nastiest places when most miners are interested in terms and conditions, he will talk himself into suspension, mourned only by the Tory press, a little messiah working devotedly away at his crucifixion kit.

And yet, consider. At the same conference which rang with Scargill's applause for the Polish military, something even nastier happened which was not meant for publicity. Two journalists, very senior, not at all respected thugs from our dreadful corps of Labour Correspondents which out-boozes and out-brutalises the worst men in the unions, chose at a function to sing the Soviet Airforce song in apparent celebration of the shooting-down of KAL 00.7. A senior groupie of the union movement at the *Daily Mirror* attempted to suppress the story, which was exclusive to that newspaper. Blessedly, the editor overruled him. Even so, I have more confidence that Arthur Scargill might be removed from his entrenched, election-free office than that Fleet Street will wash its face of these two. Some of the things which Scargill says about the prostitution of the press are true.

If some unionists and not just this one man have been given delusions of grandeur, much of it was bestowed by a corps of

[1] This appellation is an old tradition in the North Riding of Yorkshire, where the local card or personality would be called King of Thwaite or King of Gunnerside. Ironically, it was last used of a national figure in the case of King Hudson—George Hudson of York, the railway tycoon who proceeded by way of entrepreneurship and speculation first to domination of the early railway lines, to a fortune, and thence to receivership and exile in Boulogne.

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"Industrial" correspondents who, with a couple of honourable exceptions, have treated General Secretaries like archangels seen through a drunken stupor; men who, however straight-faced their copy, privately laughed aloud in triumph at every last strike as if it was proof that Moss or Hughie or Arthur was showing the bosses what was what.

What did Wilde say again? *"Each man kills the thing he loves, By each let this be heard, Some do it with a bitter look, Some with a flattering word. . . . "* It is one way to see the fuming embraces of the correspondents to whom poor, thick, prancing, hair-fixing, headline-grabbing Arthur has been such wonderful copy.

Letter from Germany

Brown Shirts & Red Faces

On the Forged "Hitler Diaries"—By JOACHIM FEST

Frankfurt-am-Main

THE AFFAIR of the Hitler diaries was cleared up sooner than expected. It took the West German Federal Criminal Investigation Office, the Federal Archive and Bonn's forensic scientists just three days to conclude, on scientific grounds and internal evidence, that they were indisputably forged. Only a few days earlier Henri Nannen, the editor of *Stern,* had claimed that "everything possible" had been done to check their authenticity. And in the number of the magazine which appeared on 5 May the then editor-in-chief, Peter Koch, had delivered a swingeing attack, under the heading *Die Fälscher* ("The Forgers" or "The Falsifiers"), a heading which was intended to be anything but equivocal: but he was referring to those historians who had voiced reservations or counselled scepticism, calling them "an international of enviers and falsifiers" and boasting yet again of the professional care taken by *Stern* itself in the matter. And then, only three days later, the diaries were exposed for what they were, *eine plumpe Fälschung,* a crude forgery, described by the head of the Federal Archive as the "grotesquely superficial" (*grotesk oberflächlich*) concoction of a copyist endowed with a "limited intellectual capacity."

For a long time to come many aspects of the whole affair will remain hard to comprehend. Even if one adds together all the motives which may have prompted *Stern*'s editors to stage such a *coup* and *The Sunday Times* to buy the English rights—an overwhelming ambition to get into the limelight with a sensation; the spirit of journalistic competitiveness; a penchant for revealing secrets, for investigative reporting and even for mystery-mongering; an eye to news-stand sales—it is still quite astounding that tried and experienced journalists should have gone about their business in such an amateurish and frivolous manner.

And, in the first place, I am not even referring to *Stern*'s forensic investigation of the find, which clearly left much to be desired. Having at first been informed that the ink used in the documents *had* been analysed, we learned only a short while later that no such analysis had taken place. Nor had the paper, the bindings, the seals, the lay-out or the glue been examined in any but the most dubious circumstances. (Selected pages were submitted for testing and were found to be authentic; but these were separate pages, not part of the "big find.")

More important than this, however, is the fact that no attention was paid to the well-known physical and psychological impediments which prevented Hitler from writing, from putting pen to paper. During the second half of World War II Hitler suffered increasingly from a tremor (*paralysis agitans*) which was bound to make it difficult for him to write. On 29 March 1942, before one of his evening conferences in the *Führerhauptquartier,* he recounted that before the War, learning that he had cancer, he had written his will on official stationery in longhand (the world *handschriftlich* appears in italics in the original source). Everyone would appreciate, he said, that this was a real effort for him, since he was accustomed by years of practice to dictating his thoughts to a typist or stenographer. Moreover, Hitler repeatedly gave it as his opinion that a *Staatsmann* should never commit anything to writing, least of all anything personal, and it is significant that there are hardly any extant letters from him. It should be noted too that, when the first rumours of an "extensive Hitler diary" surfaced a number of years ago, Albert Speer considered such a possibility utterly out of the question. It is known that Goebbels had his diaries microfilmed in order to safeguard the text before they were dispatched from Berlin in the final days of the War. Why hadn't Hitler done the same? A thorough vetting of the alleged diaries ought surely to have taken such matters into account.

JOACHIM FEST *is the author of an authoritative Hitler biography (Weidenfeld, 1974). See also his article, "Thinking about Hitler", in* ENCOUNTER *(September 1975). He is publisher of the "Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung", in which his articles appear regularly. His most recent essay in* ENCOUNTER *was "Richard Wagner" (September 1979).*

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THEIR PROVENANCE should also have aroused the gravest misgivings. We were told a dramatic story of how they were "discovered." The *Stern* reporter Gerd Heidemann got on to their track as the result of a telephone call; and he spent months of research in West and East Germany, Spain and South America, among other places. Several years ago I too received a telephone call offering me material which I am still persuaded—whatever *Stern* may have said—was from the very same source. I was not required to make journeys all over the world or conduct interviews with *SS*-generals and close associates of Hitler in order to see at least some of the material (including notes indicating that Hitler had prior knowledge of Hess's flight to Scotland). My opinion at the time was that some of the pages seemed quite convincing, but in the end my doubts about the so-called documents prevailed. It was said of this earlier material that it came from "a highly placed personage in East Germany", and this was enough to raise the most serious doubts, since there is no better way of covering tracks than to allege such a provenance. If the present volumes came instead from former *SS*-officers, would this afford any warrant for greater confidence?

At exactly the same time as I was contacted, the Stuttgart historian Dr Eberhard Jäckel was shown a volume of diaries supposedly written by Hitler. Jäckel's initial scepticism was reinforced when, in the course of preparing a collection of documents which was subsequently published, the same source came up with a manuscript poem entitled *Der Kamerad,* allegedly composed by Hitler in 1916 when he was on active service. It soon turned out to have been lifted from a volume of poems by Herybert Menzel, published in 1936. Menzel having been born in 1906, the poem could not have been composed or even copied by Hitler. Dr Jäckel's reservations were further strengthened by an accompanying letter, written on the official writing paper of the Nazi Party's central office, confirming that the poem was by Hitler; yet another forgery. More detailed investigation showed that other documents from the same source raised considerable doubts, so that it was impossible to dismiss the suspicion that at least part of the material was composed at a later date. *Stern*'s Peter Koch (now "resigned"[1] but then still flushed with the pride of discovery) took Dr Jäckel to task for delivering "a long-distance diagnosis" without seeing the patient. But the reason for Jäckel's diagnosis was that he had had dealings with the same source years before and was not impressed by its trustworthiness.

ONE OF THE FEW POINTS in favour of the authenticity of the diaries appeared at first to be their sheer extent—sixty-two volumes, no less. However, when it is recalled that years ago the widow Rosa Panvini and her daughter, working at home, managed to produce some thirty volumes of what were at first judged to be genuine diaries written by Benito Mussolini (and published as such by the *Sunday Times* of London), one has to start from the premise that the forging of handwriting presents certain dificulties in the initial stages, but soon becomes a matter of pure routine. One undisputed expert in the field is surely Clifford Irving, who some years ago produced the supposed memoirs of the enigmatic American multi-millionaire Howard Hughes. His comment on these Hitler diaries deserves to go down as a famous saying: "Give me a pot of *Wehrmacht* ink and I'll do the job."

Equally unfathomable is the reason why *Stern* had the diaries examined only by historians who had some business connections with the projected publication—their Hamburg staff experts on the Third Reich, a director of the London *Times*. Of course one can hardly blame the magazine for having had the keenest possible interest in getting them confirmed as genuine. But from this legitimate interest to what appears to be little more than an attempt to establish an alibi there is just as big a step as there is from journalistic responsibility to sheer recklessness. Even if, as *Stern* points out in its own wretched defence, the English historian Hugh Trevor-Roper (whom Henri Nannen now denounces as "Oxford's *Hitler*-Lord") and his American colleague Gerhard L. Weinberg could have spent a few more hours examining the material before giving their expert opinions, one should bear in mind that they were working in a Zurich bank—a fine private place for any number of purposes, but hardly the best surroundings in which to examine

[1] The aftermath of resignations, new appointments, further resignations, and the like, made tragi-comic headlines for weeks. In the first place, the two chief editors, responsible for the irresponsibility, were paid 3 million D-marks each to leave quietly. Then, the Left-wing *Stern* staff (which had cheered the Hitler "scoop" when it was first announced) now turned angrily against "management" and demanded a say in the choice of a new Editor. The publishers (Gruner & Jahr) and the owners (Bertelsmann) acceded to this, especially when faced with a threatened shut-down of all their publications and printing plants. The Editor-in-Chief-designate, Johannes Gross, the distinguished German essayist (see, in ENCOUNTER, April 1981, his brilliant article on "Prosperity & Its Discontents"), was persuaded to step down even before he had stepped into his editorial office. The bitterest cartoons of the day showed a gleeful *Führer* watching the shenanigans of "democratic corruption" and "bourgeois cowardice."—ED. NOTE.

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documents supposed to derive from a man who was responsible for one of the greatest catastrophes in history.[2]

THIS BRINGS me to the political ineptitude with which the matter was handled. For the alleged diarist was not some kind of confidence trickster or marriage-swindler. How can one believe that the editorial staff was unaware of the explosive nature of what they were handling? The magazine, a crusading journal of the Liberal-Left, has always prided itself on its flair for the various Right-wing threats to our society and even seems able to scent horrific dangers when nobody else can. No sensible observer could hold to the absurd suspicion that the neo-Nazi demon lurks at every West German street corner, but, to a greater extent than any other publication, *Stern* has in the past tried to make this seem plausible—and it even maintained at first that "the history of the Third Reich would now have to be rewritten." Was it, then, to be rewritten in the tone of nonchalant trivialisation discernible in *Stern*'s first diary excerpts? The announcement of the series may indeed have been "somewhat loud-mouthed" (Henri Nannen's "*grossmäulig*"). But people who are so much concerned about our democratic health and national conscience should never have ventured to open their mouths at all.

However much one searches for an understandable motive or even a partial justification, it is very difficult to find one. Together with the open dismay which has been caused there is not a little *Schadenfreude* at the harm *Stern* has brought upon itself. (The new editors have tried to save the day with yet another *Stern* sensational—if they couldn't publish the biggest Hitler scoop of all time, they now printed the biggest scoop exposing the biggest hoax of all time.[3]) But such glee is unjustified, since the harm is not confined to *Stern*. What was supposed to be a "world sensation" turned into a world disgrace, and it will not be effaced simply by the resignation of

[2] In his article in *The Times* (London, 14 May 1983), H. R. Trevor-Roper, or Lord Dacre, Master of Peterhouse College in Cambridge, as he now is, wrote: "Looking back on the affair I recognize that I made a grave error in my first judgement. . . . Whether misled or not, I blame no one except myself for giving wrong advice to *The Times* and *Sunday Times*, whose editors have behaved throughout with more understanding than I deserved. I apologize to them, and to the public, for my error. It was a real error." There was a dignity in London which was altogether lacking in Hamburg, otherwise so enviously imitative of the "English manner."

[3] The main story is now over, but little footnotes to the scandal keep on proliferating. That poor wretch Gerd Heidemann, once *Stern*'s star reporter, who had been charged with fraud for peddling the forged diaries, was arrested by the police, then released, then re-arrested and now (in September) released again. Another former *Stern* reporter, Erich Kuby, produced a "quickie" book on the whole subject in a month, but the Hamburg publishers Hoffmann & Campe have just withdrawn it from the bookshops for fear of law-suits for libel. Surely not from the *Führer*? They have also suddenly discovered that they didn't much care for Kuby's kind of instant Marxism, which finds in the *Stern* affair more evidence of how "the ruling classes tend to think and act like fascists. . . ." The book will now be published by the Marxist house of *Konkret*. In the June issue of *Konkret* magazine Kuby reminded his Left-wing readers that he had previously written a book entitled *Siegt Hitler bei Bonn?* (*Will Hitler Win in Bonn?*). Now, evidently, the question was being answered to Kuby's anti-Fascist satisfaction, since Hitler had his victory in Hamburg. . . . All ideological fun and games, which possibly suggest that German history may be too important to be left to the Germans.—ED. NOTE.

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the two chief editors. "*Wir schamen uns* (We are ashamed of ourselves)", Nannen has bravely declared, while consoling himself with the thought that this was "the first time" the magazine had ever committed such an error. However, I found far more consolation in a survey which was conducted among readers of *Stern* in the week before the case was cleared up. This revealed that only 6% of the *Stern* readership (almost two million each week) were as gullible as the editors in believing that the expensive and sensational Hitler diaries were in point of fact genuine. Who still believes that the people believe the popular press?

Letter from Rome

Meeting Mussolini

By Luigi Barzini

I SAW MUSSOLINI for the first time in Levanto, when he was merely an agitator, an editor of his radical paper and a new *deputato*. In those days Levanto was a large quiet town, tucked into its valley and its bay, with a small beach in front of it like a bedside mat. It was not well known; in summer families came there who were not interested in smart or frivolous doings; simple, staid, respectable families with their elders, who still had an air of the *Risorgimento* about them, lots of children, and nannies. Each year they were much the same families, all of them friends and some of them relations as well, through the marriages that had resulted from the flirtations over the years.

The arrival of the Mussolini family aroused curiosity and puzzlement. They were not the sort to come to Levanto. Who had sent them there? how had they discovered the existence of that almost secret place? They had rented a villa below the castle for the season, and a bathing hut at a beach, much like the rest but for some reason considered less smart. Because of this, among other things, none of the holiday-makers, as far as I remember, got to know them and no child played with their children.

With them were a photographer and a few local *squadristi*, four or five. The photographer took a great many photographs, the sale of which, over the next twenty years, must have been quite profitable. Many of them showed the father *da solo*, feet in the water, fists on hips. He still had a ring of black hair round the baldness, and wore a bulging wool bathing-suit of the kind then worn, black below and white on top. Other photographs showed family groups, the father smiling and proud of his small children, the mother with her bathing-cap trimmed with ribbons and the modest bathing-suit of the time full of panels and bows.

The *squadristi* kept guard (though there was no need for it), played with the children, and perhaps slightly courted Rachele, who was attractive, with her light blue eyes. One day she challenged them to a race, to see who would reach the villa first. She pulled up her skirt with both hands, to be freer, showing her bare legs; and this unlikely, peasantish sight was talked about for days in Levanto, with much head-shaking.

MUSSOLINI was then—to me as a small boy, as I think he was to the others—merely one of those picturesque characters catapulted into public life and into the newspaper caricatures by the convulsive politics of the time. Later, when I saw him again, he was something quite different—*il dittatore*, the Dictator. I then studied him in close-up, greatly troubled as I tried to work out our national destiny from my sight of the man himself. This was in 1933, at the grand manoeuvres in the Langhe, where I had been sent as a special correspondent. I managed to slip into the observation post with the King, Mussolini, his generals and ministers and several high fascist officials. Mussolini first glanced at the only person in mufti in a worried, suspicious way, then must have decided I was a policeman disguised as a journalist, with my camera and notebook. What else could I have been?

What first astonished and disconcerted me was his clothes. He was wearing a white yachting cap (like a naval officer, perhaps), a stiff collar with stand-up peaks, the brown double-breasted jacket of a businessman, grey-green smoke-coloured trousers like an Army officer, and riding boots. This remarkable combination of garments cannot have been the result of chance. His wife or the maid who packed his bag must have certainly have obeyed his orders, which were dictated by many political considerations. It could be that he wanted the naval cap to show his respect for Italy's destiny at sea; the stiff collar did the same for the outdated forms of the old conservative classes; the jacket, for economic activity; the trousers, for military power; and the boots were to show a liking for the sporting life and his contempt for danger (since, as everyone knows, "a man on horseback suggests an open grave", *uomo a cavallo, sepoltura aperta*).

I noticed that on his bald head there was a lump about the size of a new potato, which appears in no photograph because at the time (and for twenty years or more) it was absolutely forbidden to photograph it, as if it were a high military secret. He had a large black mole, slightly swollen and hairy, under his chin, which must have made the barber tremble when he shaved him (Mussolini did not shave himself). A small black hair appeared in every pore of his nose; and the spaces between his teeth, which were the colour of old ivory, were wide-gapped (this was generally considered a sign of good luck).

I was fascinated by the changes of expression in his face, which altered constantly, like a mime's. When he leant down to speak to the King, who was several centimetres shorter than himself, his stance seemed not so much respectful and attentive as obsequious and submissive. This attitude was not entirely false. In spite of his shortness, Vittorio Emanuele was frightening. He had icy, penetrating, light-blue eyes. He knew and remembered everything—about the army, about connections and involvements, about the point of these manoeuvres and of all the preceding ones, he knew much more than all the generals, which meant that Mussolini also had everything to learn. With the others in that look-out post, the Prime Minister and *capo del governo* was, successively, incredulous, indignant, sarcastic, bored, severe, contemptuous, headstrong (with clenched teeth), vain (chin jutting

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forward), amused. I remembered what one close observer had said of him: "How tired his face must be when he gets home in the evening! . . ."

But what impressed me more than anything was his eyes. They were black, round, protuberant, wide open, the eyes of a hypnotist, of Za la Mort and other actors of the silent screen in memorable blood-curdling scenes. You could read nothing in them except a furious and diabolical stubbornness: they were the eyes of a man no one could contradict with impunity and whose decisions no one could influence. In the years that followed I realised how wrong my first impression had been. I learnt from his intimates that he was in fact often hesitant and unsure, and sometimes obstinate as the uncertain are when they have at last reached a decision and cling to it, or when they are wrong but refuse to admit it. One of his sons told me (at Asmara, during the Ethiopian war) that at home his father was not at all authoritarian, in fact that Rachele used to say to him, "Benito, you make all Italians obey you, but you can't get your own children to fall in line. . . ."

ON THAT DAY AT Ceva, however, these were things I didn't know or imagine, and I believed in the character he was playing. He intimidated me. A few days later, in the corridors of my newspaper ofice, while I was waiting to see the editor, Mario Massai said to me: "Did you see him? What impression did he make on you?" I replied prudently (there were plenty of ears flapping): "*Ehm, un personaggio notevole* (Well, er, he's a remarkable character. . . .)" Massai was a war hero, who had been at Fiume, a fearless flyer, and he disliked evasive phrases. "Remarkable?" he cried for all to hear. "*E' un cretino!* (Why, he's a fool!)."

HE WAS WRONG. In the years that followed, I realised that Mussolini was intelligent, but that his intelligence was not the kind needed to run a great European nation in dangerous times. It was probably no more than the intelligence of a popular newspaperman, a self-taught man with a piecemeal culture, a rather unscrupulous, imprudent journalist who each day took the decisions that the following morning were splashed in banner headlines across the columns of page one. He didn't worry about being consistent because he relied on the fact that the average reader forgets what he had read the week before.

I talked to him only once, years later at Tripoli, when the road to Bengazi was being opened. The Minister for the press (and propaganda) presented me. "*Duce*, this is Barzini", he said. Mussolini looked at me with distaste, thrust out his lips, lifted his chin, and said the single word: "*Junior.*" This was to let me know that he had realised I was not my father, Luigi Barzini Sr. (sometime one of the star writers of the *Corriere della Sera*); and I was tempted to reply "Obviously" but said nothing. I knew very well that I was in favour. Some time before he had said to my editor: "And what are we to do about young Barzini?"

The editor reassuringly replied, "He's all right, he's no trouble. . . ."

"Yes", said Mussolini, annoyed, "but he always writes about *other things*."

Writing about "other things" had already become, in his mind, a form of subversion or rebellion or dissidence. So much at least was clear from our brief conversation, involving that single word of his, "Junior."

Letter from Moscow

Comrade Andropov's Basic Problem

By Leo Wieland

Moscow

ONCE AGAIN, as in previous changes of Soviet leadership, the word and perhaps even the idea of "reform" is in the air. But for all the vague promises of change and renewal no real reforms are yet in sight under the current administration of Chairman Andropov. One looks carefully at what is being said and done—any strengthening of private initiative? any moves towards decentralisation? any insertion of market-economy elements into the constructed state planning system? Nothing is yet visible to the naked eye. To be sure, in the period following Brezhnev's death (9 November 1982) certain leading Soviet economists were able to publish a variety of unconventional notions in the official newspapers, and even to make a few careful and cautious suggestions for economic improvement. But one looks in vain for the practical consequences. It would be difficult not to conclude that two basic elements of the Soviet system have remained unassailable: the centralistic credo of the Party and the governmental bureaucracy, as well as the overriding impulse to control everything from Moscow.

But then the question quickly arises as to why Andropov dares so little, and confines himself only to small changes in the prescriptions and dosages of medicines which have never really helped in the past. He himself has provided an answer in his own Bolshevik way by celebrating the current Marx centenary with a theoretical article. It was, no need to say, a confident defence of what is called by the Party these days "real socialism"; and this is what he concluded:

> "Our system is working; it only needs in some places to be repaired. Bad conditions, bad harvests, food shortages and low-quality consumers goods are all due, essentially, to the failure to observe exactly Lenin's guide-lines. . . ."

The Kremlin leadership, old and new, declare unfailingly that the system of planned economy which they are trying to make work represents the fulfilment of both their own needs of governmental power as well as the mentality of the Soviet peoples (still, if only barely, a Russian majority, and all shaped by 65 years of "progressive" experience). Since the old and the new Soviet leadership in the Politburo are almost identical, it will not in any case be an easy task to initiate some kind of energetic reform. Any one of Andropov's close comrades of the last several decades could ask him sharply why, suddenly, he was altering traditional policies and changing the steady course which he had been supporting and shaping for so long.

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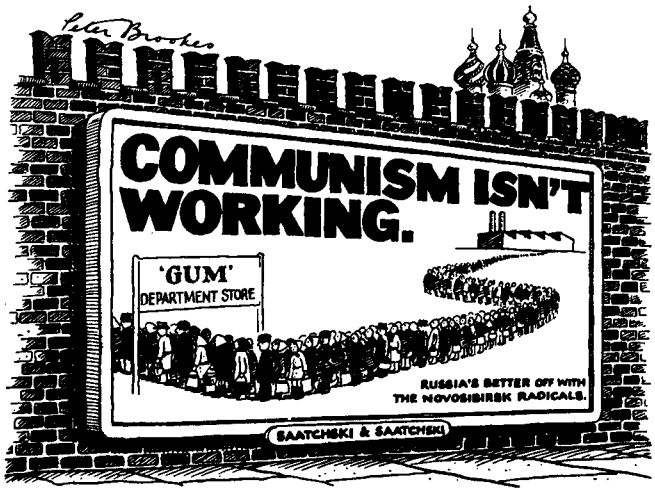
Andropov's appearance, with yet another "economic reform" text in his hand before the conference of "Party Veterans" in Moscow (16 August), was even more dramatic, not least because he was accompanied not by his own geriatric veterans in the Central Committee but by Gregoriy Romanov (60) and Mikhail Gorbatchov (54), the youngest Kremlin experts in industry and agriculture respectively. He expressed his dissatisfaction with the "tempo" of change. He opined that the causes for delays and failures were "various." He conceded that "half-hearted measures" were not enough to move the "accumulated inertia." He was, to be sure, not for "sweeping experiments", but what had been neglected had now to be made good "with due deliberate speed" (which is supposed to be a Russian proverb). The conference veterans cheered. *Pravda* underlined the significance of the acclamation: everybody shared the leader's self-critical concerns. As one enthusiastic veteran who was wearing all his medals and honours (going back to the Civil War) remarked, "It was good to see our problems being tackled in true Bolshevik style. . . ."

IT ALL DEPENDS, to be sure, what you mean by "Bolshevism." I have just returned from a crowded press conference for the corps of foreign correspondents, and these are rare things in Moscow. The State Planning chief was there (Baybakov), and with him the Justice Minister (Teribilov) and the deputy chairman of the Trade Unions. They did not have an easy time of it, and in fact talked so much and so long that the reform cues with which they began were long forgotten.

What of the Novosibirsk document? Baybakov answered at embarrassing length. He had not heard of it; if it existed he would know about it; if it claimed that "we were stagnating", then it was simply wrong!

What of the new penal regulations for factory discipline? Here again, nothing was very clear except that the old carrot-and-stick policy was being dressed up with a thin, scrawny vegetable and a big familiarly awesome truncheon. Could it really be that the Soviet Workers State was contemplating cancelling one day's holiday for every missing workday? that a three-hour absence would count for a full day? that drunkenness on the job would be punished by dismissal? that "disruption" at the assembly-line would cost a third of a monthly salary, etc., etc.? One reporter asked the Justice Minister whether he knew of any other country that had such regulations, such extremes of premiums offered and penalties handed down, in order to "maintain production" and even to "reform" the industrial process? Embarrassment reigned. They would try to keep in line with international practice in such matters.



The Times (London)

For the rest, there was only the boredom of hearing high Soviet functionaries expound on little advantages of a small sector of a "Market Economy", as if they had only just heard of Adam Smith. In the main, the Planned Economy was all in good shape and only in need, here and there, of some "improvements." The best interpretation one can put on the whole development is that there may be some grand debate going on in the Kremlin, and whether the new Andropov régime has any clear, coherent, courageous plan for the future is at the very least an open question.

THERE ARE SOME observers (and participants) here who nevertheless expect, or hope, that he will face up to the crises in industry and agriculture—after all, who knows more intimately the real nature of his country's troubles?—and translate painful insights into new directions; they are leaving him time to deal first with certain problems of personnel. He must first strengthen the "Andropov faction" in all leading circles of power. He already has his "Benjamin" in the Politburo with Mikhail Gorbatchov, who came through the disasters of four bad harvests almost unscathed and now in his speeches has touched upon a few sensitive points in a somewhat unorthodox way.

After all, there are no secrets in the matter of what ails the unhappy Soviet economy—both Brezhnev and Andropov would appear to have been clear about it in the past times of troubles. They know the ailments and have called them by name—low growth-rates, tiny increases in productivity, wasteful investments, immense material losses through accident and negligence, careless use of energy, widespread corruption, and a cancerous black market which grows wherever basic goods are short. Andropov made his first move accordingly—a campaign for "better discipline" at the factory workplaces where the atmosphere is known to be lamentable. Certain organisations (including the courts and the police) will have to be "cleaned up." Bribery and thievery, "undermining the very principles of the people's own property", will be combated—even up to, as Andropov pointedly said, the office of Minister.

But this is more a policy of "containment" than of reform. Its results will necessarily be very uncertain indeed, so long as the ideological talk is not accompanied by a series of measures which, with the help of material incentives, will inspire the average worker to more concentrated productivity at his disheartening workplace. Monetary rewards, as they know from experience, will hardly work when there is so little that is decent and useful that one could purchase with the extra roubles in the city shops. There is a lot one can say in the way of threats and sanctions, but little available in the way of popular attractions. Who wants to be (or even dares to be) "independent-minded", full of individual initiative and social decisiveness? It sounds very suspicious. Who will make the first move towards fostering private agricultural production which, even in its present minimal restricted form, has done so much to feed the Soviet peoples? Nameless experts prepare paper plans; they are known to exist. But the best of intentions and resolutions run into the blockade of the bureaucracy as a whole; *apparatchiks* remain very jealous of their rights,

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powers, jurisdictions. Functionaries endowed with some vision do not like to take any real risks—they know too well how soon a reform, with its "changes" or "repairs", reaches the sacred limits of the system and its ideology, so eternally desperate to remain unchallenged, unembarrassed, unalterable.

COMRADE ANDROPOV'S DILEMMAS are sharply pointed up with the leaking by "informed sources" here in Moscow of the so-called secret Novosibirsk document. There was no disguising the fact that the reaction to his "reform talk", both in the USSR and in foreign circles, was that it was limited, timid, and vague. Whatever official announcements were made of his proposed changes indicated that, at most, they were "less than half-measures." The disclosure of the confidential Economics memorandum prepared by the Research Institute of Novosibirsk, evidently at the new President's bidding, is no less something of a half-measure. The foreign correspondents all report it; but of what earthly value is goodwill abroad when not a mention of it is made within the USSR? It will doubtless come back to Soviet audiences via the BBC, the Voice of America, the *Deutsche Welle*, Radio Liberty, etc. Perhaps it will appear more credible then to Russian sceptics.

The Novosibirsk report, a document of some 30 pages, reads as if it comes from a Siberia long-known as the home of intellectual exiles and banned thoughts. I cannot help feeling, as I read it, that in places it must sound for an orthodox Communist like an invitation to dangerous heresies. Nothing in it is, to be sure, inconsistent with the contemporary power structures of the Soviet régime. But on what a slippery slope these new Siberian revisionists may be finding themselves!

What they are after, in the main, is a modernisation. Just as the Chinese are struggling, if fitfully, to shake loose from the theory and practice of Maoism, the Novosibirsk experts argue for "de-Stalinisation" of Soviet economic life. Without mentioning the Great Leader's name, they state that the "antiquated nature of our industrial system" was established "approximately fifty years ago." The system was continually "expanded . . . renovated . . . perfected"; but a "qualitative change" had never taken place. Note the safe Marxist phraseology: quantity needs to change into quality. Yet if nobody talks of a "fundamental" change, what the recommendations of Novosibirsk amount to is still substantial:

> "To solve the problem we need a basic restructuring of the state economic management system, involving the abolition of administrative methods marked by a high degree of centralised economic decision-making. . . ."

The "secret paper" goes on to warn against the illusion that one can have economic growth and stability as well. Change is the order of the day. The Soviet work force can no longer be "a cog in a machine" of the old system. The worker has become more educated and has higher individual expectations, including leisure to devote to "his family" and to his "personal interests" (at which phrases the late ideological chief, Suslov, must have turned in his grave). He is fully aware that the official thesis of a non-existent unemployment in the USSR only covers up widespread and disastrous over-manning. He is prepared to work more efficiently in a less centralised economy, which might offer some opportunities for buying and selling in a private market, material incentives, and a greater freedom to move about in the country. He can recall that

> ". . . towards the end of the 1930s disciplinary measures were introduced which amounted practically to a form of martial law. Workers risked arrest and trial for being late or absent. Prison sentences were inflicted for even the most minor case of pilfering of socialist property."

Among the changes noted is a greater sense of "justice" and legal rights. Such "subjective factors", as Marxists like to say, need to become "objective"—and this means the dismantling of the many "brake mechanisms" which prevent the Soviet economy from expanding properly, efficiently, rewardingly. It is no news in Novosibirsk that everywhere "initiative" is called for but administrative restrictions prevent it; while the "space for anti-social activities" (the great Soviet black market is meant) remains extensive and uncontrolled.

IT IS, MAKE NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT, a Party document, loyal to the top leadership; it cautiously and safely reassures the élite readership ("for internal use only") that "the Party has long since recognised the urgent necessity of restructuring state management. . . ." Perhaps the Party has only to fire a few managers—or could it be more serious than that? "It was", the report suggests (vaguely, darkly), "as if there were a secret resistance. . . ." Even the anti-Stalinists in Siberia tend to think in Stalinoid terms of "treasonable errors." But here errors are being pinpointed which do have widespread ideological, social, and even intellectual ramifications.

> "The ideological obstacle consists of the predominance of a simplistic concept, and it can be found in the latest

SON OF THE REVOLUTION
LIANG HENG & JUDITH SHAPIRO
A Chinese Autobiography

'Richly documents the lives of those to whom the book is dedicated: ordinary Chinese people' *New Society*

'A terrifying tale . . . so vividly written it almost makes you feel you were there' *Mail on Sunday*

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> edition of the Soviet philosophical encyclopaedia. One can read there that there are no groups in socialist society which could be interested in the maintenance of an inadequate system of industrial organisation, and therefore social evolution cannot involve social conflicts. . . ."

The Novosibirsk document dissents from this thesis, insists that changes towards the promised improvements of industrial life are always more difficult to fulfil than expected,

> "because the existing system has to be changed by groups which have rather high positions in the system and consequently have their special interests. . . . A radical change in economic management touches directly the interests of these groups."

If this sounds like a dire warning of a possible purge in the managerial classes of the Soviet Union, the report hastens to promise that for some it will even mean a personal improvement as well. Nevertheless, "conflicts will be inevitable." If the widespread *malaise* in Soviet economic life is to be combated—"for decades the worker's maxim has been, 'What's this to me?' . . ."—then a reformation will have to be seen to be carried out: in order to get to the roots of "low labour discipline, indifference, deficient quality, social laziness, consumerist complexes, ethical shortcomings. . . ."

None of this, to be sure, comes any way near in originality, realism, and relevance to the discussions which heretical and critical spirits in the past launched about privileged classes and mass poverty under Soviet socialism: Milovan Djilas in the 1950s, Leon Trotsky in the 1930s, Anton Ciliga (and even Bertrand Russell) in the 1920s. But at least a few rays of northern light are coming out of Siberia when the Novosibirsk brains-trust makes an effort to formulate in large terms (without ever leaving the Marxist-Leninist framework) what is wrong:

> "We therefore believe that the major source of social tension in our economy is not only the missing harmony but also the real contradictions in interest between vertically dependent groups; workers and group leaders, group leaders and managers, managers and Ministers. The centralised system of rules and norms which has for decades ruled the economy has become unbelievably compromised and antiquated. . . . The path ahead in the proper direction is full of traps and ambushes; a detour may well appear to be the most attractive route but in the end it will only create a worker to whom socialist values are alien. . . ."

All true, too true. But as the new head of the *KGB* has already learned, it is not easy to launch a programme of "cleaning out." Vitaly Fedorchuk is now in power; and an old crony of Chairman Brezhnev, Nikolai Sholokov, has been removed from his post at the head of the Soviet police forces. According to an article in *Pravda* (10 August), some sections of the police were being "cleansed of people who landed up there with immature ideological and moral attitudes. . . ."

So far, so good. But how to go one step further and, say, break the notoriously corrupt ties between police chiefs and party bosses at the local level? Will political supervisors be introduced, responsible directly to Moscow? (Here we go again on the centralising whirligig.) Fedorchuk in his *Pravda* article acknowledged that the fight against embezzlement, speculation, and bribery was still being "poorly conducted." (When it becomes *well* conducted, will this really constitute a happy relaxation of the police state?) The promise is that the new police drive will concentrate only on crime and corruption in the agriculture and food sectors, the construction and transport industries, trade departments, and light industry. Will this cause the scholars of Novosibirsk to breathe easier or harder? Is this the shape to come of the new "vertical" class struggle? It may be refreshing to have acknowledgment at long last of the Soviet recognition of "unemployment"; but hard truths hurt. Fedorchuk conceded that one crime in five was committed by a person without a job. This was "parasitism", and also to be combated; and parasitism comes from alcoholism, with drunkenness being officially blamed for nearly half of all the crimes in the Soviet Union. Vodka, although well known in Siberia, was not mentioned by the theoreticians of Novosibirsk.

UNLIKE POLAND, there is in the Soviet Union no pressure from below. Workers and farmers always show themselves to be patiently satisfied with little; for the living standard in Russian perspective (and especially against the background of the Stalin and Khrushchev eras) is felt to be improved. Grumbling may be widespread, but "industrial action" or strikes are rare and easily brought under control. An opposition of the discontented would, in this continent-wide network of ubiquitous "security organs", be very difficult to organise.

In contrast to the early burst of economic activity, the later Brezhnev years were characterised by a clear stagnation uninterrupted by any sign of new event-making decisions. The first period of the Andropov era has, behind the sound and fury of foreign-policy activity, indicated some signs of a general approach. Soviet economic experts have obviously been encouraged to look a little beyond the food on the Russian table, and to peer a little into the experiences (and even "experiments") of other—Socialist—economies. Above all, this involves the fairly efficient industrial combinations in the East German *DDR* and the working agrarian arrangements in Kadar's Hungary. Even Chinese ways of doing things, including the so-called "Brigade contract" which seems to offer both the individual and the collectivity more and better results, are suddenly being studied attentively. In the Caucasus, in Central Asia, and in the "little models" of the Baltic states, there are the very modest beginnings of a tentative approach to something more like a bigger "market economy" involving state farms and collectives.

This is hardly enough to be called a reform programme. What is still missing is a whole host of decisions involving the most basic problems: the autonomy of factories; a realistic method of cost accounting; flexible relations between wages and productivity; the sensible calculation of prices; quality control of all goods actually produced. Here the good old "Soviet model" will surely prevail—until Andropov clearly indicates that he holds it to be capable of reform. It could be that, like Brezhnev, he will content himself with the minimal achievement of fulfilling minimal needs with a modest minimum. Soviet statistics do not reveal much, but what is recorded for the year 1982 may well prove to be a "warning signal." They always took pains to reveal that behind the real per capita income of the population there was a respectable figure for rate of growth; this time there was only the statistic of a plus amounting to 0.1%—to all intents and purposes "zero growth." The men of the Kremlin, true believers in a Marxist

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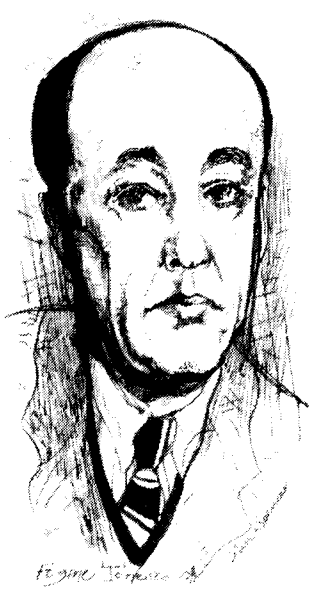
doctrine down to the last phrase and formula of the founding fathers, made a revolution against the capitalist system in order "to free the means-of-production from its historic fetters." Now in its seventh decade, the new Socialist system, emancipated from "bourgeois contradictions" and "capitalist greed", has succeeded in reducing the progress of "unfettered" production to almost absolute zero.

Jottings

By Eugène Ionesco

I Hated Sundays . . .

Paris



WHEN MY FATHER deemed that I had learned my lessons and finished my homework, he used to set me free on Sunday afternoon. Often he would even allow me out of the house, provided that I went to watch a football match, instead of leaving me alone with my nose in the Dostoevsky I was reading. Sunday was spoiled. And I could not go anywhere else, because there was nowhere to go. Afterwards I had to announce the result of the match. There was hardly any radio then, and the newspaper reports did not appear till Monday. Moreover, it was a long way, and I couldn't stand walking. In the end I would reach some dusty sports field and look at feet, all sorts of feet. Already there were people about who were fond of feet, and still are, feet kicking a special rubber ball. But there was less sport then than there is today. Nowadays there is nothing but sport, all sorts of sport. On Saturdays and Sundays, TV and radio are stuffed with match reports and commentaries: first live, then instant-replayed and re-replayed all afternoon, and then at night. The sight and sound of it all makes me feel sick: it reminds me of my childhood, when I had to tear myself painfully away from my books in order to watch those imbecilic, stultifying games.

I have said before that politics and sport were the new opium of the people. Instead of scurrying off somewhere, because I can now do pretty much as I please with my leisure time, I can pick up a book. I praise the gods for having made me allergic to these frightful performances. "*Mens sana in corpore sano*" our sports teacher used to tell us, having picked up the expression from the Latin master; but in those days we used to do only an hour or two of gym a week, and no one complained or suffered from it, or seemed any less healthy than people are today. We know what sport stands for, and the people who back it: superman machines; political or national propaganda; money; the will to power; and a kind of war continued on a different level with the aim of encouraging the aggressiveness of future killers. Man needs culture just as much as bread. He needs contemplation—and for contemplation he is given feet and rubber balls.

The word contemplation itself has become obsolete: I no longer see it used in newspapers and magazines, not even the cultural ones. Nor do I like the word *culturel*—I prefer to say literary, musical, artistic. The word *culturel* has already been taken over by politics, and although literature could get us there, how are literature and knowledge going to attract the wretched worker who puts in a 39-hour week and has two days off each week, and four weeks' holiday in summer, not counting days on strike? He has to be given some kind of preoccupation, and if he was allowed to read, if there were more mobile libraries, if concerts were organised in public places, would they not be rather less stultifying than sport? Even if he was just left in solitude, it would be preferable: time for meditation.

THE POLITICAL PARTIES don't want to leave people the time to learn, or to reflect. Surround them with sport, the images of fists landing on faces, grunting wrestlers; and if there's any spare time after that, it is propaganda they have to be crammed with, and not Beethoven.

Obviously there are the unemployed, the unfortunate, far too many poor people; a great deal of crime and theft; many people who earn too much while others earn nothing. But when they give Platini two thousand million lire, about ten million francs or nine hundred thousand English pounds or a million and half dollars, to go and play for another football club, then no good soul protests, and no newspaper either of the Left or the Right points out that with two thousand million lire, so many families could be saved from hunger and distress. And those two thousand million lire earned by Platini's toes, or other players' feet, make further millions or thousands of millions for the organisers. When you put on a play which has no politics, or whose politics do not suit some partisans, the artists are accused of "not working for the people." Yet there is one good thing about sport: it shows that people need the superfluous and the useless. Except that my own kind of superfluity is art, which is not superfluous at all, for it is liberty.

A FEW YEARS AGO an international conference on The Theatre was held in India, and speakers were standing up to reproach playwrights for not putting politics and propaganda into their work. One speaker finally had the sense to get up on his feet and say: "It isn't plays that poor people need, but bread, especially in a starving country. . . ." The rest of the guests were scandalised. No bread for the hungry, only partisan politics.

And I come back to Platini's two thousand million lire, which help to narcotise the people with the general approval of Left and Right alike. I find myself thinking that Platini should use those valuable feet to kick his own backside and wake himself up, and wake up everyone else.

We might also talk about false music, false art, and the mediocrity of "show business", which takes over from the footballers and cyclists and tennis players and jockeys at night, and prolongs the mindless idiocy which is fed to the public.

Do you think that if savings are made in the hard times soon

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to come, they might take away even one half of the largesse which goes to the people whose feet kick rubber balls, or to those who sing the musical garbage dumped on to the electronic waves?

Tour de France

Paris

So Saint Fignon is canonised at last. Some of his colleagues who managed to dislocate an arm or graze a knee are already beatified.

Not yet the young martyrs of Afghanistan, Iran, and Iraq. Tens of thousands of American soldiers machine-gunned in the saving of France, this thankless country, are still waiting for such recognition. It has exceeded the capabilities of their grateful allies: the French and Italian peoples have already forgotten them (and not only forgotten them, but abominate their descendants). The Poles of Katyn: who cares? And many others are equally forgotten. But behold the young Fignon at Communion; now there's a future Saint. His mother wanted him to be a doctor, but he chose to sit his backside on a bike.

I have often said, but not said often enough, how much the sight of sports repels me. Speaking in America, I once remarked that workers should spend two minutes once or twice a day asking themselves what they are made of, and where and to whom they are going. An idiot Frenchman, dispatched by our government to teach Marxism in a California University about three or four years previously, stood up and answered: "I think you're living in Cloud-cuckoo land. A worker who spends twenty-four hours out of twenty-four on the assembly line hasn't got time to reflect on these mysteries, or to contemplate the world, not even for one second. . . ." A frantic American woman who had been involved in the Paris events in 1968 came right up to the platform and called out: "*What about bread?*" She wanted to make a meal of me, thinking that I was *du pain,* I suppose. But it was not even bread that she wanted, and the offering of my small self would be too insignificant to relieve the world's hardships. What she wanted was something to put on the bread—something political, or propagandistic, nothing that would really feed anyone. What she wanted was ideology. She did not truly feel sorry for the poor. But it was easy to tell the French professor, the anti-cuckoo, that workers only work an eight-hour day, and only had a five-day week, with a month's vacation, and strike-pay. Furthermore it was easy to tell him that the bourgeois, the businessman, spends something close to twenty-four hours out of twenty-four thinking about his business, because even in his sleep his mind is on his wallet and his business deals, whereas the worker can think about quite other things. He can well ask himself: "What am I doing here? Why are there so many inequalities among people? Why do we not love, instead of hating one another in the beautiful world? . . ." Yes, the worker can do that during his daily breaks. And on Saturday and Sunday he can go to church if he wants to and think about the existence or the non-existence of Almighty God. He can also watch television (and that is what he actually does) to see the degrading images of *les films à révolver*. He can see how two boxers flatten each other's ears and noses; he can get a vivid idea how motorists crash their vehicles, and so on, not counting so many other programmes, real or fictional. Not counting the murders, the twisted bodies, which give him bitter entertainment, but still pleasure and even encouragement.

No, he has no time for contemplation, not even a minute, but he has endless hours a week to taste the bloody pleasure of the refined horrors of our great and eminent entertainers. He can also learn foul lies and what is nowadays called disinformation. A recent film, produced by one obnoxious Englishman, tells "the true story of a woman who spent the war in a concentration camp." This woman describes in her book how in the end the prisoners were liberated by the British; but the British film-maker isn't having *that,* and he has the prisoners being rescued by Russians. Go tell the Anglo-Americans that the Russians who liberated prisoners "liberated' them into Russian jails: they know, and yet they do not know, for they do not want to know. Information is disinformation.

But I am straying from what I wanted to say, which is this: I have nothing against gymnastics or physical education when they are not excessive, when they do not deform bodies, do not cover them with muscles that change the athletes' appearance into that of gorillas, or monsters. I also want to say the following, and then have done. All those *tours* of here-or-there, all those cycling races that people can watch from their armchairs, might give the viewers and the town planners an idea. In just one place in the world that I know, at Davis University in California, there are no cars, only bicycles. The teachers and the students use them to go to class and then to go home. Cars do not run in the streets of the little town. During or not long after the War, I visited Berne, in Switzerland, and there were only bicycles there: it was as if the car had never been invented. The late Queen of the Netherlands never used anything but a bicycle to get about; and in those towns there was no noise and no pollution.

That is what those awful races might be good for. (All through July I keep my TV-set switched off, so as not to see all those young men treading away on their two wheels.) They could act as publicity for the bicycle, which would not only be genuinely useful for physical education, but would get rid of some environmental dangers. It would be useful and necessary, but what would become of the millions of cars which make such a profit for the world's motor-manufacturers?

Perhaps the cars could be kept for use as dust-carts.

Forty Days

Forty days of penance. Forty days.
Forty nights without dreams. Without sex.
Forty days a man withdraws into himself
and feels the ground crumbling beneath his feet.
The undercurrents of the sea flow to him
like waves of awakening
after a summer hibernation.
The flesh slashed for forty days. The soul
slashed in the flesh. Words put away
for forty days, words silenced,
and letters before burning—and suddenly light
and suddenly Jerusalem and dew
fresh on the tops of the pines

David Rokeah

translated from the Hebrew by Ruth & Matthew Mead

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A Special Book Section

History

Recording Colossus

On Winston Churchill—By PAUL JOHNSON

BIOGRAPHY IS ALMOST AS OLD as the writing of history: you might even call Herodotus a series of potted biographies. Yet the number of authentic biographical masterpieces remains surprisingly small, and they are often of minor figures. It is a curious fact that the greatest men, or rather those who in their day bestrode the world like a colossus, rarely provoke a wholly satisfying biography. There are, for instance, innumerable lives of Napoleon, but none quite captures the man so that one can honestly say "Yes, I know him now." Writers tend to face insuperable inhibitions about world figures, because their images of them are formed very early and cannot be entirely effaced by study of the facts. Obviously it is going to be a very long time before someone writes an objective and truthful life of Hitler, or even Stalin. There are already hundreds of lives of Gandhi; will we ever get a sensible one?

Some great men defy biography because the unique strength of their personality, the key to their fame, eludes print. Lloyd George, whose mesmeric powers could reduce even Churchill to abject servitude, continues to baffle his many biographers; the best life of him remains the slim and unambitious volume written by his friend Tom Jones. The problem with Lloyd George is compounded by the comparative lack of personal papers and the deadness of his written style as opposed to his living voice. A still more striking case is Aneurin Bevan, who seems to have left virtually no papers at all, and whose personal power and charm is equally evanescent, so that in a few decades nobody will be able to understand how he became so important.

In the case of Winston Churchill there can be no such mystery. There was never anything ambiguous about his personality. His merits were instantly recognisable and easily described; his weaknesses likewise. He lived his whole life on the stage and gave everything he possessed to the performance. His private life was intense but equally wholehearted and transparent. There were no hidden corners. In fact he revealed everything about himself in his own written words, set down in flaming characters and with unambiguous clarity. Whether writing to his wife in the tenderest terms or settling the destiny of Europe, there is never the slightest doubt what Churchill thought and felt at any one time, and it is all on the record.

One thing no biographer of Churchill will ever lack is first-hand material. The Randolph Churchill-Martin Gilbert official life already runs to six main volumes and thirteen volumes of documents. There is absolutely no fat on any of them. It is meaty stuff throughout, and there is scarcely a page even in the supplementary volumes which does not shed some vivid light on the man.

The problem lies, rather, in the quantity. Churchill and his family were always conscious of the value of personal documents and of all unpublished historical material. Throughout his life he continued to amass an immense personal archive. He kept everything. He was an extrovert; but also self-obsessed to an unusual degree. There was a profound truth in Arthur Balfour's famous remark when the first volume of Churchill's history of the Great War appeared in 1923: "Winston has written an enormous book about himself and called it *The World Crisis*." From an early age Churchill saw himself as taking part in a stupendous political drama, a *Niebelungenlied* for which his father's life had served as tragic prelude. As each new act approached he seized on the script like an actor and eagerly counted his lines. Preserving material about himself was one of the ways in which he got reassurance that the whole play was real.

Distilling such an archive, and combining it with the rising flood of unpublished material from other sources, public and private, is really the work of a lifetime. Professional biographers cannot conduct raids on Churchill territory and emerge with the whole man. For the problem is not just one of voluminous sources but of an intrinsic richness of incident. Churchill lived a very long and active life, nearly always in the thick of great events; even when briefly off the political stage he was always engaged in some energetic and interesting activity. Books have been written about Churchill as a historian and an artist. Another volume could be filled with his work as a journalist. I would be fascinated to read a detailed study of his personal finances, on the lines, say, of Doris Langley Moore's brilliant *Lord Byron: Accounts Rendered*. Equally intriguing would be a volume analysing the appeal very rich (and hospitable) men exercised on Churchill. Why, for instance, did he spend so much time between the wars as the guest of the unlovable "Bendor", Duke of Westminster, just as, in his twilight, he shared the Riviera lifestyle of the gruesome Aristotle Onassis?

There are many other special aspects worth dealing with, quite apart from the number and magnitude of the central episodes of his life—the young adventurer, the parliamentarian on the make, the Liberal statesman, the war-lord, the coalition lieutenant, the Tory chancellor, the voice in the wilderness, the crusader against Hitler, the rejected hero, the golden sunset of power. The quantity of essential material, which cannot be excluded from even the most summary account, is prodigious. The entry on Churchill in the *Dictionary of National Biography* fails, I think, for this reason. An illuminating article could be written, in a learned historical

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journal, just on the subject of Churchill's obituary in *The Times*, first begun, I suppose, in 1905; possibly even earlier, for his escape from the Boers made him world-famous. Thereafter it acquired many archaeological layers of accretion, by a score or more hands, some famous. Many times it was rewritten and in the 1950s a heroic effort to put it into shape was made by that gifted journalist Henry Fairlie; but Churchill lived on, and yet more layers were added before it finally appeared.

WILL CHURCHILL EVER BE PINNED DOWN successfully in a single volume? I doubt it, for it is precisely the details which bring him alive and make him lovable, as in Boswell's life of Johnson, which is half a million words and could never have succeeded as an epitome. Two masterpieces have already been written about Churchill: Lady Violet Bonham Carter's *Winston Churchill as I Knew Him* (1965) and Lord Moran's *Winston Churchill: The Struggle for Survival* (1966). But both have a narrow angle of vision and cover a limited period. Lady Violet's recaptures, with the total recall she possessed, her own relationship with a paladin of her father's Cabinet during Churchill's ministerial apprenticeship; Moran deals with Churchill as an elderly man and largely in a medical capacity. Neither book would have worked so well, or perhaps at all, had it sought to be more comprehensive.

Ambitious writers have of course tried to master Churchill, the biographical Everest, and will continue to do so "because it's there", as mountaineers say. The trouble is that they recognise the material is too great for a single volume and therefore fall into the trap of a two-part work which proves difficult to justify in terms of publishing economics. I recall reviewing, more than a dozen years ago, the first hefty volume of a two-part study of Churchill, the second of which has never appeared. Here are two more attempts on a roughly similar scale, both perhaps ill-advised. William Manchester wrote a biography of General MacArthur which many found impressive, though it is unlikely to be definitive. But I fear that his *The Last Lion*[1] will not do.

It is by no means without merits: the section dealing with Churchill's spell in the trenches, after his fall from office in 1915, is well done. But Manchester is ill at ease with the primary source material and even with the secondary literature. English readers will be amazed that on the vexed and important question of Lord Randolph Churchill's syphilis, Manchester prefers the evidence of that lying old rogue, Frank Harris, to that of Churchill's own cousin, Shane Leslie, who had access to family secrets and whose version is, in any case, far more plausible. Again, Manchester does not seem to have understood the importance of Roy Foster's recent study of Lord Randolph and in particular the way in which Churchill created his father's myth. The book is marred by many errors and misunderstandings, which suggest that the author simply does not possess the background knowledge of British life and politics required for his task.

Ted Morgan's *Churchill 1874–1915*[2] is more successful, partly because he attempts to cover a much shorter span, ending it in 1915, a natural break, rather than Manchester's mysterious terminus in 1932. He is also much more tenacious in pursuing detail, essential if a non-official Churchill biographer wishes to make any impact. Morgan is the author of the best book on Somerset Maugham, a work short on literary elegance but superabundant in gritty fact. His Churchill volume has some of the same merits. Morgan has worked on unpublished archival material and he is well read in the published primary and secondary sources. He usually gets the background right and he certainly does not make embarrassing mistakes like Manchester. He has the advantage that the period of Churchill's life he covers runs almost parallel, in the official life, to the first two volumes, written by Randolph S. Churchill, which are much inferior as works of history to the subsequent four. So it could be argued that Morgan's book is the best one-volume guide so far available to the first part of Churchill's life and career. It is, moreover, often fresh and vivid, and it has the merit of treating Churchill as a human being rather than a phenomenon.

ALL THE SAME, THERE IS REALLY no competition for the official biography, nor is there likely to be until some time after its completion. With Churchill there can be no substitute for detail. Great and complex men who changed their perspective several times during long public careers require multi-volume biographies. (Moneypenny and Buckle on Disraeli, for instance, are six hefty volumes, but there are few pages we would willingly sacrifice, particularly of the earlier volumes by Moneypenny: the work will always keep its value even though Robert Blake has produced a masterly modern summation, itself of 800 pages.) There are some who are overwhelmed by the scale of the Randolph Churchill-Martin Gilbert colossus, which already occupies three feet nine inches of shelf-space, and which will require, I imagine, three more full volumes and perhaps eight or nine volumes of documents for completion. But it was right to conceive the work on this scale and, once begun, surely essential to bring it to completion. Future historians will cherish the memory of those who provided the financial means and the dogged faith to carry through this noble enterprise.

They will also surely recognise that, in Martin Gilbert, the Churchill trustees found the ideal man for the task. First and foremost, someone tackling the biography of a giant like Churchill requires immense industry and enthusiasm, and Gilbert possesses both in abundance. I do not know how he contrives to produce so much finished work of such high quality. Then too, he is a historian of enviable gifts. He has mastered not just the Churchill archive but all the relevant state papers for the period, many private collections, a huge and growing secondary literature and, not least, much verbal evidence culled from the large though fast-diminishing band of those who knew Churchill and served him. Churchill did not keep a diary and in a sense did not need to, since his own letters and papers and the mass of other evidence allow Gilbert to plot his daily movements and activities fully. But, even granted the space at Gilbert's disposal, sorting out this great quantity of material, dovetailing it, and presenting it in a form which allows a fast-moving narrative to give the tale dynamism, and so readability, requires skills and virtues of a high order, including the virtue of modesty. There is no place for a writer's ego in a book on Churchill, who had more than enough of his own. Gilbert's self-effacement is complete. But though the story appears to tell itself, behind the scene, as it were, there is a miracle of craftsmanship.

And what story does it tell? It is not yet complete, but one salient conclusion has already emerged, especially in the most

[1] *The Last Lion, Winston Spencer Churchill: Visions of Glory 1874–1932*. By WILLIAM MANCHESTER. Michael Joseph, £14.95.

[2] *Churchill 1874–1915*. By TED MORGAN. Jonathan Cape, £12.50.

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recent volume, *Finest Hour*,[3] which describes the climax of Churchill's public service: the events leading to the acquisition of supreme power in 1940 and the conduct of the War until Britain was joined by the United States at the end of 1941. No one who has read Gilbert's account of Churchill's impact on Britain's fortunes in the early summer of 1940 can be left in any doubt that great individuals do determine events and even to some extent control the tides of history, at least for brief periods.

While I was working on my recent book, *A History of the Modern World, 1917 to the 1980s*, I was struck, time and again, by the falseness of the determinist theories of history and by the manner in which collective forces, however powerful, are periodically diverted or even repulsed by a single, transcendent personality. Without Lenin, the whole history of the modern world would have been quite different. Without Hitler, the national catastrophe of Germany, 1933–45, would have been inconceivable. Lenin created the framework for the grotesque Stalinist tyranny, but without Stalin it could not have taken place. Hitler and Stalin between them dominated world events for twenty years; yet neither spoke for a *Zeitgeist* or represented great collectivities or even powerful élites. Both were essentially solitary and unadvised. They turned history on its hinges by their own skills, energy and, above all, will-power, and in doing so made nonsense of Marx and suggested that it was Nietzsche who got it right.

With democracies under the rule of law it is much less easy for personalities to determine events but even here there are many important instances. Adenauer enabled Germany to achieve democratic stability just as surely as Bismarck prevented it from developing. Even more startling was the way in which General de Gaulle, another solitary, was able in the years after 1958 to achieve a historic turnabout in the fortunes of France, not least by imposing on her an ingenious constitution which he wrote himself.

BRITAIN IS MORE RESISTANT TO PERSONALITIES than most democracies because, from the second half of the 19th century onwards, and increasingly during the 20th century, power has been very widely distributed, among classes, categories, and corporations of every kind. The personal impact of a man like Joseph Chamberlain, so crucial in 1886 and again in 1904–6, became much more difficult to duplicate. One of the last instances was the Lloyd George coalition, an amalgam of vivid, even violent, personalities, like Churchill and Birkenhead, dominated by Lloyd George himself. When he fell in 1922 one of the objects of those who overthrew him—Baldwin more or less said so openly—was to rid Britain of dangerous great men and settle down to a quiet life under proven mediocrities. In the 1920s and 1930s Britain did in fact pursue this curiously headless existence, drifting not discontentedly on the historical tides—one reason why Churchill was able to make so little impression during those years.

All this changed in Spring 1940, when an opening for greatness abruptly appeared, rather as, in a crowded horse-race, a gap suddenly yawns and one daring rider surges through it to the winning post. An element of luck helped to put Churchill in power in 1940, but once there he knew exactly how to exploit it. For many years he had reflected deeply on the Dardanelles, the tragic culmination of his earlier career, and the lesson he drew from it was that daring enterprises could not

[3] *Finest Hour: Winston S. Churchill 1939–41*. By MARTIN GILBERT. Heinemann, £15.95.

The Soul of Modern Economic Man

Ideas of Self-Interest
Thomas Hobbes to Adam Smith
by Milton L Myers

In *The Soul of Modern Man*, Myers offers the first detailed account of the debate over the legitimacy of self-interest that had raged among the English literati from the time of Hobbes. Myers contends that the doctrine of free markets could not have been seriously considered if earlier writers had not lessened the social and religious stigma attached to self-interest. Country clergymen, poets, university dons, bishops and politicians—all are represented in this book. Smith, at last, brilliantly translated the old argument into economic principles and this study of Smith's philosophical antecedents allows a more complex and informed understanding of *The Wealth of Nations*. October 1983, £14 00

The Politics of Interpretation

W J T Mitchell, editor

Mitchell introduces a collection of seventeen essays (originally published in *Critical Inquiry*) which explore the proposition that criticism and interpretation have a deep and complex relation with politics —that the arts of explanation and understanding are inseparable from the structures of power and social value that organize human life. October 1983, £20 00 (paper, £8 00)

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be conducted by those in subordinate places, or indeed by those in the highest place who did not also possess supreme power. Thus he determined to concentrate in his own person the portfolios both of Prime Minister and of Minister of Defence, the latter to include direct access to the individual chiefs of staff. In the agony of the moment, he was given these unprecedented responsibilities, something Lloyd George at his apogee never had. With this weight of constitutional authority, he was able to imprint on the armed services and the British people his own conviction that the War was not lost and would, given time, be won. There was thus no collapse of British morale in 1940; rather a recovery of morale, sufficient to deter Hitler from the hazards of an opposed landing. Once Hitler had missed his moment in the summer of 1940 he could no longer win the War in the West. So history unfolded, and without Churchill the story must have been different and infinitely more painful.

Turning over the pages of this official life, one sees that 1940 was the climax of Churchill's life, as he himself—and all of us—recognised at the time. But 1940 and the Second World War as a whole did not constitute the most intense, still less the most felicitous phase of his long career. For this one has to go back to those magic years before 1914, before Europe embarked on its prolonged suicide, the period so vividly described in Lady Violet's book. Churchill was a martial man by necessity but he was a progressive by choice, and before 1914 the idea of progress had not yet been discredited and drenched in blood. Churchill was then still astonishingly young; full of energy and new ideas. It was the Indian summer of Liberalism, but at the time they all thought it a second spring. Churchill was the youngest member of perhaps the most distinguished Cabinet in our history, with old John Morley at his side, recalling memories of Gladstone, and Lloyd George opposite, proclaiming the gospel of the future. It was the best of times for a statesman to be young and in office and Churchill enjoyed every minute of it.

The recollection of that epoch remained pre-eminent with him to the end of his life. In fact a friend of mine told me that, just before Churchill finally left the House of Commons, he had a curious conversation with the old man in the lift. Churchill eyed him narrowly and asked: "What party do you belong to?" My friend said he was a Labour MP. Churchill pondered this for a moment, then replied: "I'm a Liberal. *Always have been.*"

Feelings About Holiness

On Monarchs—By JOHN BOSSY

WHY IS THE MONARCHY HOLY? Or why does it seem to become more holy as other sorts of holiness lose their potency (or are thought to lose their potency by those who are paid to stick up for them)? In 1953 Edward Shils and Michael Young produced a memorable answer in their analysis of the coronation of that year as a classic act of Durkheimian communion in the collective sacred. Much of what they said still rings very true, but the moral consensus they predicated seems more remote than it did to them, and we now have to reckon with violations of the holy more melodramatic than a snide cartoon from David Low.

Suppose a pious Republican or feminist or Muslim were to shoot the Queen. Considered as murder, this would be no nastier than shooting a policewoman in Northern Ireland. But it would be something else too, something like raping children, or putting oil on the pitch in the middle of a Test Match. It would be sacrilege. Like all invasions of the holy it would be a lynching matter, because the source of an objective contagion to all around until the uncleanness was removed. Since the last attempt (Queen Victoria in the 1840s) I should think the likelihood of a lynching had probably increased, whereas it would be difficult to see, for example, anyone making a lynching matter, or indeed a poetic drama, out of anyone shooting Archbishop Runcie on the altar steps of Canterbury Cathedral.

True, we have been celebrating for a long time the failure of a scheme to blow up King James I, his family, lords and commons, in 1605. James certainly thought it sacrilegious, and the annual burning of Guy Fawkes implies that most people now agree with him, since they continue to feel a need to get rid of the contagion in this way. But I doubt if most inhabitants of Great Britain can have agreed with him at the time, or Charles I would hardly have had his head cut off 43 years later. Guy Fawkes' Day was not one of those traditions invented in the 19th century, but it seems to have become more popular, not less. It was not celebrated in the form in which we know it for some time after the event, since its place had been pre-empted by Queen Elizabeth's accession day (18 November), and it probably came too soon after Hallowe'en. Like Carnival, from which it clearly borrowed a good deal, it began life as a church feast, since the Church of England celebrated it liturgically until 1859. By this time it must have become sufficiently embedded in public mores to thrive on its own. Catholics have been celebrating it at least since then, immune to efforts by their intellectuals to prove that the Gunpowder Plot was all got up by the government. It will no doubt survive the propaganda of the anti-fireworks lobby. People, of course, do not necessarily remember that in piling their old sofas into bonfires they are celebrating the sanctity of British monarchy, and Guy Fawkes himself seems to be regarded as some kind of a hero. This seems quite in order, though it may come as a bit of a surprise to tourists to find the equivalent of a blue plaque on his birthplace in York. Originally this was probably something to do with James I being a Scot; now it seems simply a tribute to the seriousness of the occasion. If Guy Fawkes, like Carnival or Thomas Cranmer, were not a large figure there would be no point in burning him.

Cranmer's own burning shows that plenty of Englishmen had come to believe in the sanctity of their monarchy by the 16th century, though they were known on the continent for the lightness of heart with which they got rid of their kings. Methuen's "English Monarchs", who are mostly medieval, have given us a chance to investigate this conundrum with lives of the last officially authenticated holy man in the family, Edward the Confessor (Frank Barlow), of two notorious violators, Henry II (W. L. Warren) and Richard III (Charles Ross), and of Henry VIII, who would like to have been a sort of

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Edward the Confessor but for lack of talent turned out to be a sort of Richard III, by J. J. Scarisbrick, the present editor of the series. Now we have two new ones, even-handedly on the side of the bad (*William Rufus,* by Frank Barlow) and the good (*Henry VI*, by Bertram Wolffe), or, if their authors are to be believed, vice versa.[1]

Rufus was certainly a bad man. His conversation, which was unusually memorable, consisted largely of terms translated by Barlow as "No way!" and "Sod off!", and his favourite oath—"By the holy face of Lucca"—was more a flashing red light indicating exceptional wrath than a sign of piety. Despite his long hair he was, Barlow concludes after some thought, not homosexual but bisexual, as befitted a man of his vigour and enterprise. Barlow rather admires this, and generally takes the king's side in his difficulties with his archbishop of Canterbury, Anselm, which caused Anselm to leave the country. Anselm was certainly holy, as well as an intellectual, and would have liked to increase the holiness of the country by abolishing clerical marriage, though the king did not give him a chance. Unlike his elder brother, Duke Robert of Normandy, Rufus avoided going on a crusade, and could not even be bothered to get married. His household, in which the lights were not lit after dark, gave off a strong odour of sin. Barlow thinks some of this overdone, and produces evidence of fairly conventional monastic foundations, but seems happy enough to concur with the verdict that Rufus was "the most secular of all medieval English kings."

There are other conceptions of holy kingship than the Christian one, but Rufus doesn't seem to fit these either. Margaret Murray tried to use the story of his death out hunting in the New Forest to show that he was a Divine King out of *The Golden Bough*, and had always been, like the witches, a keen believer in the Old Fertility Religion. Though much believed in by single ladies and Gramscian historians, this hardy chestnut does not attract Barlow, whose habit of pursuing at length every topic which arises, otherwise rather exhausting, has here the merit of showing that people were always being killed hunting, and why. William Rufus's coronation was not widely attended, and his chief bequest to the nation was the sturdy but prosaic Westminster Hall. He joins William IV and Edward VII (and, if he were one, the Duke of Edinburgh) in the category of non-sacred monarchs.

A GOOD DEAL OF HOLY WATER had passed under the bridges by the time that Henry VI, with the help of Our Lord's foreskin, was born on St Nicholas's Day (6 December), 1421. Bertram Wolffe's life is a very much crisper effort than Barlow's, a hundred pages shorter, and an excellent read. Unlike Cardinal Gasquet, Wolffe does not think Henry was a saint, but then, as an historian of 15th-century financial administration, he wouldn't, would he? (You might as well expect Professor Elton not to tax a royal saint with vain expense if he should come across him meddling in the Exchequer.) He certainly makes a very strong case. The historians' hagiography was started by Henry VII, who thought a saint in the family would help to legitimise his position, tactfully publicised by Polydore Vergil, and would no doubt

[1] *William Rufus.* By FRANK BARLOW. Methuen, £15.00. *Henry VI.* By BERTRAM WOLFFE. Methuen, paper, £5.95.

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have led to a canonisation some time in the 1530s if Henry VIII had not suddenly found other things on his plate.

Against this, Wolffe's story is that Henry wanted to rule. He began at the age of sixteen and continued for the next sixteen years. He did so very inefficiently indeed. He maintained a large, expensive and excessively favoured household, pursued his magnates and their wives with some venom, failed to pacify their feuds, and made an absolute hash of defending the English possessions in France. This, not because he was above such things, but because he would not trust such reasonably competent and loyal magnates as Richard, Duke of York, and because he kept changing his mind about what to do. He kept changing his mind, too, about his one concrete claim to fame, the foundations of Eton and King's College, Cambridge. Wolffe's ludicrous story about Eton is just precisely a story of nicely calculated less-and-more: three successive plans for the minster, each enlarged when he discovered that there was a church in his dominions bigger than the previous plan, until a final monster so big that only the choir could be built; and each enlargement entailing the demolition of much of the college he had just put up, which was in any case a "college" of royal chantry priests rather than a school.

In the summer of 1453 he went mad. He stared at nothing in particular for the next eighteen months, and when he came round could not remember anything which had happened in the meantime. Wolffe diagnoses "depressive stupor", possibly schizophrenia. It recurred, though probably only transiently, mainly I should think because after his revived persecution of the Duke of York had started the Wars of the Roses in 1455 he never had to govern the country again. He spent most of the rest of his life quietly in monasteries and the Tower, was deposed in 1461, and killed on Edward IV's instructions ten years later, after a counter-coup by his wife.

One of the few obvious difficulties in this very persuasive account is that immediately he was dead the population decided that he actually had been a saint. Pilgrimages were undertaken to his tomb, headaches cured, his sufferings written up. No saint, it seems, was half as popular in England between 1471 and the Reformation as Holy King Henry. The Tudors were riding on a wave of devotion, which probably had a good deal to do with the readiness with which they were accepted. Considering that the 15th-century English were a patriotic nation, and that Henry had certainly led them into a catastrophic and probably unnecessary defeat in France, this is pretty odd. No one ever wanted to canonise Richard II, who on Wolffe's account had had a rather similar history. What can have been behind it?

It can't, obviously, have been feelings about his legitimate blood. He didn't have much, and the English don't seem to have been much bothered about that anyway. A good deal of it was due to his being simple, since simpleness was somewhere near to godliness, and simple kings have usually been more popular than smart ones. Then there was, as Shils and Young remarked of the present monarchy, his extreme powerlessness, after 1453 at any rate, which kept good feelings for him and diverted bad ones on to others. People also felt that he hadn't wanted to be king, and I wonder whether they were not nearer the truth than Wolffe allows. After all, if he had a depressive breakdown of such dimensions in 1453, he must have been pretty depressed for quite a long time already, which might explain the shilly-shallying about Eton and France. The council thought that he would have other breakdowns whenever he

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tried to go back to running the country, and he seems to have been quite happy after that. There could be something, too, in the popular notion of Henry as a Christ-like figure who had laid down his life for the peace of England, or of Christendom. They could see that he had married Margaret of Anjou, which must have been rather a bed of nails for him, in a futile attempt to procure some kind of Christian peace with the French. Not a Divine Victim, then; but still, arguably, some kind of a martyr.

His actual assassin, Richard III, is the subject of a brisk and sensible book by Desmond Seward which will bring pleasure to many by resolutely taking the view that Richard was as nasty as Thomas More and Shakespeare painted him.[2] This is a popular biography, but very helpful on the historical state of the question; Mr Seward seems to know the sources, and adds a useful nugget of his own. This is about a highly interesting prayer inserted into Richard's own Book of Hours, asking desperately and at length for protection from the machinations and slanders of his enemies. It is headed *De Beato Juliano*, and Seward has found out that the crux of the life of St Julian the Hospitaller was that he had murdered his father and mother. His comment that "a parricide was a fitting intercessor for an infanticide, let alone a man who had murdered another saint" seems fair enough; though I think you would need to know more about the language of prayer in the 15th century before you could be quite sure what to make of this one. I wonder about the *de*, which so far as I know refers to a situation being prayed about, rather than a person being prayed to: if so, it might well seem to identify Richard with the holy parricide.

Whether or not it counts as a satisfactory narrative of events, More's immortal *History of Richard III* is certainly a monument to a transition in some feelings about holiness. Via the Divine Right of Kings, George III's madness, Queen Victoria's weeds, and George VI's stammer, this has got us where we are today. You will get a reasonable idea where that is from Michèle Brown's *Ritual of Royalty*, a handy guide book with instructions where to go and how to get invited, which will no doubt be appreciated.[3] She emphasises the continuing invention of new rituals, like jubilees, walkabouts, and the rather remarkable Remembrance Sunday, as well as the continuity of the old. She doesn't mention Guy Fawkes' Day, to which you don't need an invitation, and does not venture into much interpretation. She does however cite a passage between the Queen and Richard Crossman, who had told her he thought he would spend the day of the state opening of Parliament working on his pension scheme. She said that she had to go, and so should he. This points to a gap in Shils and Young's moral-consensus theory. There seems to be something about suffering for the people, which royalty does and presidents don't. Princess Diana can reflect that in her tribulations with the Press she is doing her bit for holiness, which is difficult if you are as pretty as that: cf. Elizabeth Woodville, whom she rather resembles. Perhaps later on she might fancy reviving the canonisation of Henry VI.

Students of the present monarchy, who in progressive academe are no more numerous than when Shils and Young complained about it 30 years ago, will need R. F. Tapsell's noble compilation of monarchs, dynasties, and kingdoms from the Bronze Age to now.[4] As its foreword-writer wittily says, it will actually tell you who and why and which and what was the Akond of Swat. It will also tell you who was the King of the Picts in 793 (Constantine). But why on earth has it got the Presidents of the United States?

[2] *Richard III: England's Black Legend.* By Desmond Seward. Country Life Books, £9.95.

[3] *Ritual of Royalty: The Ceremony and Pageantry of Britain's Monarchy,* By Michèle Brown. Sidgwick & Jackson, £9.95, paper, £5.95. Illustrated.

[4] *Monarchs, Rulers, Dynasties and Kingdoms of the World.* Compiled by R. F. Tapsell. Thames and Hudson, £18.00.

Paradoxical Power

Women's History—By Marina Warner

At the Edinburgh Festival this autumn, the 7:84 Company staged a musical version of Aristophanes' *Ecclesiazusae*, or *The Assemblywomen*, the play in which he exploits the ancient terror of women's rule. The Athenian women, disguised as men, vote themselves into power, and then establish a Utopian republic of sorts, with goods held in common. The text, as written, makes much of women's unleashed lust; once freed from governance by men, the women—hags, harridans and strumpets one and all—set themselves on Athenian manhood with raucous results. In Aristophanes' view, the inversion of natural male precedence would inevitably licence inordinate female appetites and lead to havoc; in this the playwright spoke for many, then and now, who see mastery over the female body as necessary to the orderliness of the state.

But in 1983, in Edinburgh, the first Utopian scenes alone were performed; the later unruliness left out altogether. It is no longer possible to lampoon female lust as grotesquely today, at least before a Festival audience; the drag shows in the pubs do, the seaside postcards still do, perhaps. But the farce of unbridled female desire for the reluctant male has become newly tabooed in many of society's right-thinking sections. This aspect of traditional sexual fear, this long historical acknowledgment of the subordinate sex's paradoxical power, has been outlawed—at the level of things-that-are-spoken-aloud. That is not the same as diluting—let alone dispelling—the fear itself. It can leap into the open again under another shape, and does so, readily, when women act together as a group, giving their first loyalties to one another and not to their menfolk.

The outsider fears that the banded women are directing their sexual energies to evil purpose (Gavin Ewart recently improvised, "Higgledy-piggledy, my red hen/Pecks the cocks off gentlemen,/Sometimes nine and sometimes ten,/Higgledy-

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piggledy, my red hen"). The insiders, the women themselves, concur with their critics to agree, as in Aristophanes's even more pertinent *Lysistrata,* that without control of their own desires, they cannot achieve autonomy. In the contemporary context, this search for a way to be independent has led to much attudinising about homosexuality, erotic as well as gender sisterhood, and has developed, in some quarters of the feminist movement both here and abroad, into a new kind of sexual irredentism. Lesbianism has become a symbolic terrain where misogynist and feminist meet, the first to abuse, the latter to praise.

The lesbian is the new bogeyman, so to speak, of the newspaper description of peace camps and feminist demonstrations. The label can be justified too, since many female radicals, in publications as well as in slogans, badges and banners, have proclaimed their rejection of men as sexual partners, to express their revolt against the social system attributed to men and to their imputed creation, patriarchy. Like Aristophanes, only from the opposite vantage, lesbian feminists choose to equate changing their affective bonds with changing their social ones; lesbianism can no longer be said to be a marginalised form of erotic contact, but has become a political stand.

A recent, laboured exchange between three philosophers in *Feminist Theory: A Critique of Ideology*[1] debated the appropriate contemporary definition of the word "lesbian"; one proposed the near tautology, "A lesbian is a woman who . . . sees herself as centrally involved with a community of self-identified lesbians whose sexual and erotic-emotional ties are primarily with women; and who is herself a self-identified lesbian." The stress on the woman's perception of herself, on the importance of her conscious commitment to the lesbian group, and the relevance of her claim in itself, almost regardless of her psychosexual or genital activity, has important implications for today. For the growing separatism of the women's movement, in America especially, and also in peace camps in England, signifies—at a deeper level than the primary goals of nuclear disarmament and the end of the patriarchal family—a struggle towards a new symbolic order, issuing from the imagination and memories of women on their own, unassisted—unimpeded—by men. Greenham Common camp is decorated with images taken from rituals performed by women as described in the work of anthropologists ranging from Briffault to Bachofen to Malinowski; the traditional division of labour has inspired the use of the web as the totemic symbol of the campers, though probably few of them know how to weave. There is a hunger, a striking, immediately apprehensible famine, for a code of meaning, linguistic and visual, that has been used by women and served their needs across the centuries.

The predicament of women is that it is hard, if not impossible, to get outside the cultural frame in which you are born and grow up; if you consider it a repellent patriarchy, you cannot without difficulty find erected within it structures that are not themselves polluted. But certain historical phenomena and certain historical figures give an illusion of independent life, of the diminution of female contingency, and so are appropriated as "role models." Lesbians and Amazons pre-

[1] *Feminist Theory: A Critique of Ideology.* Edited by NANNERL O. KEOHANE, MICHELLE Z. ROSALDO, and BARBARA C. GELPHI. Harvester Press, £20, paper £5.95.

The English Alehouse A Social History 1200–1830

Peter Clark

With the growing interest in social history, the alehouse and its origins is a subject of lively interest in its own right. However, this study throws light on many aspects of life in pre-industrial England, including the importance of the local community, the status of women, the standard of living of the lower classes and the growth of local government. Information and background has been gleaned from central and local government records, brewery archives, diaries, newspapers and handbills, sermons and even popular ballads of the time. Packed with vivid and fascinating detail, this book will richly reward anyone with an interest in the everyday lives of our forefathers.

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figure female autonomy today, because, according to the vigorous mythology, they did not allow their reproductive functions to enslave them first to fathers, to be given in marriage, then to husbands, to be taken. They were not, in the vulgar but vivid phrase, wombs on legs, nor, as in the permissive years, vaginas on legs. An historical psychosexual phenomenon blends with a moral viewpoint to postulate an ancestry of foremothers, from Penthesilea to Sappho to Virginia Woolf, disregarding distinctions of context, class, outlook or personal sexuality.

This transhistorical quest for women's past constitutes one response to the problem the social anthropologist Edwin Ardener outlined in an essay that, written a decade ago, has lost none of its resonance. He described the difficulty field-workers in his discipline experienced in attempting to gain access to the women's point of view. Women, he decided, could be said to be "muted"; their outlook, language, customs, laws, transactions were defined by men and in the process changed. "The muted structures are there", he wrote, "but cannot be 'realised' in the language of the dominant structure." The challenge before anthropologists—and workers in other disciplines—was to develop the kind of fine ear and keen eye to penetrate the masculine map and see the feminine pathways tracking across it, the old rights of way, as it were, that still fork hither and thither independent of the motorway and trunk roads' route.

WOMEN WRITERS HAVE RISEN TO the twofold appeal, of the hunger of women themselves for a new symbolic order, and the intellectual adventure, the truly archaeological difficulty it presents as an academic discipline. History, so justly containing in its very name the promise of new narratives, has become natural feminist territory, because its relation to oral story-telling, to shared experience and collective memory distinguishes it from genres like fiction in which the author and not the participants is the primary subject and the source. As Walter Benjamin wrote, "The storyteller takes what he tells from experience—his own or that reported by others. And he in turn makes it the experience of those who are listening to his tale." The recovery of women's tales has become one of the most fruitful and compelling areas of history-writing today, loading the tables of bookshops with the archival and personal explorations of women in quest of a new view of the past.

There are several methods of inquiry. The first is to lift the silence on a murmur never previously overheard, or heard but not absorbed: the sound of women talking, pleading, giving an account of themselves. This murmur from the muted sector has swelled into a fine chorus, and we can now listen to the diaries, speeches, letters, pamphlets, and visions of women over the centuries, from the ecstasies of a 15th-century traveller and mystic like Margery Kempe, who has been written about with loyal but never partial intelligence by Clarissa Atkinson in a recent biography, *Mystic and Pilgrim*,[2] to the tracts, protests and manifestos so richly collected and imaginatively and eloquently organised by Barbara Taylor in her study of feminism and socialism in the early 19th century in England, *Eve and the New Jerusalem*.[3] Writers like Taylor and Atkinson exemplify the best of a brave new kind of female being: committed, even passionate, implicated in their subjects' triumphs and failures, yet lucid and unswervingly faithful to the historical material they uncover. It is after detailed research and judicious interpretation like theirs that the ahistorical scraps of myth and undigested tatters of mythology will no longer be needed for the garment of feminism's symbolic language.

Barbara Taylor's materials range from the biographical memoir written from a debtor's prison by Eliza Macauley, one of the Owenite movement's active adherents, to the tract composed by Frances Morrison in 1838 on the abolition of marriage, one of the Owenites' main aims. Morrison was the illegitimate daughter of a Surrey farmhand, who, like most of the women in the movement, taught herself literacy. On the vexed question of women's vulnerability to philanderers, Frances wrote,

> "You ask what external security is there for mutual fidelity? I will tell you . . . in a rational state of society, when the sum of human happiness would be equally felt by all, and where the general interests would be indissolubly united, it is difficult to imagine how any human being, so connected, could cause pain to another. . . ."

But "the rational state of society" proved elusive, and the Owenite experiments in community living, free love and sexual egalitarianism were eroded by forces that split the interest of men and women in the labour market.

Barbara Alpern Engel, in her study *Mothers and Daughters: Women of the Intelligentsia in Nineteenth-Century*

[2] *Mystic and Pilgrim*. By CLARISSA ATKINSON. Cornell University Press, $19.95, £17.

[3] *Eve and the New Jerusalem*. By BARBARA TAYLOR. Virago, £9.95, paper £5.95.

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JOHN MURRAY

Russia,[4] undertakes research into primary sources of equal complexity and fascination, to tell the stories of women who rebelled against a conventional social order of even greater severity and oppression than obtained in 19th-century England. Both struggles, in Russia and England, reveal the crucial importance of men's collaboration with women's equality, and the toll taken on women's spiritual life, as well of course as their health, by the lack of fellowship between the sexes. Elisaveta Shubert, a gifted, versatile young woman, found her wider vision of the world in ruins soon after her marriage: "I cried all night . . .", she wrote, "while my husband lay beside me, senseless and snoring. . . . In the evening we went to a meeting. When I was dressing, my gown stretched tight and my husband began to laugh because I was filling out with motherhood. I was glad at the thought, but then he began to make accusations, spoke contemptuously and demanded that our future child be named as he wished." Her voice, overheard here so painfully, soon fell silent, as in her discouragement she stopped writing altogether.

SOMETIMES THE UNTAPPED ORE of 19th-century female archives produces a less sympathetic picture of women's aspirations. In the excellent collection of History Workshop papers, *Sex and Class in Women's History*,[5] Mary Ryan uncovers the moral vigilantes of a characteristic Female Reform Society in upstate New York around the same period as Barbara Taylor's and Barbara Alpern Engel's less fortunate and less sturdy heroines were struggling to overturn the old order and realise the sovereignty of the heart's affections. The ladies of Utica, faced with a huge influx of young, unattached working men and women into their growing town, went on the moral alert to enforce their own view of how young people should conduct themselves. One outraged correspondent called herself "a lady moving in the very first circle of society, a mother, a philanthropist, a Christian." The type is familiar from Victorian fiction, from Edith Wharton's magnificent *House of Mirth* or Willa Cather's beautiful study of immigrant pioneers, *My Antonia*, but it is interesting to see the problem of the harpy confronted by feminist history, and to acknowledge in sober sadness that women's networks have used the language of intolerance and disapproval. As Mary Ryan comments, "Female moral reformers. . . . used their social power to create a moral code which exacted particularly stringent sexual repression from their own sex."

The editors of this volume have written an introduction, and the late Joan Kelly an afterword, that should be read by all embarking on women's studies. They outline the need for "a doubled vision" of the past, that constantly keeps in view the interaction of class and gender, and does not weld an illusory and cosy sisterhood from disparate and divergent individuals or ignore ambiguous and perhaps unpalatable contributions of women to their own class interests. It is hard for a feminist to like Mrs Thatcher, but, historically, her emergence can be placed in perspective and understood. "In being able to see the divisions that have riven women among themselves, we may be empowered to act", they write. "In drawing upon our heritage of feminism, agency, and connection, we may move beyond the construction of a doubled vision to an exercise of collective power."

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[4] *Mothers and Daughters: Women of the Intelligentsia in Nineteenth-Century Russia*. By BARBARA ALPERN ENGEL. Cambridge University Press, £19.50.

[5] *Sex and Class in Women's History*. Edited by JUDITH L. NEWTON, MARY P. RYAN, and JUDITH R. WALKOWITZ. Routledge, £4.95.

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THEIR COGENT SUMMONS TO TAKE INTO ACCOUNT obligations of race, class, and money when seeking to hear accurately the voice of women can be wilfully and woefully ignored by writers with the best intentions. Dale Spender, an active orator for the women's movement, has added to the oral history of our times with a new book, entitled with a soapbox ring *There's always been a women's movement this century*[6] She has interviewed suffragettes and radicals, Dora Russell, Mary Stott, the late Rebecca West, but her own preoccupations constantly add a noisy percussive jangle to the words of her subjects. "Unable to resist the temptation", she writes during her interview with Dora Russell, "I launched into a discussion of the magic of artificial insemination devices (even self-help kits) and the marvels of sperm banks. We had a wantonly wicked half hour. . . ." One wonders about Russell, all the same.

Joan Alexander, in *Voices and Echoes*[7] makes a more genuine claim to uncover a neglected web of female operations this century, within a microcosm that faithfully reflects the former pattern of patriarchal power: the colonial service of the British Empire during the recent period of its decline. Her reports capture the breezy, almost braying tones of upper-class wives and daughters who underwent startling hazards in the service of their group interests. This is "Betty", talking about her life as a young married woman in Nyasaland:

> "The European population consisted of myself and my husband, one customs officer who drank terribly and used to sit at night and shoot holes through his mosquito gauze, a Catholic priest and a Dutchman who didn't speak English at all. . . . About three months after we got there, I discovered that Bernard [her husband] had African wives. It was a terrible shock. He couldn't understand why I objected to them, and he actually asked my permission to import an African wife into the house. . . ."

Joan Alexander makes a gentle listener; in her case, it is a pity she did not sift, explore and analyse her raw material a bit more.

The discovery of documents in which women express themselves directly, and the stories of living women loosen the blindfold over our eyes as we try to descry the shape of female experience. But the pattern Ardener discussed, where muted female modes are processed and lost in the dominant members' structure, has to be deciphered as well; some women's writings are themselves clearly written with men in mind, either to persuade or to please, others describe women's experience, but are written by men. Anna Wheeler for instance, one of the most memorable figures in Barbara Taylor's book, could not herself write well enough to compose *The Appeal of One Half of the Human Race*[8] which her friend, and possibly her lover, the leading Owenite, William Thompson, published, under a dedication to Anna Wheeler that gave her credit for the ideas expressed in this early manifesto of feminism. "I have endeavoured to arrange", he wrote, "the expression of those feelings, sentiments, and reasoning, which have emanated

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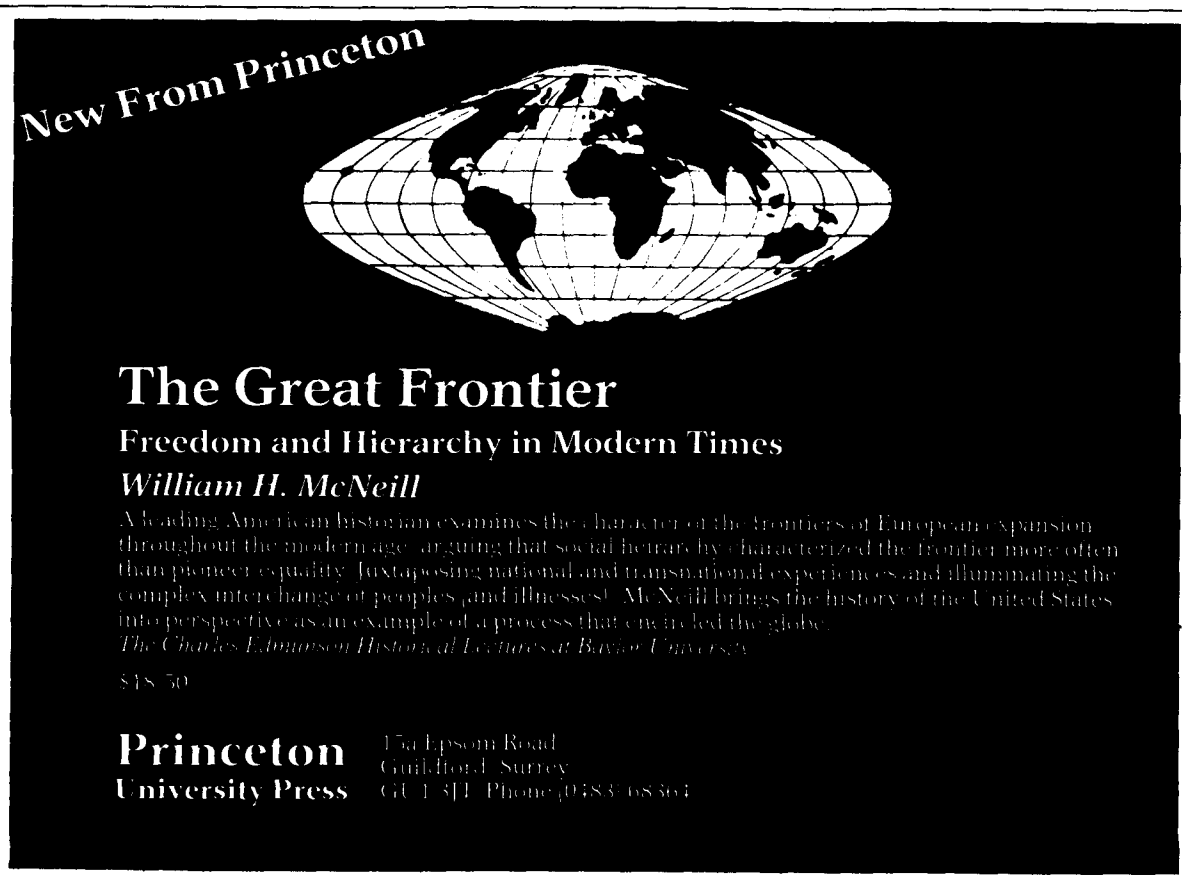
[6] *There's always been a women's movement this century.* By DALE SPENDER. Pandora Press, £2.95.

[7] *Voices and Echoes: Tales from Colonial Women.* Edited by JOAN ALEXANDER. Quartet, £11.95.

[8] *The Appeal of One Half of the Human Race.* By WILLIAM THOMPSON. Virago, £3.50.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from your mind." Barbara Taylor sees no reason to regard this as male gallantry.

Thompson's *Appeal* is a simple case of a woman's voice mediated through a man's. The diary of Hannah Cullwick, the subject of a fascinating and touching portrait by Leonore Davidoff in the History Workshop volume, presents a more complex type of muting. Hannah Cullwick was a servant whose hardships in childhood make heartbreaking reading. She attracted the love of A. J. Munby, a smalltime man of letters and gentleman who asked her to keep a companion diary to his during the years of their association, first as lovers, and then as clandestine husband and wife. In this journal, she recorded the development of his fetishism, how he directed her in erotic games that satisfied his fantasy of strong, labouring women subjected to his mastery, abased by toil that literally sullied them:

> "I got up early for Massa [Munby's intimate name] was coming at ½ past eight to see me clean the steps and do the *sign* of my 'lowness' like i did awhile ago . . . and i wanted to be black from doing the grate as well . . . i did the dining room fire—got my arms blacked and wiped my mouth and nose across with my black hand . . . & last of all I knelt and wiped my face on the dirty mat in front of all the folks what pass'd by and Massa was looking on from a few doors up . . . & then i rubbed my face on it & put my lips again it & i thought now i was one o' the lowest drudges as could be—but Massa loved me & i love my work, both for its and also Massa's sake & i felt so happy."

Davidoff deals kindly with Munby and Hannah, respecting their interdependence, but with eloquence she reveals how their aberrant love only magnified the master-servant, man-woman relation that obtained so naturally in Munby's social class.

HANNAH CULLWICK'S SELF-PORTRAIT, composed for her master, obeyed the dictates of his libido. But the veil of his desire does not altogether muffle her voice or shroud her strong and sympathetic mind. Texts written by women under male supervision, or by men about women, often lack her diary's translucency, and need special skills of interpretation, a thorough acquaintance with the literary and historiographical conventions that govern story-telling itself. This line of inquiry, forbiddingly entangled as it is, has inspired some of the most important and refreshing thinking about women's roles. Pauline Stafford's *Queens, Concubines and Dowagers*[9] is a model of scholarship, as she patiently pans through the tributes of followers and the vituperations of enemies for glinting specks of insight into how women behaved, thought and saw themselves in Anglo-Saxon Britain, Ottonian Germany and Lombard Italy. Both abuse and encomia, she argues in a perceptive discussion of her sources, followed contemporary conventions of narrative form. Venantius Fortunatus' life of Queen Radegund observed the rules of hagiography, traditional terrors of witchcraft supplied Hincmar of Rheims with the metaphors he needed to vilify the

[9] *Queens, Concubines and Dowagers: The King's Wife in the Early Middle Ages.* By PAULINE STAFFORD. Batsford, £14.95.

PHILOSOPHICAL WRITING

Locke, Berkeley, Hume
by JOHN J RICHETTI

Locke, Berkeley and Hume have profoundly influenced moral and political thought. Yet part of their persuasiveness and stature is inextricably bound to their skill with words. In this book John Richetti suspends purely philosophical questions in order to analyze the writing strategies of the three great 18th century British philosophers. He shows that, though the three share a deep distrust of language and rhetoric, they also share a confidence in crafted writing and dependence on its techniques for dramatizing and promoting their thought. Placing each in context of the thought and literature of the times, Richetti describes their differing approaches to the problem of a suitable rhetorical mode for philosophy.

October, £20.00

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women involved in Lothar II's divorce. Yet, as Pauline Stafford maintains, it is possible to glimpse the individuals through the stereotyped material. The Empress Adelaide, for instance, whose life was recounted by the Abbot Odilo of Cluny at the end of the 10th century, emerges full-blooded and high-spirited from his loving epitaph of a great and sainted empress. For while telling us of her benevolence to the poor, he adds the precious detail that she hitched up her long skirts in order to distribute alms more expeditiously, and that when she was fleeing from imprisonment across the marshlands of Calabria, she and her maid came across a fisherman, who shared his catch with them. Adelaide cooked the fish "like any servant girl." As Pauline Stafford says, "The flight of the later empress in disguise appealed to the tenth-century imaginations as it does to ours, and may have been embellished in the telling. Yet there is something of the woman herself in these stories."

Stafford also unfolds with unprejudiced discernment the strategies women at court used to survive the strains of a quasi-polygamous system, to advance their own interests and above all the claims of their children. The manoeuvring of concubines, the rivalries of mothers, the apportioning of daughters, the giving of hostages, the strife between incoming women and native members of the household, and the undoing of barren wives provide her with material on a Homeric scale. Though she writes of struggles long ago, the fundamental insight remains pertinent to our changed times; when women are used as a system of barter and exchange, division and tragedy ensue, to no good for the menfolk either.

Vindicating the villains of the past, as Pauline Stafford has done to some extent, has become another task of feminist history; the history of women is not just the untold story of their doings, but the story told from their point of view. The terrain of female story-telling must find the subject concealed within the object, the individual inside the reified figure, "wife", "queen", "daughter." One basic technique is to stand the imagery of oppression on its head; rather than inventing a new vocabulary or image repertoire, the old one is coopted and given new validity. It is significant of both the exiguousness of women's image stock and our cultural weakness that we find it so hard to generate new metaphors to live by. As a symptom of this, many of the publishing houses themselves have inverted the language of derision and stigma into self-assertion. The feminist presses are called Pandora, Virago, Shameless Hussy, Spare Rib, and adapt emblems of servitude, like the steam iron, the logo of the Women's Press. Just as the Christian sect under persecution raised the gibbet, the instrument of the lowest felon's death, as the sign by which it would conquer, because it had no access to the imagery of triumph or glory, so the women's movement has appropriated the symbols of women's oppression—the loom, the cooking-pot—to mark its emergence, and women historians have recuperated dishonoured occupations—servants, prostitutes—to reveal the nexus of influence operated at a level of society's structure where it passed almost unnoticed by the rulers and the power-holders. Telling the story of the disregarded, the dishonoured, upsets the value system; history metamorphoses into a mythology by which we can govern our lives, and contributes to peaceful change. Widening the categories, extending the available symbols, expanding the repertoire so that we will not use the past to lay atavistic traps for ourselves and repeat the domestic and sexual servitude that has made equality so difficult to achieve, without plunging down the cul-de-sac of separatism —these are the story-teller's, the woman historian's tasks. Adam was given the power of naming in Eden; Eve would like to try it too. The frog turns into a prince, Cinderella into a princess. What women's history is trying to illuminate is that both could have different vocations.

[OWING TO *pressure on space, other reviews of history and archaeology books—by John Grigg, David Miles, and David Cannadine—have been held over until the December issue.*]

Flints

We walk on whiteness, inches under grass.
Few would call it rock, these infant hills,
Brittle as the bones of cuttlefish,
Will never last, they'll flow away like milk
In the next great rain and stain the tide,
And something will be left.
We dug a soak-pit,
Chambering the chalk, a well of white
Four foot deep and every bite the spade
Took of that smooth cake the tooth would jar
On something we must pry out: one more stuck
Flour-covered fruit-stone. There they lie, loose-piled,
Just as they'll lie a million years from now
Rubbling some scoured valley. Now my hands
That fought them loose fit lovingly around,
I feel for heft and socket-hollow, thumb
A sleek black shining.
Look, a tribe of dour
Dark-skinned aboriginals. They wait
Through bland white epochs, thick-skulled, underground.

David Sutton

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Getting Gandhi Straight

By Francis Watson

IN EARLY MARCH of 1939, just before Hitler's take-over of Czechoslovakia, I watched the bathing of 52 elephants, one for each year of the life of the Indian National Congress, in the Narbadda River, beside the huge temporary encampment at Tripuri, in the rural Deccan, which was the Indian nationalist substitute for a Nuremberg Rally. Instead of the elephant procession, however, it was an ambulance which brought the Congress President, Subhas Chandra Bose, with a temperature of 103, to what had to seem his political execution at the hands of Mahatma Gandhi.

I put it like that to avoid a tedious elaboration. With up to 200,000 witnesses, in an emotional and at times rowdy atmosphere, it might have made another spectacular for Sir Richard Attenborough, master of the multitudes, who has been criticised for omitting Bose from his film. But the scene could not properly have included Gandhi, whose masterly hatchet-job was the more significant in being conducted from a great distance. Near to the dais where the ailing Bose was seated, fanned by Bengali girls, the Presidential temperature and blood-pressure were publicly recorded, and beside them similar bulletins respecting the Mahatma as they came in from Rajkot in Kathiawad, where he was at the apparent danger-point of a fast on another issue.

The basic issue at Tripuri was that between Left and Right within the Congress, a subject somewhat neglected in present-day controversy. It was not openly between violent and non-violent action, since Bose—whose organisation of an Indian National Army on enemy territory was a later and circumstantial development—was at that time ostensibly acquiescent towards the Gandhian tactic. The question was of leadership of the mass movement, and specifically of the right of Gandhi (who was not even a Congress member) to advise on the selection of its high command. But its urgency was related to the situation in Europe, the apprehension of war, and the opportunity which that might offer for a campaign demanding immediate independence, rather than the "Dominion status" which Gandhi had always preserved as the attainable objective. (If he himself was to come to the brink in August 1942 it can still be said that India's adherence to the Commonwealth was his legacy through Nehru.)

It was to Nehru, in Gandhi's absence, that I could talk at Tripuri. And his answers to my questions were liable to begin: "*Gandhiji has said. . . .*" His situation was difficult in the sense that his name was linked with that of Bose at the head of the "angry young men." But he knew that no movement would get anywhere without Gandhi's leadership; that Gandhi was the competent judge as to whether the masses were ready for a fresh campaign; and that Gandhi's conviction that the Congress at that juncture was weakened by corruption and divisions was justified. On foreign affairs, where Nehru was very much Gandhi's mentor and that of the Congress at large, he was suspicious of the British and French Governments (Munich; recognition of Franco's victory; flirtations with Mussolini). But if war should come? "*Gandhiji says*", as he had said in 1915, that to take advantage of an opponent's peril would be morally wrong and by that token ineffective.

WHEN I FINALLY CAUGHT UP with Gandhi he was still, or rather again, at Rajkot. I had spent most of a blistering day in the relative comfort of a *dak*-bungalow. He had crossed the country by train, for two days and a night, with the clamorous crowds at every stopping-place, that I had already seen when he was on the move. "Nobody knows the woes of a Mahatma", he used to say, but all that I noticed was a slight trembling of his hand as he consumed his evening slops, his dentures reposing the while in a bowl beside him. There was no hint of the pressures involved in fitting into his remarkable day, at a critical period, a conversation with an unimportant foreigner who represented no one but himself. The human charm was of course legendary, but what remained with me was the impression of habitual civility. This is not to say that he could never be angry. His immediate circle of assistants often found him a hard taskmaster, and those who came to his ashram to have their ambitions blessed might discover the sharp edge of his tongue.

A COUPLE OF HOURS of conversation will hardly be thought definitive, but I did gain certain insights which seemed to clarify what I had learned and observed and to be borne out subsequently. With some little concern of my own with reforms in a Princely State, the complex issue at Rajkot would have intrigued me in any case, but more so in having provoked one of the Gandhian astonishments—an appeal to the Viceroy, whose intervention persuaded him to break his fast of protest and await an enquiry by the Chief Justice of India; whose judgment in turn went in Gandhi's

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Act of Darkness

FRANCIS KING

'Beautifully written . . . brilliantly successful. He had me sitting on the edge of my chair and gasping with admiration even on the second time through. I recommended Mr King's novel as the best I have read for a long time' Auberon Waugh, *Daily Mail*

'Excellent . . . This is narrative art of a fine order' Penelope Lively, *Sunday Telegraph*

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favour, only to be rejected by him on a bewildering point of principle, the decision that he had been untrue to the code of *satyagraha*. However the Rajkot tangle might work out tactically, for him it had been, as he said, "a priceless laboratory." In other words, the inside and the outside questions were inseparable. The familiar saint-or-politician dilemma did not really exist. He was either both or—if you felt that way—neither. Argue as one might about his effectiveness in either assigned role, hypocrisy was not a sustainable charge.

He had not reached this rather enviable integration without effort and indeed agony. As one of his associates reminded me, he had "hammered himself into shape." And at Rajkot he was in reminiscent mood, since it had been the scene of his school-days and early marriage. This does not mean that I was treated to a rerun of that ceremony in the manner unbelievably contrived in Richard Attenborough's film for the benefit of an American journalist; but it was otherwise advantageous. It was in South Africa, he said, that he had found himself, and one could work from that point towards a guide to the whole ends-and-means dialectic.

To put it as briefly as possible, what Gandhi had brought back to India in 1915 was not a cause looking for a method but a tested method looking for a cause. I may have thought this was a revelation, but of course it is put beyond question by any serious examination of the 1917 indigo affair in Bihar (reasonably well presented in the *Gandhi* film) and the 1919 sequel of a widespread political application of the method, from which the shock of Amritsar still echoes. On *swaraj* Gandhi had seemed to Nehru in those days "delightfully vague." But to accept "freedom for India" as the cause which presented itself is obviously sound: so long as it is understood that for Gandhi this required from the outset a process of national regeneration so that political freedom should be worth having. His colleagues, having recognised the effective promise of the method and the magic of his popular appeal, had equally to accept as best they might his withdrawal for long periods to concentrate upon the apparent irrelevances of social reform in a dozen aspects.

The Rajkot "laboratory", again, kept the emphasis on experiment. Though the personal record that Gandhi published as *My Experiments with Truth* goes no farther than 1919, he insisted to the end of his life that he was an experimenter. At the evening prayer-meeting to which he took me, the line "*One step enough for me*" struck me as a clue to his affection for the Christian hymn. I believe that he was long-sighted only in a visionary sense, important as that was. In at least one instance he warned that neither he nor his opponents, but external circumstance, might have the last word on a particular issue. And in hindsight the Rajkot operation can be argued as a mistake, in the sense that carrying the Congress agitation into the States was to scare the Princes—and in consequence the Muslims of Jinnah's faction also—away from the Federal solution on which external circumstances, international war, were destined to impinge so radically.

Passing over the predictable unreality of Gandhi's replies to my questions about Europe-on-the-eve, I have to conclude the apologia for my own involvement by noting that the War, when it came, had the bizarre effect of translating me, after a third-class year at the grass (or grassless) roots, into a temporary sahib, with further travel inside and outside India and a base at the ruling centre. The political situation, as it developed with the resignation of the Congress Ministries, precluded me (until the final release of the 1942 detainees in 1945) from further contacts with Gandhi and his principal colleagues. I could, however, keep in some sort of touch at a less prominent level; and beyond that one's freedom to glean opinions of all kinds was less impeded by Wartime regulations than might be supposed. My official responsibilities included the monitoring of enemy broadcasts directed to India, the release of countering information, and liaison with military intelligence. If my share in central judgments was small, it was enough to give me some insight into the problems of Government at this harassing stage.

When I last talked with Gandhi, in the Delhi sweepers' colony during the 1946 Cabinet Mission, he was tired and at last ageing, but more hopeful than he had been for a long time of an outcome which should preserve Indian unity in terms of a free and amicable relationship with Britain. I had to tell him that I would be resigning my post and leaving the country. I can hardly claim that I was fulfilling his invitation—"Come back if you can help India"—when I returned, just seven years after his death, to complete a collection of recorded interviews with some sixty surviving witnesses, from Viceroys and a Secretary of State to friends, co-workers, relatives, and opponents. But I was certainly helping myself: not so much with the mini-Oscar of an Italia Prize for the eventual BBC documentaries as with nearly twenty hours of living evidence to further my education.

I have to confess that when the late Motihari Lal, first begetter of the *Gandhi* film, consulted me in London, before his enlistment of the dedicated energies of Richard Attenborough, I had felt the filling of the central acting role to be an almost insurmountable difficulty. As it turned out this was to become, after several false starts, a quite remarkable success. Ben Kingsley's near-achievement of the nearly impossible is the triumph which even the film's fiercest critics have conceded. Let us try to sort out what has upset them.

In the first place, success itself. There had been documentaries on the subject, and at least one feature-film, with insufficient impact to bother anybody. It was four or five months after the first showing of *Gandhi* that the deluge of Oscars and the queues on general release made it evident that the film could become, for a world public, the definitive statement on a unique character and a significant slice of the history of our time. So the point had now to be made that cinematic distortion, tolerated where the subject lies well back in time, becomes seriously questionable in a contemporary theme.

One has the feeling that Attenborough expected, and in the first place might welcome, objections from the political Right: that he would feel he was well on target if a Peregrine Worsthorne or an Auberon Waugh were to disclose that he had actually set the cat among the Raj's pigeons. And by March and April, when the season for robust exposure may be said to have opened, he was in any case well-cushioned by acclaim. H. V. Hodson, who protested of the film's treatment of official policy and procedures, had served in Delhi as Reforms Commissioner in 1941–42, when the Federal Constitution was necessarily in cold storage. Sir Algernon Rumbold, whose review of the film in the March Encounter ("Film, Facts and History") had a similar thrust, had an India Office background and a later political experience in Africa (which is perhaps what drew him to regret that "abdication in India has set the scene for. . . almost all dependent territories").

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I MENTION these things only because the view from London at the relevent time did not always correspond with the view from Delhi. When Sir Algernon declared (for example) that "there is no question that the Congress leaders staged the 'Quit India' movement in 1942", he might have been supposed to be reflecting the line publicly taken at the time by Linlithgow and his Ministers (all of them Indian except the C-in-C): that the serious disturbances following the arrest of the Congress leadership on the passing of the "Quit India" resolution amounted to a "Congress Rebellion." Not only was this a subject of considerable debate at the Centre, in which I happened to be concerned, but the direct charge against the Congress high command could not finally be sustained. As for Sir Algernon's further assumption of Indian sympathies with the Japanese, which might possibly have seemed plausible in London, I can state that the evidence before the Government of India was all the other way, and specifically in regard to the Congress. This was set right by Anita Inder Singh in the correspondence which continued in ENCOUNTER into July. That the film itself gave no hint of either of these issues could certainly have been cited as a defect, if that is what the critics were concerned about. That they should end up in a battle about both shows how far they had allowed themselves to be pushed.

The "colonialists", as they came to be dubbed (India was never a colony, nor did Gandhi use the term), found a recruit in Paul Johnson ("Gandhi isn't good for you", *Sunday Times*, April 16). With the same, and tenable, complaint against the film's "misrepresentation of British rule" Johnson fell into the trap awaiting this line of criticism: that the argument requires a hostile exposure of Gandhi himself, which it really does not. It is reasonable, and possibly necessary, to remind people that the process of a British withdrawal was already under way when Gandhi entered the field of Indian politics. But that does not invalidate his struggle to influence the way in which it should come and the sort of India it should produce.

Once again, as the case for the Raj proceeds the temperature is apt to rise. No doubt the Amritsar excess will continue to provoke controversy, but the established facts are accessible to all who will undertake the documentary research, which the combatants for any view have seemed too excited to do. Thus whatever may be adduced in Dyer's defence, a plea that "repeated orders to cease fire went unheard" has to ignore his personal testimony that the firing was continuous and controlled. But this is of less weight in the balance than Paul Johnson's question: "When a lot of people get killed in a riot, who is most to blame? A clumsy commander, like Dyer; or a sorcerer's apprentice, like Gandhi?" For here the vital omission (in which the film was equally at fault with the critic) can be simply stated. Dyer rejected the blame but Gandhi accepted it, and virtually in those terms.

I AM NOT AWARE to what extent, if any, *Gandhi* may have been shown in India (beyond a prestigious *première* in Delhi). We know of the persistent minority lobby which objected to the whole project: that it should be in foreign hands, that it should be attempted at all, or that, if attempted, it should impersonate a Mahatma who might preferably be represented simply as a shining light (to which Attenborough apparently retorted that he was not making "bloody Tinkerbell"). The two Indian participants in the ENCOUNTER correspondence were the impassioned Anita Mehta of St Catherine's College, Oxford, and the cool Dr Anita Inder Singh of the Geneva Institute of International Studies. Both were worth hearing, but since both

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were more concerned with Sir Algernon as a political historian than with Sir Richard as a director, the film largely escaped in an argument that ranged from the Mughals and Shivaji to SEATO and the US base at Diego Garcia. There remains Salman Rushdie, author of the highly engaging *Midnight's Children* and thereby widely accepted, though based in England, as the spokesman of a post-Independence generation.

This may well be the unwarranted inflation into a prophet of a gifted writer who, in his turn, has charged Attenborough with satisfying "certain longings in the Western psyche" by turning "a crafty Gujerati lawyer" into "a celluloid Guru", or even into Christ. Without pausing to wonder whether the Eastern psyche had not something to do with the creation of a Mahatma (a title originating with Tagore, whose omission from the film has been criticised by Rushdie and others), we may probably treat this onslaught as an individual exercise in hyperbole. A Child of Midnight need not be expected to get everything right about, for example, Amritsar; and if one notes that in his novel Rushdie, whether by ignorance or design, had substituted "fifty white troops" for the Indian detachment, and machine-guns for rifles, he might reply that bullets are none the less bullets.

It was perhaps the consciousness of having been moved by the film (at one point, Rushdie confessed, it made him cry) that compelled the attack to open fiercely: "inadequate as biography, appalling as history, and often laughably crude as a film." The quarrel had then to be sustained with a miscellany of complaints, as in a matrimonial dispute (it was the one offensive that drew a response from Attenborough). Rushdie's conclusion that the film's very lavishness "overpowers and finally crushes the man at its centre" is worth thinking about. But by that time the critic's urge to debunk hagiography may have left the reader suspecting that the man, whose dubious attitudes to sex and to capitalists ("the murky waters") have been concealed from the cinema-audiences, ought to have been crushed in the first place.

PRIMACY AMONG the ideological antagonists may be accorded—at least in respect of wordage—to the American Richard Grenier in the New York *Commentary,* the substantial monthly published by the American Jewish Committee. This was brought nearer home when John Briley, scriptwriter for *Gandhi,* objected to it in the *Sunday Telegraph* and drew a reprise from Grenier in the same paper.

In Grenier's case, reaction from the film's *réclame* was evidently strengthened by promotional excesses in the USA to provoke a comprehensive deflation of Attenborough himself, as entertainer, entrepreneur and unconvincing convert to "pacifism." In nearly 50,000 frequently intemperate words, however, the main target was Gandhi himself, alike as an individual and as a Hindu, and very strongly in relation to *ahimsa* and pacifism (not necessarily identical).

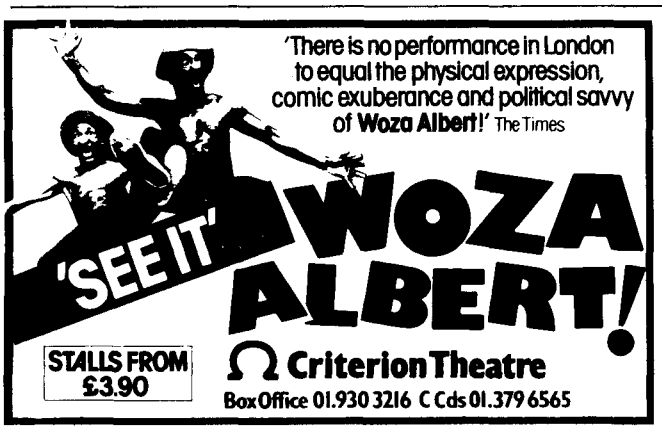
A Jewish critic has a clear title to indignation, rather than mild scepticism, concerning Gandhi's published appeal to Hitler and advice to his victims, in which few except Mirabehn (obliquely quoted in the film) could ever see objective sense. Grenier's anti-pacifist argument, however, has to cope with the simultaneous requirements of decanonisation, in which Gandhi's own dedication to non-violence must be exhibited as shaky. It should not be really difficult to explain the ambulance-service in the Boer and Zulu Wars and the assistance to recruitment in World War I in terms of Gandhi's expressed principles, but for Richard Grenier he must remain "Sergeant-Major Gandhi." He must also remain intolerant of all opinions but his own, a charge which goes against the evidence of many who had cause to argue with him.

What is happening here is the reverse of the Rumbold line, as we may call it. That polemic began with outrage against the film's presentation of the Raj and its servants and was thereby led into the scoring of points against Gandhi. The Grenier line found itself drawn by antipathy towards the Mahatma into a somewhat unexpected American tribute to Britain's imperial role and achievement. The antipathy, though seeking support from relatively recent authors, evidently runs deep, since Grenier had previously published a book under the same title as his article: "The Gandhi Nobody Knows." Antipathy is perhaps too weak a word for the revulsion inspired by Gandhi's "obsession with excreta", which was curiously employed to dismiss his tireless campaign for sanitary reform; and by the "even more important" matter of his views about sex. Irresistible subjects for mockery, these could be extrapolated into a disparagement of Hinduism, to which the writer had already disclosed a religious repugnance and which he feels in any case to be beyond Western understanding.

IN SUMMARY, then, the Gandhi nobody knows becomes the Gandhi few would care to know and none, surely, would think of bringing to the screen. Yet the fascination of the figure asserts itself in this critic's last word on an erratic, tyrannical, near-lunatic worshipper of cows: "But I still say this, he was brave. He feared no one."

And so, after beating about a whole thicket of bushes, we come to the film. Its virtues can be said to have been sufficiently commended elsewhere, as Sir Richard Attenborough observed in his published reply to the aspersions of Salman Rushdie. Conceding that cinematic treatment is obviously different from that of a written biography, and that a life cannot be adequately encompassed in three hours of screen-time, he took his stand against charges of historical distortion as having been "faithful in spirit to the record" in an attempt "to find one's way to the heart of the man."

To do so in this medium, in face of all the complexities both of character and situation, can be admitted to have demanded selective emphasis. The themes chosen as having a contemporary appeal were anti-imperialism, anti-racism and non-violent civil disobedience. They could, on Gandhi's record, have included anti-Communism, but the mix would probably have been tricky. But the determination to bang home the political treatment decided upon, involving distortions which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were bound to raise objections somewhere, did not in the end prove "faithful to the spirit." Caught in the clichés of racialism and imperialism, which the story should have transcended, the treatment elected to disguise the singular nature of what happened in India (with important results elsewhere) and of Gandhi's relations with the British. One does not have to fight the Raj's corner to perceive that it is not the detractors of Gandhi but his genuine admirers who should feel let down by a retreat from fact which in effect diminished the man, and vulgarised the subtleties of his character and operation.

In other respects the twenty-one years in South Africa, though necessarily telescoped, were well presented. But the urge to provide Gandhi with a generalised British opposition had curious results. I may be wrong, but I don't think I heard South African accents among the police, whose oppressive activities were normally described as British. This would be a specious complaint, but for the fact that throughout these campaigns Gandhi took the line of "*civis Britannicus sum.*" It was the rights of Indians in South Africa as citizens of the Empire that were being denied, and the Viceroy of India gave Gandhi a medal for protecting them. When Gandhi and his supporters rose to sing the National Anthem—an excellent scene which went down well with the audience when I saw the film—it was not solely to make fun of the police. It was because it meant something. And I am still wondering why, among several offers of physical assault in this period (one of them by an Indian), the script chose something much less dramatic than the incident in which Mrs Alexander saved Gandhi from lynching, and her husband then gave him friendly protection, urging him to sue his assailants—which he refused to do. Could this have been passed over because Alexander was in fact a police inspector?

In all this there is a point of some importance. Gandhi's prolonged endeavours to persuade the Congress leaders that a prospect of dominion status should not be brushed aside by the demand for "complete independence" was supported by the South African experience in which he had learned, to his cost, that a dominion Government enjoyed a freedom of action that was independent of Westminster.

On Amritsar, the subject of so much heat and dust, the film maintained great fidelity to the ascertainable facts of the shooting (save perhaps that the crowd should have been larger), and Edward Fox was well cast as Dyer. And yet by avoiding the context, to present an arbitrary assault upon a normal and innocent gathering, it turned the inexcusable into the inexplicable, which was of small service to anybody.

Without asking to be cumbered with scenes of a city in the hands of the rioters, buildings burned down, people murdered and assaulted, non-combatants evacuated to the Fort, communications cut, the civil authorities helpless and the military called in, some hint of the prelude would surely have been in order. After all, it deeply concerned Gandhi, whose consequential move to a commanding position in the national movement embodied the spectacular defusing of the bomb that had been handed to him ("I say, do not return madness with madness, but return madness with sanity"). The "miscalculation of Himalayan magnitude", in launching a peaceful campaign before the people were fully ready for non-violent protest, was in fact confessed in relation to the popular violence at Amritsar, which Gandhi had not witnessed, and in Bombay and Ahmedabad, which he had. But for some reason the film

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transferred the "Himalayan miscalculation" to the Chauri Chaura incident of three years later, having buried the vital turning-point in the Punjab under a fictitious vignette of Gandhi and Nehru peering down the well at the site of the massacre. Faithful to the spirit? Or an echo of Cawnpore in 1857?

The context of the 1942 "Quit India" crisis would perhaps have faced a screen-writer with greater problems, but its total avoidance had a bewildering result. The bastion of Singapore, symbol of the British presence as necessary protector, had gone. So had Burma. Calcutta had been bombed and the eastern coastline, as well as the north-eastern land-frontier, was under threat. Reports of fatalistic impotence in the rural areas had brought Gandhi to the point of playing with the idea of leaving India to anarchy, "in other words, to God." His famous "Quit India" resolution was watered down by Nehru and others to allow for the retention of the Allied forces under overall Indian authority and the prosecution of a struggle vital at the same time to China and to Russia. This time Gandhi was not "courting arrest" but confident that he would be summoned by the Viceroy for negotiations and perhaps a compromise. Linlithgow's answer, however, was the immediate and efficient round-up and detention, not just of Gandhi, but of the whole Congress leadership, plus restrictions upon the movement.

Dramatic enough, but what did the cinema-audiences get? The Mahatma was shown making his way alone through a throng, to be met by one of those hard-faced young men in solar topis previously cast as servants of the Raj. Gandhi was asked what he intended to speak about. The virtues of goat's milk. Anything else? He might mention war. Next scene: incarceration in the Aga Khan's villa near Poona. The War had been barely mentioned, with no noticeable hint of a world crisis, or of the Japanese, or of the ensuing Indian and British sacrifices at Kohima and Imphal. Ideologies apart, will this really do on our way into the heart of a great man?

CUTTING SHORT the list of distortions by paying due regard to what may have been taken to be the requirements of cinematic effect, one has still to ask why Viceroys had to be shown, like their advisers, as ill-informed and unimaginative by definition. This was hardly how Gandhi saw them, and he had relations of various sorts with the last eight of them. The script produced one unnamed Viceroy (Chelmsford?) before addressing itself to the all-important contact which was to give Irwin his respected place in Indian nationalist folklore. Not even Gielgud could be expected to make a meal of the scraps handed down for this episode; but something yet stranger was to come.

I refer to the "Miracle of Calcutta", surely a high point for any attempt to present this extraordinary figure. To run the two miracles together (the fast was undertaken because the effect of the first gesture proved short-lived) was perfectly sensible. But the whole point of that initial resolve, to sit down in a Muslim dwelling in one of the worst-affected areas, was Gandhi's invitation to Suhrawardy (the Muslim former Chief Minister in Bengal whom Hindus regarded as primarily responsible for the "Great Killing") to accompany him in the enterprise. Warned that his life would be in danger, Suhrawardy nevertheless accepted ("Gandhi", he told me, "was the only Hindu I could trust"). True, the script allowed him into the scene, but only to be upstaged by Nehru and Patel, who were not in fact participants, being much too busy in Delhi at the point of Independence. If this baffling treatment was in any way evidence for the "Indian Government propaganda"

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alleged by Richard Grenier, it would not have been countenanced, one would think, by Nehru himself, who died before the film could be ready for shooting.

It was Nehru who had urged Attenborough from the outset to portray a man rather than a saint. This advice was indeed, and commendably, accepted. And it leads to the conclusion that the outcry against "hagiography" reflects an existing reaction long nurtured in the minds of the critics who have been quoted, rather than a close attention to the film (nor need haloectomy, had it been indicated, require a horns-and-tail transplant). As for the exclusion of personalities, of which several complaints were made, Attenborough's reply that fifteen minutes of extra time would not have been balanced by relevance may be accepted in the case of Bose, to which it referred. As a general principle, however, one has to ask how it justified the introduction of the entirely unimportant Margaret Bourke-White. Was this perhaps—as a part for Candice Bergen—a bait for the American market? Tagore, though not easy to cast, could have had some of the time saved. For one thing, the scene of public cloth-burning (fire had a symbolic import for Gandhi) would have been made more interesting by Tagore's considered objection to the idea. And why not a token capitalist (Jamnalal Bajaj, Sarabhai, or Birla) to forestall the charge that the Mahatma's relations with Mammon had been disregarded? After all, plenty of footage, and an exaggerated role, were available for Charlie Andrews, who was rather Tagore's man than Gandhi's, though bound to the latter by mutual affection.

On the question of balancing themes, the film's ineffectiveness on the partition issue is manifestly excusable, since the background complexities of that development are well beyond the capacities of the medium. To discuss in hindsight, as the critics would like to do, the contribution made by Gandhi and his colleagues to the divisive outcome is all right on the printed page, even though to conduct it in terms of "blame" is less than gracious to the citizens of Pakistan. What matters in a presentation of Gandhi is the personal and appalling nature of the wound in 1947, and his personal response to it. While it was in character to quote the tactic "give Jinnah what he wants", it was a pity to miss Gandhi's response to those who urged him to lead a last campaign against the decision to divide India: "It is we who have done this, not the British." Come to that, it would have been illuminating (at all events to those who came away from the film saying "I had no idea we had been so brutal") to allow a place for Gandhi's observation that his non-violent methods had succeeded in India against a power and people peculiarly susceptible to that appeal. Though this has been publicly quoted by Attenborough, it was pointedly omitted from his script.

I have been dealing with a prolonged and prodigious effort in film-making. I have not been attempting to break a butterfly on a wheel. I have been trying to cope with a magnificent death's-head moth. Magnificent, yes. But with a better script it might also have been good. And it still remains to indicate, in a production which has moved so many while exasperating a few, a defect which further reduces the real stature of its chosen hero. There can be a licence for painting a portrait without warts, but Gandhi without his "constructive programme" is not a portrait. At first glance it might seem difficult to dramatise, but it should not have been impossible. To retreat from it was to overlook something essential to the whole operation. Social regeneration, the attack on rural poverty, basic education, the involvement of women and of the middle classes in the reforming campaign: these were major, not minor concerns. Above all, of course, Untouchability should have been found touchable: Gandhi's "vilest thing on earth", which, if not faced and dealt with, would make freedom itself meaningless; while as to Hinduism, "I would far rather Hinduism died than that Untouchability lived." We saw the spinning-wheel, sure enough, but the Harijans, in the ashram family or outside it, were neither seen nor heard of. The measure of Gandhi's achievement in all these matters, as seen after several decades, is not strictly to the purpose, though it is almost certainly greater than some have contended. But the "spirit and heart" are not to be approached by obscuring the design.

As a footnote to the business it might be recalled that in 1969 the Mahatma's birth-centenary was commemorated in England on a fairly elaborate scale, with a committee chaired by Mountbatten, an Albert Hall occasion patronised by Prince Charles and the Prime Minister, and the distinctly unusual tribute of a postage-stamp portrait. There was also a documentary film shown on television, and there were a number of new publications. None of this could match the impact of an Oscar-winning feature film, which was perhaps to gain advantage in timing from the long labour of getting it financed. By the time that it was ready our century's grimly-mounting record may well be thought to have added strength to the message of non-violence. The psychology of adjustment to the relinquishment of empire was still running its by no means simple course, accompanied now by a familiar, if by some tests superficial, acquaintance with India and Indians which in Gandhi's day would have been well over the horizon. There had also been (to speak for some of the disgruntled) a degree of reaction against the tide of westward-jetting gurus, and in consequence against a tradition of "light from the East." A battleground may have been needed; but battles are sometimes confused.

On The Water

(after Duccio)

The men in a stuck boat
Crouch in their finger cage
Netted in awe at what
Seizure has set water
Like jade in the rope holes
Changed waves into lava.

The stopped sky breaks, letting
The adoring sun through.
Their sentences pile up
In the ignoring air.
Across faces dark as
Planets alarm travels.

A fish begins to die
In the solid element.
The miracle will be
Gills moving, tail waving,
The locked world loosened,
Peter yelling, sinking.

Patrick Hare

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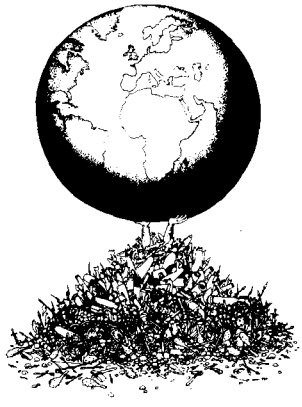
IN THE MARGIN

Footnotes to War & Peace

By Melvin J. Lasky



FICTION WRITERS, fantasising freely about the "worst scenario"—namely, the Sarajevo-like incidents which might lead to the outbreak of a horrendous Third World War—have had a wild run of geographical locations. Where once it was the Berlin corridor and Tito's Jugoslav borders, then guerrilla trails in South-east Asia and terrorist camps in the oil-rich Middle East, recent political novelists are tending to return to the European landscape. The favourite scene has become the Baltic Sea, especially along Sweden's eastern coastline and at the northern tip of the Kola Peninsula where the frontier joins the approach to Murmansk. Spitzbergen-watchers are *in* again.

The reasons are not far to seek. The incursions of Soviet submarines into Swedish territorial waters, and the dramatic events that followed as one was forced to surface and the others silently disappeared, have all the melodrama which, for lurid imaginations, might well provide a *casus belli*. But for whom? The Swedes, famously neutral and peace-loving, are reluctant to be "provocative" by identifying them all as "Soviet submarines." The Soviets, playing the great game like experienced naval persons, remain unwilling to apologise or to explain: the Baltic is, after all, *their* "sea of peace" and they are the self-appointed peace-keepers.

As for the NATO powers, worried about the preponderance of a rapidly growing Soviet Navy, they are hurriedly looking to improving their Nordic defences for "anti-submarine warfare." In the East-West confrontation at sea, the first NATO line of defence is an electronic picket-line called SOSUS (Sound Surveillance System) that stretches across the Greenland-Iceland-UK gap; and it is through this 700-mile corridor (the "GIUK gap") that Soviet subs based in the Kola peninsula must pass in order to reach the Atlantic. *Mourir pour Giuk?*

Yet the eyes of "friends of peace" in Europe are elsewhere—riveted on the threatened arrival of American modernising weapons for Europe's other gaps and frontiers. So far there has been no record of protests at the doors of the Soviet Embassies in Scandinavia against the Kremlin's dangerous "submarine rattling." Few have expressed peace-loving solidarity with the valiant Swedes for dropping harmless depth-charges in a firm, if polite, effort to get the Russian warships off the bottom of their sea bed.

Theatrical farce and mere stuff for war-fantasy novelists? Or a depressingly clear pattern of events which presage other and more drastic efforts at breaking through the GIUK gap? Isn't the whole Russian military exercise (unless one wants to believe it to be an aqua-traffic accident, taking a wrong turning into somebody's else sea lane) obviously intended to induce political "defence" from neutrals and their worried neighbours? One and all are, sooner or later, to come to see that apart from a dangerous little war over fjords and rocky harbours there is only the alternative of passive submission. One new novel, it has been reported, begins with the sightings of three "Whiskey-class" Red Navy submarines in the German waters of Kiel, Lübeck, and Bremerhaven! Time perhaps to pay more attention, to realise that this may be more than a far-away Nordic saga of which we know nothing but a garbled translation.

THE DISPIRITING THING about the contemporary intellectual scene is that in questions of war and peace, as in world politics generally, "very selective attention" is being paid to the dangers we confront. We in the West hear infinitely more about adding a Pershing or a Cruise missile to the NATO armoury than about a Soviet submarine, with nuclear components, prowling around a Swedish naval base at Karlskrona. Few editors show any real curiosity. If a few submarines happened merely to lose their way in the Baltic, then we are dealing only with a series of roundabout accidents of no great consequence. But if the pattern of incursions (which do amount to several hundred over recent years) reveal something about military capabilities and political intentions, then surely one ought to know more, and to bring the untoward factor into our European considerations. In this respect many of our recent articles in these pages have been intended to fulfil a special function—to focus on certain questions which have, for one good (or bad) reason or another, been grievously neglected. This is as true for the Swedish submarine incidents as for the post-Viet Nam consequence of the "Liberation War" strategy (about which we published a piece in the ENCOUNTER of September–October 1982) which we now see emerging in Central America. The developing Nicaraguan events, as a "Popular front" loses popularity, only reinforce an uneasy sense of *déjá vu*.

But surely our readers are anything but naive. Information alone, even if it fills important gaps in knowledge where reigning ideological prejudices in the West European and American media fail to fill a vacuum, is obviously not enough. It is not simply that certain facts are missing, or that this-or-that superficial impression disseminated by the media is wrong. The errors are often not accidental. The so-called Peace Movement has decided, in its mixed brew of ideas, ideals, and loyalties, that not the USSR is the danger to world peace but the USA. Given that astigmatic one-eyed distortion, it is only natural that Baltic dangers are played down (no *Greenpeace* ships, alas, can cope with hostile U-boats); and every passing remark made by famous and not-so-famous men in Washington becomes twisted into inscriptions on a thousand banners in a hundred anti-American demonstrations for "peace." Myths abound. I have repeatedly heard about an American political-strategic analyst of British origin, Colin Gray (wrongly described as "a high Reagan official"), who is said to have planned President Reagan's "crusade" against "evil Bolshevism." He has even been reported to be serving in the Geneva Disarmament negotiations, seeing to it (naturally) that the last best hope for peace abysmally fails. Actually, Mr Gray plays no role whatsoever in

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planning high US strategy; he merely happens to be one of the more quotable researchers and analysts at various Washington "think-tanks" who write on military subjects. As it happens, Gray and a few select others (Richard Pipes and Richard Perle, above all) fulfil certain deep needs in the current European psychology for *diabolisme*—for a sinister "Dr Strangelove" character, plotting a vicious catastrophe for the world—in order to take our minds off the "well-known" problem of a nearby totalitarian empire run by a promoted secret-police chief.[1]

It is no dark suspicion to surmise, as many analysts have done, that there is a psychic mechanism at work here which consistently induces such double standards and Orwellian "double-think." Yet even so, it is still necessary to invalidate the large arguments—despite their being based on facts which are in error, on pyschologies which distort and ideologies which twist—that in the world conflict between two super-power giants who are armed to the teeth it is the USA which constitutes the threat to world peace. As Lord Chalfont wrote in his critique of the British Peace Movement, which has (as in Germany, Holland, and the USA) rallied theologians to the cause peopled by young Socialists, old Communists, and eternal pacificists:

> "Is it enough to demonstrate that CND has been shaped into a political organisation by left-wing activists, that its leadership and its membership have a disproportionately high communist representation, or that its programme tends to reinforce the foreign policy of the Soviet Union? No, it is necessary also to provide a coherent refutation of its policies, and to show how they lead to weakness, neutralism, and despair. . . ."

Our hope has been, with the publication of a dozen different pieces over the last year or two, to help clarify the argument and to redress the imbalance in the current debate which is raging throughout the West. Too many clichés about on all sides, too many hoary old theses and metaphors which have long since been overtaken by the swift-moving events of politics and technology. Idols still rule in the market-place of ideas.

1. *The Paradox of Overkill*

THERE IS A FEARFUL MYTHOLOGY which has grown up around the phrase "overkill", as if "the arms race" was a simple mathematical progression. Contrary to what so many simple-minded viewers-with-alarm believe, the nuclear arsenals of the West—as Edward Luttwak writes for whatever consolation in his new book *The Grand Strategy of the Soviet Union* (Weidenfeld)—have become steadily *less* destructive than they used to be. Military technology has been used to devise small, so-called "cleaner" (how the old "dirty" bomb was reviled!), but also more accurate weapons. As Luttwak discloses: "The total megatonnage of our strategic nuclear forces is nowadays perhaps one-tenth of what it was twenty years ago. . . ."

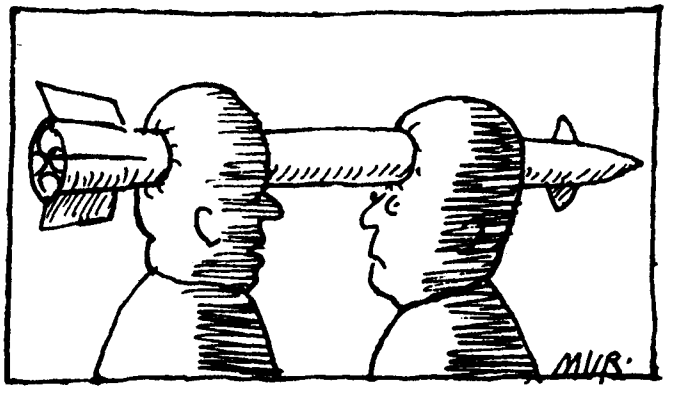
Is this surprising? If so, why? In the first place, because it does not fit into the incantatory-magical formula that an "arms race" is fatally overloading the fragile structure of today's peace; that evil weapons cause wars; that "more" means the apocalypse. In the second place, because Western governments —most culpably, the British, German, and American administrations—have failed to explain adequately what they have been up to; and nuclear neuroses have been allowed to proliferate. Billions of dollars are spent on hardware, but next-to-nothing is done to explain what it is that (for the most part) reasonable, intelligent, in any case democratically-elected officials of Western nations have actually had in mind.

Here is a US Assistant Secretary of State (for European Affairs) fumbling characteristically at a Brussels NATO press conference:

> ". . . And it is never really gotten through to people, it seems to me, that in the last three years the United States has reduced its nuclear presence in Europe by 1,000 nuclear warheads. And that was not negotiated, that was a unilateral reduction undertaken by the United States over the last three years. And this is at a time of unprecedented growth of Soviet nuclear capabilities. . . ."

One wonders whether it has "gotten through" to the US State Department that the reason the "unilateral" removal of old nuclear weapons from West European armouries has not "gotten through" to the public is that it remains inexplicable, incomprehensible, and unbelievable. *Why* was it done? If the old nuclear weapons were unmanageable, unusable, and possibly even rusted through, then good riddance to them—and no point in claiming any virtue for consigning them to the rubbish heap! But if they were still part of an effective general Western deterrence, then why was there not an attempt made to "negotiate" their withdrawal? One hundred NATO nukes against, say, one *SS-20*—even that would seem to have been a better bargain! Doubtless the real reason is too embarrassing to be admitted, although it would only be an enlightening and instructive lesson in *Realpolitik*. "Unilateral disarmament" was part and parcel of the Carter naivety, of the *détente* philosophy of showing unconditional good will to the Kremlin. It has collapsed ignominiously, but few Americans find their way to absolute candour about this episode in foreign-policy illusions and Yankee innocence. Once again official propaganda on behalf of even "niceness" in the muted cold war proves itself to be inadequate and incompetent.

The last paragraphs of that Brussels press conference,



[1] The Spring 1983 issue of *The Atlantic Quarterly* refers (p.56) to "those writers in the United States such as Richard Pipes and Colin Gray" as capable of making "Hitler's blood run cold." In an anonymous newspaper profile of Richard Perle, former military adviser to Democratic Senator Henry Jackson and presently Assistant Secretary of Defence, he is pictured as a fanatic with "hawk's talons," "a Prince of Darkness", a sinister Darth Vader-like character out of *Star Wars*, as the one-man cold-war-machine of Washington intrigue: "Reagan's sabre rattler in chief" in *The Times* (London), 8 July 1983, p.12.

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according to the official text, read:

> *Q.* So you don't rule out that there could be. . . .
>
> *A.* No, I'm not going to rule it in. I'm not going to rule it out. I'm not going to speculate. I mean, you know.
> (US Embassy text, London, 28 July 1983)

THE SERIOUS ATTEMPTS of the so-called "defence intellectuals", thoughtful academics who have devoted themselves to the problems of war and peace beyond the daily considerations of passing administration politics, are rather more incisive. For example, one of the best-informed of American military analysts, Professor Albert Wohlstetter, has recently described "the unilateral decline in destructiveness and number in American nuclear stockpiling": "The indiscriminate destructiveness of the American stockpile (as measured in numbers of megatons) was four times higher in 1960 than in 1980. The number of weapons was one third higher in 1967. . . ."[2]

The arsenals in the camps of East and West are horrific enough; but both the official "I-mean-you-know" stuttering and the primitive demonisation of generals, weapons and strategic advisers have beclouded the analysis of war and peace.

2. *Conventional Wisdom*

THERE IS, BOTH IN THE "bourgeois middle" as well as on the ideological Left, a mythology about "conventional warfare" that is almost intellectual deceit. It is often conceived in terms which amount to a boy's-tale contrast between the medieval bows-and-arrows of Agincourt and the mushroom-cloud of Hiroshima. Nothing could be further from the truth. The abolition of nuclear weapons in favour of so-called "conventional weapons"—which are today very much more destructive and deadly than those used in the conventional battles of World War II—scarcely brings sanity one degree closer. By some it is thought of naively as a hopeful beginning in banning the worst. But it could well deteriorate an unstable situation. Indeed one military historian, Michael Howard, has clearly warned of this (in his ENCOUNTER essay, now reprinted in his new book *The Causes of War*):

> ". . . I find it hard to believe that the abolition of nuclear weapons, even if it were possible, would be an unmixed blessing. Nothing that makes it easier for statesmen to regard war as a feasible instrument of state policy, one from which they stand to gain rather than lose, is likely to contribute to a lasting peace."

More than that, if one contemplates "the Spectre of Conventional Warfare" (as John Keegan, the military analyst, does in the July 1983 *Harpers*) one could be tempted to come to the grisly conclusion, as he did, that "there are worse things than a small nuclear bomb. . . ." The bombings in Dresden and in Berlin in 1945 are held to be in some ways as devastating, if not more dreadful, than the bombings in Japan. From what we know of the current "conventional" armoury that can cause lethal blasts, including fragmentation-mines and forest-destroying napalm, it is clear that "conventional" death-dealing has grown exponentially. How, therefore, can a prospect for peace "progress" along these lines? It is a hopeless illusion and none the more promising for its desperation. Naive uninformed sloganeering is not worth much in seeking more effective long-term ways to continue the up-till-now successful deterrence of war in post-World-War-II Europe. Alternatives should be alert exercises in self-critical realism, not in a know-nothing nostalgia. Ah, if only Siegfried's spear or Merlin's magical sword could be of help!

3. *The Safety of Collective Security*

THERE IS NO MIRACULOUS way to ban war or the fear of a nuclear (or non-nuclear) devastation. One or the other NATO strategical theorem may, or may not, be serviceable. We have been regaled by a number of major operational concepts since 1949 ("massive retaliation . . . mutual assured destruction (MAD) . . . flexible response"); and despite the variety and even the doctrinal confusion there has undeniably been pragmatic success. The Red Army, for all the Kremlin's exploratory pin-pricking, did not move to take Steinstücken, that tiny Western enclave on the disputed East German-Berlin border, nor to batter down "Checkpoint Charlie" in the various Cold War crises. There has thus been, for the first time in this century, a young generation growing-up-and-older which has not known the horrors of a general European war. It could be, as Paul Nitze appeared to think in Geneva (though Eugene V. Rostow seemed to doubt this, in his ENCOUNTER talk with George Urban), that one or another Arms Control formula with the USSR will indeed produce an agreement which would in fact improve the chances of "non-aggression" on all the European frontiers. It could also be—as Rostow sadly concluded, just before his official resignation—that very little can be achieved along these all-too-technical lines to alleviate the tensions between an expansion-minded totalitarian dictatorship and an easy-going well-to-do West, not overly sensitive to calls for strict alertness or eternal vigilance.

But what seems to be absolutely uncalled-for in this present situation is a combination of petulant ignorance and emotional extremism which attempts to break up the relatively stable balance-of-power in Europe that, over almost 40 years, has served to maintain an unbroken peace; and to offer untried alternatives in the name of pacifistic sentiments and stratagems which may well contribute to bringing about the very disaster which all of us fear and, each in his own way, have been "fighting" against. The lessons of the peace-fighters of the 1930s are very relevant—as Professor Howard put it in the *Sunday Times*: "They were wrong then, and they are wrong today. . . ." To fight for peace then meant to opt for a weak and practically defenceless West, which became a tempting prize for an expansionist German dictator. To fight for peace today is, not unsimilarly, to plead for a weak West and thus to encourage adventurist efforts in diplomatic pressure-politics and military intimidation.

[2] See Albert Wohlstetter, "Bishops, Statesmen, and Other Strategists on the Bombing of Innocents", *Commentary* (New York, June 1983), pp. 15–35. He welcomes "modernisation", and opposes a "nuclear freeze" because it "would halt all current programs to replace aging nuclear weapons with ones that are not only more secure against seizure ["terrorist" actions], but safer against accidents, more discriminate [in pinpointing military targets and thus avoiding civilian populations], and less susceptible to attack." For all these reasons the new military technology would, he argues, serve to reinforce an effective, credible deterrent; and thus continue the post-War period of peace in Europe.

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IT IS CURIOUS and ironic that the sanest voice for the West's "collective security" should come out of Russia, from the prisoner of Gorki, Andrei Sakharov. As he wrote in an open letter to an American scientist (published in the current issue of *Foreign Affairs*):

> "I am attempting to warn of the . . . extreme—'closing one's eyes' and relying on one's potential enemy to be perfectly sensible.
>
> I realize that in attempting not to lag behind a potential enemy in any way we condemn ourselves to a tragic arms race. But the main danger is slipping into an all-out nuclear war. If the probability of such an outcome could be reduced at the cost of another 10 to 15 years of the arms race, then perhaps that price must be paid while, at the same time, diplomatic, economic, ideological, political, cultural and social efforts are made to prevent a war."

If I may be permitted to register agreement, it is because over the last 30 years most of our writers on international affairs have recognised that between the horrific absurdity of total war and the unlikelihood of any real peace, the hopes of humanity are confined to the calculated prospects of alliances to deter war, to promote prudence and caution, and to favour agreements and solutions which limit violence. As Raymond Aron has written:

> "The impossibility of peace and the rejection of war is not a radically new phenomenon. Empires—Rome and the Parthians, Byzantium and the Arabs—have co-existed for centuries, not without peripheral conflicts, but without war to the death. Failing a joint domination, the two Great Powers must in reason prefer the limited hazards of an armed peace to the measureless risk of War. . . ."

That this was written more than 25 years ago[3] could well give us some reason to hope that a faith in balanced safety, without illusions, will continue to be our best prospect.

4. *The Peace-Loving Road To War*

THE MOST SELF-DECEIVING illusion must surely be that a campaign to stop a weapon, or its modernisation, is somehow to strike a blow to help establish "a better, more peaceful world." What is continually distressing in the manifestos for the Peace Movement, whether they come from E. P. Thompson in England, Günter Grass in Germany, or the new agit-prop theologians in the American churches, is that the tactical simple-mindedness—*We* are for the survival of the smiling children, *you* are for their charcoal corpses—is never mediated or tempered by a sense of complexity, by an awareness of difficulties, or a feeling for political paradox and ethical irony. One is often prompted to think of Reinhold Niebuhr's subtleties of "Moral Man & Immoral Society" as one contemplates the cynicism of the naive. If one sympathises with Polish *Solidarity*—as do Messrs Thompson and Grass—and if one shares the libertarian hopes of the dissidents throughout Eastern Europe, might it not be tantamount to betraying them to agitate for a well-established *status quo* that bodes no trouble of any kind?[4]

More than that: if one is a socialist and an ideological opponent of "capitalism" and "imperialism", is it not blindly closing one's eyes to reality to go on parroting the thin ideological formula "Imperialism causes wars"? Wars have been with us for a long time, caused throughout history by feudalism and fascism, colonialism and anti-colonialism, nationalism and terrorism, and Communism as well. The very notion—the pride of a Marxianised intelligentsia—that the Left has a valid approach to the issues of war and peace based on some sort of larger social theory has collapsed in the intra-ideological fratricide of once-comradely Communist states. The Viet Nam revolutionaries proved to be the "Red Prussians" of South-east Asia; Castro's Marxist-Leninist expeditionary forces are the armed prophets and the foreign legion mercenaries of present-day Africa. Multinational corporations may be guilty of fixing prices; multinational Communism stands condemned for fixing bayonets.

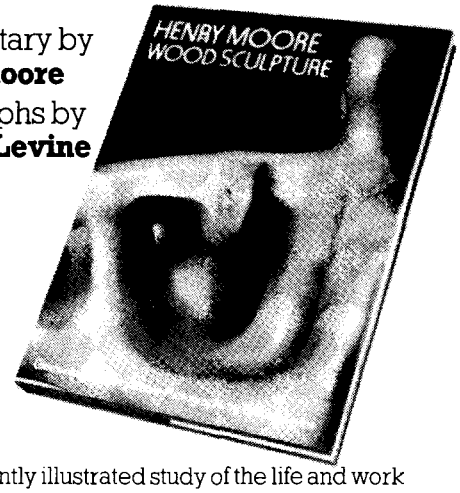
Nor is this all. If Western and Central Europe were ever to become a "nuclear-free zone", devoted either to active neutrality or passive appeasement, how free would this continental

[3] Raymond Aron, *War and Industrial Society* (1957), p.55.

[4] The most outlandish example of being impaled on the horns of this dilemma is in *Der Spiegel* (27 June 1983) where its illustrious editor and publisher, the loyal defender of all struggles for freedom (from Rudi Dutschke's student revolt in '68 to SWAPO's struggle in Namibia today), accuses the Pope of preparing the way for World War III. Evidently frightened out of his wits by the possibly destabilising impact in a divided Germany of disorderly events in the East, Rudolf Augstein suddenly finds an "arrogant, stubborn, dogmatic" Papacy at the root of all European evils (e.g. the Thirty Years War). In Augstein's eyes the present Pontiff is about to instigate a new conflagration, his crime being (and he was caught *in flagrante* in Warsaw) holding out hope to the Poles for greater national freedom, for a more relaxed Poland.

HENRY MOORE: WOOD SCULPTURE

Commentary by
Henry Moore
Photographs by
Gemma Levine



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area remain from the fall-out of a possibly nuclear war in the Middle East, in the India-Pakistan sub-continent or on the Siberian-Chinese border (not to mention the Mediterranean when Colonel Gaddafi breaks out to try his secret arsenal)—all of which in the departed days of Western strength and influence it might have been possible to deter, or to limit and mediate?

FINALLY, TO RETURN TO our original submarine point-of-departure, how free from *Angst* would life be in the neutral order of the New Europe, worthy and weaponless, when "Whiskey-class" U-boats move surreptitiously into all the harbours of the Northern seas and channels? The French, with their unabandoned *force de frappe*, would still be there, zealously defending with just a little overkill their national sovereignty; as would the British with their Polaris (and, doubtless, Trident) nuclear-strike weapons. As Professor Laurence Martin sceptically asked in his recent ENCOUNTER article, how can this be deemed greater security? Is this our "more peaceful future"? Pascal's instructive irony was that "they who would make angels of men often turn them into beasts. . . ." The real and frightening danger of the peace-fighting movement is that in the name of avoiding what they think of as imminent warlike gestures they may only succeed in making war-crises all the more likely.

5. *The Long March Through Uncertainty*

CONFUSIONS AND CONTRADICTIONS are by no means a monopoly of the Left. I have just been reading the "liberal manifesto" which marks the return from British academia to German home politics of the Director of the London School of Economics, Dr Ralf Dahrendorf.[5] He too wants peace, and liberty as well; and he also wants to be neither red nor dead. He pleads at once for the strengthening of the NATO Alliance and for the establishment of a Central European nuclear-free zone. He sympathises with the nuclear-freeze movement but also writes:

> "If the Geneva negotiations appear to founder then its European partners should urge the United States to reintroduce, at least indirectly, the threats which produced the negotiations in the first place."

Whatever can this mean? The "indirect" introduction of new weapons to restore the balance of power? Whatever for, one must ask, when (as Dr Dahrendorf believes) it is "doubtful whether in the long run 'deterrence' is a credible military doctrine"? If the "threats" do not deter, why reintroduce them, directly or otherwise? The sage of Houghton Street is uncertain; a confident clarity has never been the strong suit of the German Liberal, usually found to be with his two feet hesitantly implanted in mid-air. As Dr Dahrendorf himself confesses,

> ". . . I could imagine marching with the 'peace movement', not because I expect such marches to have much effect, but because the political debate of the nuclear problem leaves too many questions open which require an answer."

Let us leave Ralf Dahrendorf at this point; the spectacle of him marching to Greenham Common in quest of incisive answers to open questions might, in the long run, do us all an injury.

The difference between these difficulties and the uncertainties of the Editor of *The Times* provides in its way an amusing contrast in Anglo-German attitudes. The liberal German, rooted in the reigning ideologies of academic life, sways in the winds of change: now to a new progressive notion of fashionable urgency, now to an old and traditional bit of cautious wisdom. The conservative Englishman, not unlike the stylish Oxbridge philosophers, is far more word-conscious, semantically bound, caught up in the small subtle differences of *is* and *ought*, of *perhaps* and *conceivably*.

The Times' leading editorial of 21 July is entitled "The Fire Next Time" and it is the only verbal excess that the old "Thunderer" allows itself, plagiarising James Baldwin's famous phrase to add a rhetorical flourish. Baldwin's vague apocalyptic threat was typical of the empty imagery which ideologists always tend to substitute for serious thought; there never was to be "a fire next time", an incendiary insurrection on behalf of Baldwin's militant programme of Black Power. Nor is there to be one for American foreign policy and world affairs if *The Times*'s doubts and hesitations are not at once resolved in Washington, by sturdy hearts and clear minds.

There is trouble in the Western camp. The essential problem is European uncertainties about the American response to Communist Cuba's support for revolutionary Nicaragua's backing of a guerrilla seizure of power in El Salvador. Is it all merely a Reagan nightmare?

> "The Mexican dimension, though still unstated, is considerable. One does not have to agree entirely with the Administration's assumption that Mexico is bound to be destabilised by revolutionary successes in Nicaragua and possibly El Salvador, to see that, should that occur, it would present a major strategic nightmare for the United States."

The operative words here are *considerable, entirely, possibly*. The operative reality is *nightmare*. What then should the Americans do, and to what extent should enlightened, realistic, and indeed self-interested European opinion support the Americans in such a nightmarish strategic difficulty?

"When Mr Haig was Secretary of State he too sent warships into the Caribbean to intimidate the Cubans. . . . Perhaps the ploy worked." The operative word here is *ploy*—ploys rarely work, and the *perhaps* gives the show away. For if the Soviet offensive can be deterred in the Caribbean as in Central Europe, then the policy which promises containment is incontestably correct. But if the mood is too cautious by half, too hesitant, too worried, too half-hearted—then the Europeans have removed themselves from the transatlantic picture. *The Times*'s Editor is not oblivious to the danger:

> ". . . They [the Europeans] should not yield to the temptation to be too wise, and thus too unmoved by American preoccupations. It may seem a distant threat to Europeans. They may argue that President Reagan is guilty of the simplest form of geo-politics. . . ."

Well, then, let's try more subtle forms of geo-politics. These might include Soviet naval bases in Nicaragua; a guerrilla victory in El Salvador; "deferential" governments in Costa Rica and Honduras; and even, "conceivably", a destabilised

[5] The book in question is Ralf Dahrendorf's *Die Chancen der Krise* (Stuttgart, 1983); my quotations are from the translation of his chapter on "The Great Fear of War", published in the *Atlantic Quarterly*, Spring 1983, pp. 15–29.

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situation in Mexico which, as has been predicted from the White House, might result in a million and more refugees fleeing across the Rio Grande into the United States. Should this be taken to be only geo-American-politics? Even *The Times* remembers that half of the supplies destined for NATO in an emergency originate from ports in the Mexican Gulf. What might "conceivably" happen when the interests of the hemisphere and the interests of Atlantic allies "perhaps" compete for attention?

None of this is, of course, precisely calculable as in some sand-box general-staff military exercise. But then none of it deserves to be relegated to the ideological or verbal tomfoolery which preaches hunting with the hounds and running with the hares—and, at one and the same time, opting for the immediate abolition of all "cruel blood sports."

6. *Towards an Historic Compromise*

A FINAL WORD, on a more personal note. At a number of recent European conferences I had the embarrassing opportunity of exchanging some words and ideas with representatives of the Peace Movement and, in Germany, with the so-called Greens. I tried, in the spirit of what I have written above, to defend the balance-of-power principle of Deterrence as a fundamental—and very gratifying—phenomenon in the history of mankind. Where it obtains there is peace, or at least an avoidance of the very worst; where it is absent, there absolute violence takes over.

Too often, I must confess, I was tempted to be rather too academic about the whole thesis. It is important and (as the argument develops) decisive to get away from the *déformation professionelle* of the military strategists: how to win wars, how to survive a first strike, how to prevail. Once it was war, but now it is peace that is too important to be left to the generals. They have in the past understood little of the armies and the men under their control, and now understand even less of our peculiar armed truce. Ideologies matter; psychologies too; political strategy and diplomatic tactics, always. Hobbes understood essentials when he wrote in his *Leviathan* (1651), ". . . So the nature of war consisteth not in the fighting but in the known disposition thereto" (Pt.I, ch.13).

We must therefore focus our attention on dispositions. The enterprising chaps who gave us the Berlin blockade, the armoured intervention in East Berlin on 17 June, the Red Army in Budapest after the Hungarian "October" and in Prague after Dubcek's "Spring", the SAM-6s in Castro's Cuba, the invasion of Afghanistan—what do they happen to be thinking of next? Clausewitz, who is still worth quoting, pointed out that "The conqueror is always peace-loving; he wishes to make his way into territory unopposed. . . " (*On War,* Princeton ed., 1976, p.370). Footnotes are footless. In the case of the troubled German climate of opinion I wonder how much can be ascribed to the palpable difference between the English-language concept of deterrence and what they, in their language, unfortunately have to call *Abschreckung.* There is terror in the word. The whole idea of containing or deterring an enemy might better lead semantically to "*Abhaltung*" or "*Eindämmung*"; but no such luck, for the Germans have a concept for it: "deviltry in the printed word." So one is driven by vocabulary to simple intellectual stratagems; and in a debate in the small German town of Aschaffenburg I found myself forced to put a rather elementary chessboard problem to Miss

COMING IN THE DECEMBER ENCOUNTER

A. S. Byatt: *On the Day that E. M. Forster Died:* a story
Zbigniew Brzezinski: *A New Interpretation of the Soviet Empire*
Sidney Hook: *The Incredible Story of Michael Straight*
Dolf Sternberger: *An Intimate Portrait of Karl Jaspers*
Adam Michnik: *Letter from a Polish Prison*
George Watson: *Who are the Conservatives?*
Richard Lowenthal: *Karl Marx* (a centenary summing-up)

Review essays by **David Cannadine** *on Urban History,* **John Grigg** *on The Retreat from Empire,* **David Miles** *on Archaeology, and* **John Mole** *on Recent Poetry.*

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Petra Kelly. How would she resolve the horrific (if tiresomely familiar) A-Bomb dilemma of 1945? If the Japanese had had an atom bomb and the means to drop it on Los Angeles or San Francisco, would the Americans have ever made the Hiroshima and Nagasaki decisions?

These German conferences, as I have written before, tend to be rather noisy affairs; but I don't honestly recall, in this instance, having heard an answer to the direct question. Nor, I am convinced, is there one. Deterrence would have worked. A military imbalance inevitably led to catastrophe.

In another of these popular international round-table discussions—possibly the only beneficent result of the Allied "re-education programme" in Occupied post-War Germany—there appeared the gaunt dissident figure of a former *Panzer* commander in the *Bundeswehr,* General Gerd Bastian. He is now a professional fighter for peace. I followed attentively his exercises in sand-box pacifism, all intended to demonstrate the folly of Western fears in the face of the weakness of the Soviet Empire: its inability to make war, its conservative disinclination to risk its centralised power, its fear of its disaffected satellites, its incapacity to make workable hi-tech weapons, its crying need for peace to work for Socialist prosperity, its deeply-rooted anxieties about a hostile *cordon sanitaire,* its vivid memories of the wounds of World War II with millions of Russian dead on bloody battlefields. Peace, therefore, was possible tomorrow—if only the Americans and their fearful neuroses would disappear. . . .

As it happened I found myself sitting on the podium between two German generals. On one side was General Gerd Schmuckle, just retired from his high NATO command, and I thought he showed admirable patience with this farrago of military-political *Halbbildung.* He discussed, argued, debated. I am afraid I simply confined myself to this one unfortunate remark—namely, that if General Bastian was typical of the German General Staff (and I had good reason to doubt it, but if he were), then I finally and at long last understood how the famed *Deutsche Generalstab* managed to lose two World Wars, one right after another! . . . What surely was essential, even for the military mind, was to make a cool and realistic analysis of all the operational factors, and after such clarity and insight to superimpose one's hopes, wishes, and desires. But to start from vague wishful sentiments and to conclude with optimistic pieties is like the greatest *Feldherr* of all times waiting in his bunker at the end for a ghost army, which never existed, suddenly to reappear. . . .

FOR ONE REASON OR another, Frau Kelly and Herr Bastian departed early, and I was left alone to cope with Moscow's ubiquitous delegate to Peace Conferences and an expert on Soviet missiles and rockets, Colonel Daniel Projektor (*nomen et omen*). I record the Projektor encounter here at the very end because I want to conclude on an optimistic, hopeful note. Projektor and I almost persuaded each other that we were coming to understand each other famously. His injunction to me was for Western Capitalism and Imperialism to cease to be as reactionary and odious as they were. I promised him that we would indeed be taming those rapacious historic forces: that capitalism would desist from exploiting its proletariat (and especially the little children in the coal mines), and that scrambling imperialists would no longer carve out chunks of Africa and Asia. Even our egotistical nationalism would be tamed as altruistic international ideals come to prevail.

In turn I asked only that Communism also tame itself, that it similarly make an "historic compromise" with realities: relaxing its police system, pluralising its institutions, making room for individuality and human variety, sharing power with the people and their genuine representatives, trying to embark on a real experiment to feed and clothe and house the "toiling masses" in a fashion they were promised to expect. Above all, for the Soviet Union to look forward soberly to dismantling its huge and expensive military machine, and (when the reluctant and recalcitrant Americans have been persuaded to do the same) to convert its "military-industrial complex" to the fulfilment of the Revolution's original slogans: Bread & Land & Peace.

I may well be mistaken, but I think he was almost moved. At any rate I was for the moment carried away with the vision of the only prospect which seemed to resolve, if with utopian realism, the awesome dilemmas of War and Peace in our times. Colonel Projektor—when the television cameras were no longer focused on us—smiled, embraced me, offered me a copy of his latest book on the subject, just published in Moscow, and proceeded to sign it with a most friendly personal dedication. For a brief moment I thought I had a glimpse of light at the end of the tunnel. Hope springs eternal.

MS Found in a Victorian Church

Golly! Let's debag old Kingers!
What a brilliant thought!
One of our most King Size singers!
Praise him as we ought—
That would be extremely hard!
But still we'll jolly well teach him
To be a Bard!

Though we love him daily, nightly,
Calling people shags
Is the fault that very rightly
Makes him lose his bags!
To respect his fellow men—
That idea may some day reach him
And his pen!

Flying tackles are in order,
Grab him round the waist,
Hold him hard South of the Border,
Give him quite a taste
Of the fate of sods and pseuds
When they bow down and beseech him
In their feuds!

Let him know the harsh unzipping,
The outcome of the knees!
Violence is simply ripping—
Down his Y-fronts, please!
Gosh! We've got him! Chewing-gum out!
In unmentionable places bleach him,
Scream and shout!

This is thought to be a poem about Kingsley Amis by Sir John Betjeman, but the presence of another hand has been suspected.

Gavin Ewart

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Moscow

PUNS PURGED: *Mr Arthur Scargill, president of Britain's National Union of Mineworkers, failed to make the headlines in the Soviet Press yesterday, with his Moscow speech about "President Ray-Gun" and "the plutonium blonde, Margaret Thatcher."*

His punning rhetoric probably baffled the Russian translators [Nigel Wade writes].

The Soviet trade union newspaper "Trud" gave him one paragraph in its report.

The paper left out the rest of his speech, including the part which specially tickled Mr Scargill himself, the claim that "the most dangerous duo, President Ray-gun and the plutonium blonde, Margaret Thatcher, jointly present a threat to world peace."

> **"I am not prepared to be party to these attacks on the Soviet Union, which has established a socialist system and wants to improve the quality of life of its people."**

Mr Scargill criticised American "interference" in Central and Latin America but made no criticism of Soviet involvement in Poland or Afghanistan.

He later chuckled over the "plutonium blonde" remark and asked me, "Did you like it?"

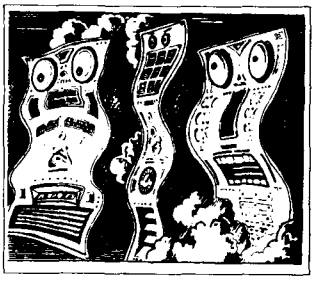
DAILY TELEGRAPH

Horsham, West Sussex

PARTICULAR INTERESTS: *An unemployed Horsham man was given a two-month prison term for stealing books. Horsham magistrates imposed the sentence, but a mitigating appeal was successful in the Chichester Crown Court. After pilfering the Horsham Library, two books were stolen from Connors, a newsagent in Queen Street: "Diary of a Drug Fiend" and "Mrs. Beaton's Cookery Book." The defence counsel pointed out that his client was an avid reader and stole the books not to sell but for his own use as they were of particular interest to him.*

WEST SUSSEX COUNTY TIMES

Philadelphia



COMPUTER LITERACY: *Teachers, managers and others in positions of authority often feel they ought to already know about computers and are afraid people will lose respect for them if they aren't immediately competent. Many suffer from what California psychologist Thomas McDonald calls "jerkophobia", or the fear of looking stupid. He says this particular anxiety is "quite common" among executives, who are used to being in command of situations. "They're confronted with a machine that 13-year-olds are whizzes on, and they don't know what to do."*

*Some computers seem to be designed to make people feel stupid or afraid. Janet Leonberger, a librarian who attends a "computer literacy" course, says "nasty messages", like "**statement error**" and "**input error**", frustrate her. The computer, she says, "won't tell you how to correct mistakes or what the messages mean."*

*Ben Shneiderman, a University of Maryland computer-science professor, thinks computer-systems designers ought to get rid of vague or threatening messages. Seeing a message like "**fatal error, run aborted**" can be a jolting experience for a novice. Another common computer message: "**syntax error**", is so vague it's unhelpful. He suggests a more specific message, like "**unmatched left parenthesis**", which would guide the user to correct the mistake.*

Such fears are common. People unfamiliar with computers says Carol Blomstrom, chairman of the computer-studies department at National University (San Diego), are "afraid that if they touch the wrong button, they'll blow up Pittsburgh."

WALL STREET JOURNAL

London

PRO'S OF PROSE: **The latest news from the gobbledegook front is that Britain's largest translation company, Technical Translation International, received a call inquiring whether they translated English.**

"Of course", TTI replied. "Into which language?"

"Into English", the client replied.

Unable to make any sense of the Lease Purchase Agreement on his new car, he had decided to call in professional help.

THE TIMES

Salt Lake City

PALAVERFUL: *If Don D. Walker has his way, someday there will be a dictionary in which "git" is a verb (as in "git me some grub"); "bushwhacker" is a noun (as in one who ambushes), and "leavin' Cheyenne" is just another way to say goodbye, (as in the old cowboy ballad, "Goodbye, Old Paint, I'm leavin' Cheyenne"). Walker, a professor of English at the University of Utah here, is gathering material and references for what he describes as a Dictionary of Westernisms. He believes there is a growing urgency about recording the vernacular before it fades away. "Because of our isolation, Westerners have been able to resist the kind of homogenization of language we have seen in other places."*

So far, Walker and a team of assistants have compiled 30,000 references to individual words and phrases drawn from a careful reading of Western novels, newspapers, cowboy diaries, songs, letters and ballads. Walker says there is at present no dictionary that deals exclusively with Western words and phrases.

"Take the letter B, for example. There are *biscuit roller* **(a cook) and** *bobtail guard* **(the first guard of the night on a cattle drive),** *buffalo tea* **(what's left in a water hole after a buffalo has wallowed there),** *bug juice* **(whisky), and** *bullwhacker* **(driver of a bull train).**

In addition to *cowboy*, **there are:** *cowjuice, cowpaper, cowpuncher, cowtown, cowpoke* **and** *cowthief*. **A farmer can be a** *plow chaser*, **a** *churn twister* **and a** *sod buster*. *Prairie schooners* **are covered wagons,** *prairie coal* **is buffalo chips used as fuel,** *prairie strawberries* **is another name for beans, and** *prairie wolf* **is a coyote.**

Professor Walker says he is modeling his book upon the Oxford English Dictionary. "I must admit I believe Western speech to be more palaverful than most."

NEW YORK TIMES

London

OLD CHUMS: **Tonight Peter Byrne, who for 21 years starred as Detective-Sgt Andy Crawford in "Dixon of Dock Green", comes back in a repeat of a BBC sci-fi soap opera.**

Peter Byrne played a policeman on TV in the days before they were called *cops*, **when there were no such crimes as** *blags*, **and villains were known affectionately as "***chummy***."**

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AUTHORS

Clive Sinclair, literary editor of the *Jewish Chronicle,* is the author of two volumes of short stories—*Hearts of Gold* (n.e. Penguin, 1979) and *Bedbugs*, published last year by Allison & Busby, who this spring brought out his study of *The Brothers Singer.* "Scriptophobia" will appear in the anthology *London Tales*, edited by Julian Evans and published in October by Hamish Hamilton.

George Urban graduated from Budapest University in 1947 and obtained his Ph.D. at the University of London in 1956. He served with the BBC from 1948–60 and from 1960–65 was director of university broadcasting for Radio Free Europe. He is now academic consultant to RFE, and recorded his conversation with Jeane Kirkpatrick on their behalf. Among numerous publications, he has edited *Détente* (1976), *Hazards of Learning* (1977), *Eurocommunism* (1978), *Communist Reformation* (1979), and *Stalinism; Its Impact on Russia and the World* (1982), all published by Maurice Temple Smith. Many of the extended conversations which appear in his books had their first publication in ENCOUNTER.

Wilfried Wiegand lives in Paris, and contributed to the June ENCOUNTER the report on the French intellectual conference, "Mitterrand's Cultural Circus." He writes regularly for the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung.*

Edward Pearce is a leader writer and Parliamentary sketch writer on the *Daily Telegraph. The Senate of Lilliput,* recently published by Faber, contains his lively sketches of House of Commons personalities.

Luigi Barzini, the Italian author and journalist, sat as a Liberal member of the Italian Chamber of Deputies from 1958–72. His books include *The Italians* (1964), *From Caesar to the Mafia* (1971), *O, America* (1977), and *The Elusive Europeans*, published this year by Weidenfeld.

Leo Wieland is the correspondent in Moscow for the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung.*

Eugène Ionesco, the Rumanian-born French playwright whose plays include *Rhinoceros, The Bald Prima Donna,* and *The Chairs*, is also the author of a volume of autobiography, *Present Past—Past Present* (published in England in 1972 by John Calder, who also have in print the collected edition of his plays).

Paul Johnson's most recent book is *A History of the Modern World from 1917 to the 1980s* (Weidenfeld 1983).

John Bossy is Professor of History at the University of York. He is the author of *The English Catholic Community 1570–1850* (Darton, Longman & Todd, 1976; Oxford University Press, N.Y.).

Marina Warner's historical studies include *Alone of All Her Sex: The Cult of the Virgin Mary* (Weidenfeld, 1976) and *The Image of Female Heroism: Joan of Arc* (Weidenfeld, 1981).

Francis Watson is the author of three books on Gandhi, and was the winner of an Italia Prize for a Gandhi BBC radio documentary. A new edition of his *Concise History of India* was published in 1981 by Thames and Hudson.

WE REGRET THAT, due to a printers' error a line was omitted from Anthony Hartley's "The Collapse of a Broad Church" (September–October issue). On p.20, first column, line 28 should have read: "that the publicity received by the high jinks of the . . . ."

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